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THE CHILD'S INHERITANCE

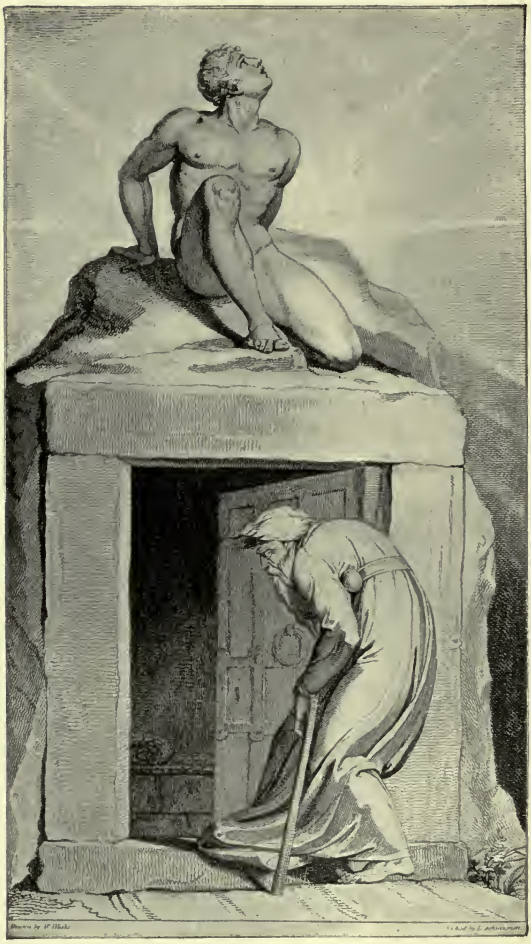

FIG. 18 (p. 233). DEATH'S DOOR.

(*By William Blake.*)

THE CHILD'S INHERITANCE

ITS SCIENTIFIC AND IMAGINATIVE MEANING

BY

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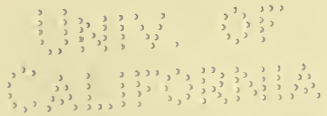

LONDON

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"For whatever is within them, whatever is deep within them must be as old as the first dawn of human reason. To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the Ancient of Days with feelings as fresh as if they then sprang forth at his own *fiat*—this characterises the minds that feel the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it." . . .—COLERIDGE'S *The Friend*, Essay XV.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

To

THE RIGHT REVEREND

JOHN PERCIVAL D.D.

BISHOP OF HEREFORD

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WITH MY FATHER

WHOSE GREAT SERVICES TO THE COUNTRY

AS SCHOOLMASTER AND STATESMAN

AND

WHOSE COURAGEOUS DEVOTION TO SOCIAL REFORM

ENCOURAGE MY DARING

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

AS A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION

AND GRATITUDE.

220821

NOTICE

THE writer desires to express his thanks for permission to use in the book certain illustrations which have appeared in other publications. To Mr. Edward Arnold he is indebted, in Fig. 9, for the use of a plate in Dr. A. Weismann's *Evolution Theory;* to Mrs. Romanes, for Figs. 3, 6, and 8, from *Darwin and After Darwin*, by G. J. Romanes; to Miss L. N. Badenoch, for permission to copy two drawings in her book, *True Tales of the Insects*, shown in Figs. 10 and 11; to the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office for Fig. 17, reproduced from a plate in Vol. XX. of the *Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger;* to Messrs. J. & A. Churchill, for Figs. 2 and 14, taken from Carpenter's *The Microscope and its Revelations;* to the publishers of *Vor Gamle Bondekultur*, of Christiania, for the right to use Fig. 13; and lastly, to Dr. J. W. Gregory, for the right and pleasure of using the remarkable frontispiece of his book *The Great Rifft Valley*, shown in Fig. 12.

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THE CHILD'S INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY: THE PRINCIPLES OF REFORM.

(i.) *The Law Fundamental.*

NEVER before in the history of the world has civilization been so fully justified in her mission and methods, if we are to judge them by the best of our triumphs or the highest of our hopes. In no way is this justification more surely manifested than in the newly discovered yet quite ancient desire to get life fashioned after its simpler meaning. Never, indeed, was the need so great. For, with offer of starvation as the alternative, every walk in life exacts a mechanical conformity which steadily grows less sympathetic with natural needs and is yet less easy to withstand. Our national life in many aspects of its orderliness and comfort seems to be quite contentedly divorced from foundational means of livelihood. Thus every year we are learning to do more easily without feeding ourselves. Huge engines plough the seas and bring food to our shores, since so little of our own land can now give us bread. The wealth of our country is summed up in figures that boast our money, rather than in harvests that should be the reward of the only labour quite necessary to life. Earnest people are awakening to the reality of a national danger in our very prosperity

—a danger greater even than the possibility of starvation in time of war. They know whence the evil comes, whither it must lead. They see disaster awaiting young life urged to the pursuit of upstart modes which mimic authority and claim the sanction of necessity. Many, moreover, of these earnest ones are trying to set things straight. They are the reformers.

All true reform, in whatever direction it works, starts from a common standpoint, namely, that of *re-forming* the misused materials upon some pattern of ancient and proven worth. In conformity with the Platonic Philosophy, reform seeks, as primely essential, the Idea round about which Matter must ever crystallize in submissive obedience. This Idea is the inspiring principle of life, constant and unchanging so long as the life persists. In spite of evolutions and degenerations, progressings and prostitutions, it still remains the Idea responsible for life in all its manifestations. It is the ideal principle that all seek when they set out to understand and develop the best possibilities in life. Not the less, while in its essence unchangeable, the principle of life is progressive, evolutional. Its protagonist is Man, notwithstanding his failings. Life is at his mercy; he lets it stagnate, puts it to backsliding, compels it to trivial pursuits, or allows its ancient worth to guide him onwards in faith of the unknown destiny. This principle of life, to which in these pages it will be necessary to refer again and again, we may agree to speak of, in Milton's words, as the *law fundamental*, "the law of Nature only, which is the only law of laws and properly to all mankind fundamental." *

The reformers, indeed, in the very fact that they seek this ideal law, are strenuous realists; they would knead the old clay anew in the trough, and, like artists

* *A Free Commonwealth*, The Prose Works of John Milton, vol. ii. p. 111. Bell.

aflame with a great idea or an ancient ideal, set out to remodel it.

> "And there are some, whom a thirst
> Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
> Not with the crowd to be spent,
> Not without aim to go round
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,
> Effort unmeaning and vain." *

These are no revolutionaries to destroy without belief in creating. They build upon this truth—that life in its endeavour to attain somewhat beyond mere survival, and despite its perennial disasters, has evinced therein a virtue dominant of its evolution.

All reformers—and they have been at work ever since life made man its habitation—stand for the primeval progress, this law fundamental. Their success or their failure count for little perhaps in gain that may be measured. Yet they claim share in that living essential without which neither individual, nation, nor age can keep its head above the waters of oblivion. They may be weak of hand or dim of eye, and, through such lack of fitness, may fail to mould their clay to the Idea that seeks at their hands a faithful embodiment. On the other hand, their success may too readily bring unwarranted contentment, and thus, outliving its hour, institute new needs for fresh reforms. Often, too, intellectual advance seems to justify an educational dragooning of the weaker members of society. Dogmas thus become powerful, and because of their power are obeyed. But their power makes for restriction rather than for that which, leading forth from restriction into a larger discipline, is the aim of life itself and alone discovers true liberty.

In a word, reforms which, because of their ancient and essential inspiration, leave most distinctly their impress upon the people, are the most sure to be

* Matthew Arnold, *Rugby Chapel.*

followed by the old deficiencies, and often with increase of weight to Authority—

> "beating with his staff
> The Child that might have led him." *

"I fear yet," exclaimed Milton, "this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us." †

So it comes about that, although the history of our country is one of ceaseless reformings, reform may be even more needed now than ever before. For these present generations seem to recognize less than any that are gone the natural needs of body and soul. They forget the sweetness of bread in dependence upon French cookery; they ignore the elemental service of the land in prostituting its kindliness to the pleasures of the wealthy. They forget to live beautifully, yet devise pageants to mimic their native grace; they forget to think wisely because the daily press claims to do it better for a ha'penny. Yet there is keenly alive in the very midst of our artificialism, and to a degree, I repeat, never more manifest in the whole world's history, a striving to get back to the fundamental meanings of nature.

(ii.) *Scientific Accuracy the Basis of Reform.*

Accuracy of thought is the chief and most desirable product of modern intellectualism. Even if it be respected mainly because Science, depending entirely upon such accuracy, has achieved many wonders, it is bringing us some better fruits along with the multitudinous and boastful offspring of Invention and Capital. This accuracy of thought, even though it make us suspicious of certain fundamental intuitions, has

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. III., l. 605.
† Milton's *Areopagitica*, *loc. cit.* ii. p. 97.

actually helped us, just because of its honesty, to recognize that certain prophets are quite as sane as astronomers and geologists, even though the half-educated, comfortable classes call them cranks because they upset all sorts of respectable conventions. Tolstoy takes us back to a tradition in Art, ancient and radical as life itself, older even than old masters, and young as the latest birth. Carlyle and Ruskin have compelled us to look for nobility of purpose in work, and a spiritual understanding of the Rights of Man. Our high priests of Science, which has done so much to make possible the life of our cities under most unholy and unnatural conditions, have throughout acclaimed this straight and fearless thinking which is so strong a factor in the best of modern teaching and social endeavour. It is this scientific accuracy, this intellectual honesty, this simplicity of thought, this faith, indeed, in the original power of man to understand, which is bringing us yet once again face to face with our forgotten needs : it is compelling us to reform. This is true, even in politics. If honesty led men a century ago to preach the Rights of Man, it now brings us nearer to understanding that these rights are inseparable from the duties of man ; that equality is not to be claimed but given ; that fraternity is not imposed but inspired ; that liberty comes by faith in the Supreme Purpose, not by man's independence of man. And if such honesty, setting reformers to remodel their clay in the light of its Idea, falls back again into queerest dogma, legislative restriction, political quibblings, the fault is not in the honesty or the Idea, but in man's inalienable tendency to rest upon ill-founded convictions and conventions that are too comfortable to oppose. Such failure would not be if one could remember that no system of life can be final, and that no rigidity of law can be other than a tomb to the traditional spirit of progress. Man must ever do as he has ever

done: he must arise from his labours and reform them.

Always, however, there stands in the way of reform this inevitability, that to advance any particular aspect of truth, either the master or his close followers must formulate doctrines. Now, a doctrine must be predicable in as few words as may be, and be so axiomatic or postulatory in form, that it assumes the appearance of being unassailable. Upon it as a basis a system is erected. Thus, for instance, we may affirm that the abrogation of self-interest is essential to the welfare of the community, and upon such doctrine may defend all repressive legislation. But as soon as the system is in full working order, up rises a reformer—one who by his intuitive knowledge or accuracy of thought (his *innate science*, as William Blake has it), sees that the system comprises only one aspect of a spherical truth. Indeed, he finds that by including one view of the truth to the exclusion of others, the whole system is working in opposition to the truth, though itself be born of the truth. He finds that repression is the enemy of freedom. So the reformer, in his turn, makes inquiry of the law fundamental. He discovers that, essential to the noblest concept of man, is his desire for freedom, and that this freedom, even though he never win it, is essential to progress and the higher education. Because of his own clearer vision, he perceives at once which aspect of the truth has been especially ignored in formulating the doctrine in question and erecting the system. His whole attention is then directed upon his countervailing discovery. He enunciates a new doctrine and, narrowing his own wider outlook, declares that all men are free. He uses this doctrine to upset the narrowing tendencies of the older system, and has a brilliant success. Then, supposing this reformer to be human (though, by the way, the disciple hardly dare, if he would in his turn succeed,

look upon the prophet as no more than human), he erects a new system, which, copying the means of the old, will soon learn to dogmatize and become mischievous. But in sure time, because the disciples have become intolerant and idolatrous, have worshipped the dogma and the system instead of the truth these originally sought to incarnate, the new system ceases to be. "What need," wrote de Quincy, concerning the historical worth of mere doctrines, "what need of this eternal machinery that eternally is breaking like ropes of sand?" * A true understanding of the law fundamental is essential, if reform is to be delivered from doctrinal abuse.†

(iii.) *Reform in Concrete Example.*

No better instances can be found than those which have made the history of education. The system instituted by Loyola to withstand the free spirit of the Lutheran schools, the real originators of modern education, was based upon the dogma of original sin. His followers developed it into perhaps the most complete and successful of all systems. It was faultless as a mere scientific mechanism. The Jesuits knew that, if they would build strongly, the best workmen must lay the foundations. So for the youngest children the ripest scholars were selected as teachers. Understanding also that it is the child's inheritance with which the teacher must deal, they made it essential in their system to discover every smallest evidence of natural gifts. But, with a love of detail that in itself was wholly admirable, and encouraged by the sort of success they desired, they lay in wait, as it were, for the new-found desires of the young life, not as the natural inspirations to education, but

* Essay on Protestantism, *Selections Grave and Gay*, vol. viii. p. 125.
† *Vide* Appendix A, *The Need of Doctrine and Dogma.*

as sources of depravity. The child's inheritance was of original sin, and must be eradicated and replaced by such religious and secular training as the Church approved. The magnificent educational and mental discipline enforced by the Jesuits was never for ideal enlightenment, but for utilitarian submission to dogmatic control. They sought to eliminate the inheritance of free desire instead of striving to direct it. They misread the law fundamental and hampered it with doctrine. They aimed at washing the soul clean enough to receive whatever they chose to write upon its blank surface. To such ideal, indeed, the Calvinists no less than the Jesuits adhered; and John Knox's ardent disciples, as all Scotch pedagogues have ever and most rightly been, used to think it hardly possible to teach the Latin grammar without the taws. Catholics and Protestants alike claimed to be reformers; but, though perhaps Loyola, Calvin and Knox felt the inspiration of an elemental truth, the systems they erected seemed to lose sight of the meaning.

To take a great leap in time from the beginnings of modern education to two of the latest and, perhaps, greatest exponents of the *law fundamental*, we may recall certain words of Ruskin and certain experiences of Tolsoy. Thus Ruskin: "That education should be open to all, is as certain as that the sky should be; but, as certainly, it should be enforced on none, and benevolent Nature left to lead her children, whether men or beasts, to take or leave at their pleasure. Bring horse and man to the water, let them drink if, and when, they will;—the child who desires education will be bettered by it, the child who dislikes it, only disgraced." * But while Ruskin wrote thus from his innate knowledge of what was necessarily evil, Tolstoy argued rather from his belief in the essential rightness of native instincts. He kept school for three years

* *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95th, 1884, p. 258.

upon the principle that the child naturally knew what was right for himself. Thus he writes: "In spite of the predominant influence of the teacher, the pupil always had the right not to go to school; and even when in school, not to listen to the teacher. Submitting naturally only to laws derived from their own nature, children revolt and rebel when subject to your premature interference. They do not believe in the validity of your bells and time-tables and rules." And again: "In my opinion this external disorder is useful and necessary, however strange and inconvenient it may seem to the teacher. We think there is no way of stopping it except by force; but we need only wait a little, and the disorder (or animation) calms down of itself, and calms down into a far better and more durable order than any we could devise."

To quote such passages alone is unfair to the Masters, though it may be justified by the reason for it. So let another passage of Tolstoy be cited:—

"No master could teach, if he did not command an outlook on life higher than his pupils possess. That a pupil may surrender himself whole-heartedly to his teacher, one corner must be lifted of the veil which hides from him all the delight of that world of thought, knowledge and poetry to which learning will admit him. Only by being constantly under the spell of that bright light shining ahead of him, will the pupil be able to use his powers in the way we require of him;" and so forth.*

It must be noted also that the passage quoted above from the magnificent penultimate letter of *Fors Clavigera* is immediately followed by another which should be inseparable from its context: "Of course, I am speaking here of intellectual education,

* *The Life of Leo Tolstoy*, by Aylmer Maude, vol. i. pp. 248, 249, 265. See also an account of an American experiment in school-keeping on the lines of Tolstoy at Yasnaia Poliana, in *Tolstoy as Schoolmaster*, by Ernest Crosby, p. 52. Fifield.

not moral. The laws of virtue and honour are, indeed, to be taught compulsorily to all men; whereas our present forms of education refuse to teach them to any; and allow the teaching, by the persons interested in their promulgation, of the laws of cruelty and lying, until we find these British islands gradually filling with a breed of men who cheat without shame, and kill without remorse." *

If we are to judge of the brilliant results Tolstoy got in his own schools, we feel that his and Ruskin's arguments are unanswerable. So, on the other hand, when we look upon the men whom Scotland has bred and nourished, we may well extol the discipline of the taws. Each system will mostly fail, though each strive to guide the child's education according to the light of truth, because each is too intent upon one aspect only of the truth. Discipline is not the law unless mated with freedom; freedom has no power unless regulated by obedience. Both ideals lie together essentially regnant in the law fundamental. Knox and Tolstoy may both justly claim success, but with both of them other elements than the trusted systems have taken hand in the schools' welfare. Tolstoy's personal influence was such that, in spite of the entire absence of discipline, some grand results were won; while in Scotland, in spite of the cruel punishments, other influences, such as native wit and national integrity, strengthened doubtless by the fine discipline, have prospered. As matter of fact, Tolstoy himself found his system unworkable in the education of his own children, as soon as it was relegated to others; and both punishments and discipline were allowed some authority, though still only as the supporters of much liberty.†

Eternally shall we find, co-operating in a warfare that seeks but peace, the spiritual energy of free

* *Loc. cit.* vol. viii. p. 259. † *Loc. cit.* pp. 317, 318.

inspiration and its incarnation in rule and discipline. Every reformer appeals to the law fundamental of his reason, as soon as he discovers the disaster of license on the one side and restriction on the other. System after system will have its day and cease to be; but the ancient law of life, at conflict with the very means of its manifestation because of the danger of its overthrow by those very means, will persist, for ever increasing its inheritance.

(iv.) *The Need of Prophets.*

But it is not only in politics and education that inspired understanding has been the life of intellectual systems. A belief in primeval truth has been native in all artists, prophets and poets worthy of their name; for all imaginative and uplifting work relies upon native perception rather than intellectual training. None the less, the constant desire of scientific and philosophic workers in all ages has been to discover the *law fundamental* in nature. The wonders of astronomy have followed Newton's observation of the fall of the apple. The sweeping away of the supernatural assumptions of the alchemist followed the discovery of the simple law of constant atomic weights. The unfathomable doctrine of the separate creation of multifold species has given way before the comparatively simple law of a diversely manifesting yet unbroken chain of evolution. And all of these simple items of natural law, though their formulation was the proud outcome of an intellectual patience quite adorable and a faithfulness quite prophetic, are as readily grasped by the wise child as by the savant,—though the simple mind will the more willingly perhaps reject any assumption of their finality. Hence we perceive that imagination and art on the one hand, with philosophy

and science on the other, all realize the fundamental importance of simple law.

There are, however, essential differences. Imagination and art on their part claim, as inspiration to their work, an intuitive perception of simple truth; while philosophy and science on theirs hold that it is only in the experimental gauging of material evidences that the simple laws of nature can be established. By an innate perceiving of how the laws of life are related to its manifestations, the poet and artist point the danger of everything inimical to life. By casting from his mind all idea of intuitive understanding, the scientific man deals with and classifies things in such wise that he ultimately arrives at one property common to certain of his experiments or specimens, in which property he arrives at a simple law of nature; but only so far as he can see, handle, and weigh his materials. The prophet, poet, artist, teaches from the general truth to the particular fact; the mathematician, chemist, biologist, from the particular facts to the general law. Each is justified in his mode of work,—and not the less so that each is confronted by the very real dangers of his system. But when all is said, and whichever teach us, we either start from or arrive at a certain simplicity, a law fundamental, of which the honest-minded, even if untutored, can grasp the meaning as surely as the master.

Yet we need masters to lead us into the simple ways of understanding. For we have grown distrustful of our own light that would often light us but for the blinding glare of scientific achievements. Despite the simplicity of all essential truth, the prophet and his brothers the artist and poet are needed to clear away the dross which forbids simple understanding. How otherwise was it necessary for George Fox to come and proclaim that the Kingdom of Heaven is within ourselves rather than in *steeple-houses*? or for Tolstoy to spend his great life insisting upon the obvious truth

that when men learn to love one another, thrones and courts and prisons will be abandoned by all, save perhaps kings, lawyers and jailors? Such prophecies are simple as Christianity, as old as virtue. Yet the world needs the greatest of men to make it believe that the law of love is the only practical basis of life. Or how otherwise was it that—

> "That poet's songs
> Whose music evermore recalls his name,
> His name of waters babbling as they run," *

were needed to teach the wise formalists that natural truth must take the place of their ponderous artificialisms before poetry could live again? or that the great scholars had to learn from a job-master's son that the inspiration of the classic poets was untutored yet faithful joy in Nature? When, once more, the formalism of the eighteenth century accepted a very limited good taste and a fine affectation of good manners as cloaks of holiness to cover the grossest sensualism; when the opinion that correct faith precluded all need of good works was accepted as the basis of a gentlemanly religion; how otherwise was it that the uncovenanted humour and pathos of him who began life as a washer and labeller of blacking-bottles was needed to discover to a respectable world its ridiculous heartlessness? Or how was it, yet again, needed that Ruskin should evolve from his fine criticisms in Art the truth, simple to all but mill-owners, that the value of anything must be gauged in terms of man's life and its needs, and not in terms of the capitalists' power to extort as much and give as little as hunger may consent to? Yet from so simple a law follows a host of truths which, while pleasant for their literary excellence when contemplated amidst the environment of a sleek library, are horrible and revolutionary when

* George MacDonald, *A Hidden Life*, Poetical Works, vol. i. p. 136.

taught to mechanics and mill-hands. From the simple truth that the worth of any work is to be measured by the abilities awakened in the man in the doing of that work, followed all Ruskin's teaching that industry stands for the good of mankind, and that work which degrades the individual brings degradation to the community benefiting by it. He declares, indeed, that he has found the root of everything in human passion or human hope—a saying obvious enough for the simplest to understand, and yet needing Ruskin to say it before the world could base upon it a reformation of political economy.

It would almost seem that the great foundational truths when uttered by ordinary men and women are so trite and self-evident that they help not at all. Indeed, many who perceive them quite clearly are too distrustful of themselves, just because of the truth's obviousness, to utter them; or, willing to utter them, have too poor command of word and symbol to make them shine and live. It is for such reasons the world is continually in need of poets to make it understand the common truths, the obvious needs, the simple joys that are the very life.*

Then again the foundational things of life, the old inheritances of our humanity, are so readily obscured by the boast of outward gauds and successes. The power of wealth to extort gold from hunger; the power of intellect to requisition wind and lightning and steam; the weight of authority in its accumulations and reiterations of privilege; all these conspire

* "In philosophy equally, as in poetry, genius produces the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues the stalest and most admitted truths from the impotence caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission.... Truths, of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal interest, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."—S. T. Coleridge's *The Friend*, Essay XV. The whole of this essay is particularly fine.

to hypnotize and paralyze the flame of the gentle spirit. They construct a bushel of materialism and hide under it each shining light, because they do not like it. If Science loved the light, her triumph would be lost, for she would care less for the harnessing of the storms of nature than for educating and freeing the souls of men. If Authority loved it, she would be meek indeed, and labour with her hands instead of frowning from a throne. If a few rich men have helped the world with their wealth, some of the saints have done much more when they were penniless. If the learned in science have bettered the life of man by bridging distance and bringing city into close touch with city, or by baffling death itself, yet a few must have known throughout that the individual victory over self may be of greater gain to humanity than all the material conveniences of modern life. And beyond question the influence of authority has brought greatest good to man whenever it has least asserted its rights and privileges. Tolstoy tells us that invariably the influence of the Staff has been pernicious in the conduct of every war, and that the great deeds are done by individual initiative, often in opposition to authority.* Wherever the exalted have finely influenced the lives of men, it has been not in virtue of their systems or their power to command, but because they knew these were but of trumpery worth when compared with the power of appeal to the simple heart. "Obest plerumque iis qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum qui docent." †

Nevertheless, although such conclusions will hardly be gainsaid, the wisdom of heart preserved by touch with nature dignified labour and joyful play—wisdom which the schools never fathom—is losing its significance

* *Life of Tolstoy*, by Aylmer Maude, p. 118.

† "The authority of those who teach stands for the most part in the way of those who want to learn."—Cicero, *De Naturâ Deorum*.

in modern life. It may still be found among a few village folk in England, amidst the less frequented valleys in Wales, in the heart of the fast-thinning crofters in Scotland. It is thriving, too, among nations where the peasant life is still supreme, despite the cruel encroachment of cities and conscriptions. But with us it is dying. And with it is dying too the instinctive knowledge of man's relation to the earth, to the power of life and generation, of which himself is a torch to be lit and to pass the light onwards. With his lessened faith in life comes lessened faith in himself—a loss that brings self-seeking and failure, self-worship and degeneration of race. The spiritual and the bodily are inseparable.

The true peasant believes in God, believes in his power of life, believes in his work's need of him, all unqualified by poverty to be borne, or by cruelties inflicted and exterminations perennially threatened; and along with this simple traditional faith we find soundness of physique, fearlessness of animal spirits, fine fighting, and, quite inevitably, bold and faithful love-making.* But in the cities, in this day at any rate, we find disbelief in God going hand-in-hand with dependence upon mechanical conveniences to save the trouble of living, and missing of the functional joy of life from sheer indolence; we find little honouring of the work, because it is become but a means wherewith to purchase pleasure; we find the sense of individual dignity and right swamped in a mechanical socialistic creed. All these recognized wrong things, moreover, are actually countenanced because they mean comfort, protection from old-world tyrannies, safety amid the new-found sanitary imperfections. We daily commit the sin of thinking that comfort is synonymous with

* Nowhere is this truth seen so plainly as in the Roumanians. See Madame Stratilesco's *From Carpathians to Pindus*. It would seem as though the nobility of man can survive every disaster but industrialism.

happiness, although, perhaps beyond all sins, it is against the Holy Ghost and spiritual evolution. With each mechanical advance comes a weakening of energy, and that physical deterioration which is the despair of reformers. We learn to accept as normal conditions the cowardly thieving of prosperous men; the willing enslaving of our brother, whom we still call free because of his high wages and his right to spend them on liquor; and, worse than all, that strange upstart fear of new-discovered enemies, be they Germans, mice, or microbes. Cruel lust usurps the ancient love, and the desire for children is drowned in the passion for pleasure. To all this we must shut our eyes and thank God for our motor-car, our *Daily Mail*, our conviction that God helps those who help themselves to what never was their own.

Such simple facts are patent to all save those who refuse to look at what they do not want to see.

(v.) *The Choice of Authority.*

And, as I say, the earnest reformers would take us right away from one and all of the accredited systems and start us afresh with the simple traditional instincts of our humanity and our understanding. For as long as man lives, these instincts, being the very nature and idea of his life, must lie somewhere potent in their sleep, however deep beneath the infertile soil of fashions and unreal environmental exigencies. Man is still autochthonous.

But if there be some who really believe we can do without poetry, they must still feel the need of authority, if only because of that finely rebellious spirit within us that awakens desire for amending. We are like mites in a cheese walled around and imprisoned by our means of subsistence. We know there is a beyond and possibly a better. We want our children

to get news of that beyond, that better life. But we would not have them starve. We see their fresh young lives finely intolerant of our own restrictions; yet, because we would not have them starve, we restrain this youthful sense of life's aboriginal right to joy, and teach them to conform with the customs of their class: they must live upon and learn to enjoy the mouldy Stilton cheese. The cheese may, as we please, stand for Eton and Harrow or Council Schools, Church or Chapel, the Law Society or the College of Physicians. And if we have dim understanding that the eating of cheese does not offer oportunity for achieving the highest in life, we have to realize that we are grown too dependant upon cheese to understand clearly anything whatsoever. Yet we desire the best teaching for our children. Though ourselves have long since found youthful ideals unpractical, we see that the schools do little to kindle any search for the great destiny. Eton and Harrow may succeed in doing what many parents are confessedly unfit for—making gentlemen of their boys. The elementary schools may succeed in disciplining children to silly tasks which are but withered seeds and never fertilize. Discipline may be the more necessary because intelligent obedience is impossible. But neither manners nor obedience is education. We instinctively know it, but cannot alter it. We suspect the school's failure, but submit to it. Should the spirit move us, however, to ask why the stomach turns against its riches, or why we hoot as a crank any energetic mite which peeps over the crumbling walls of its mouldy blessings, we may perhaps look about for some finer help, some authority upon which we can rely.

Though we do not perhaps ask specifically for either poet or scientist, we do yet seek authority to fan for us the flickering light of our primeval inspiration. Even here we are hampered. For any authority who will bid

us in the first place fetch our rushlight from out its bushel, will refuse to sanction many of those conventions without which we do not care to live. He will always believe in the power within rather than the exigencies without, the light that illuminates rather than things that have no light. The light, be it remembered, is, wheresoever it be hid, the law fundamental, the primeval inspiration, which makes possible and imperative all reformation. It is this that the prophet, be he Jew or Christian, Salvationist or poet, bids us seek. And we must choose our prophet if we would find our light. Our own eyes are so blinded by dazzling palaces that they can no longer find an infant truth in its manger. We must choose our prophet to discover to us the law fundamental of our inheritance, though it is alike the child's inheritance and the everlasting means of creation and reformation. Only by this light shall we discover where the signposts have misled. The virtue is still left us of choosing our masters.

Two schools are before us, that of Imagination and that of Science; but the masters are many. Ourselves must make the choice. Shall we hold with Behmen, for instance, that the child comes among us equipped with gifts of joy and sorrow, worship and passion, wherewith to win his inheritance of life? or shall we look upon him, in Locke's teaching, as having a soul like a clean slate, which the pedagogue may scratch with what he will, or the "world's coarse thumb" smear with its doom? The laws of evolution and heredity should put out of court for all time Locke's theories, though such educationalists as seek to stuff the child's mind rather than to feed his inborn hunger, must still incline to them. The choice lies no longer between Behmen and Locke, but rather between Wordsworth the poet and Weismann the biologist. The question of to-day lying at the heart of every inquiry, social or educational, amounts to this: which

of these two men shall we hold to be prophet? Which of these can give us news of the light we are seeking, can fan the doubting flame of our own inheritance?

In the understanding of the child's inheritance, both the poet and biologist are worth deep and close study, not because they are necessarily antagonistic, but because, if they understood each other better, the gain to education would be incalculable. No one poet will serve so well as Wordsworth; for, along with an imagination in one way matchless, he is essentially scientific in his mode of reason. It is by his close observation and fearless recognition of all nature's manners and meanings that he makes such special appeal to those who crave for straight thinking along with poetical insight. His *Prelude* is a history of the poet's evolution: indeed, it is that, more or less, of every child who thinks and whose thoughts find play as well as work. It tells of the poet's birth amidst the heritage of the hills and how this environment called to the deeps of his nature; it tells of his obligation to the wealth of his inheritance:

> "I made no vows, but vows
> Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
> Was given that I should be, else sinning greatly,
> A dedicated spirit." *

Such is his opening confession of an obligation to profit by riches so freely bestowed. He could not but recognize the potency of a heritage that needed only the kiss or onslaught of the world to awaken its consciousness. His heritage could not be dissociated from the man; nor his obligation in and towards this heritage from his very self; nor this very self from his obligation in and towards his fellow-men. Fearlessly does Wordsworth face the joy awakened in him by the mountain and its ways, the shepherd and his hopes; exultingly does he embrace the new sense

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. IV. l. 334.

of humanity thrown open by the French Revolution; honestly does he face the disappointments and horrors, flung back with insolent denials, which followed in its wake. And because of his steady faith in the clouds of glory, because of his intuitive belief in the eternal worth of life, no evidence of limitations and material facts could spoil his inheritance. He knew the worth of prophecy: that the everlasting is greater than things whose cost can be counted and catalogued; that spirit is superior to the matter it uses. He knew the danger that lies in divorce of the imagination from law, no less than the danger of rejecting unpalatable facts and of becoming an irresponsible sentimentalist.

And among scientists no man will better serve our present needs than Weismann, although I think he would find his place somewhat unexpected while standing as the poet's squire. To us he must take this place, as we shall before long understand. And in taking this place, although involuntarily, he is doing high service. For in an age where the triumphs of science are set above the evidences of ancestral intuition and the embracing mystery of life, it is fine support to our timorous thinking to realize that, if we trust Weismann's science up to the very point of recognizing its limits, it inevitably, as soon as its leading fails us, points to a wicket-gate upon the hills beyond which it knows that it cannot see. Through this gate the man of science may not take us, though the child and the poet may remember the way.

We may fearlessly repeat that, in every endeavour to reform, search is made for the ancient ideal, the law fundamental. To such assertion, if we remember that by this law fundamental we mean the very principle of life, the biologist, no less than poet and mystic, will subscribe. This ancient ideal is declared in the very word *education*. It claims that child and

man must be led out of himself to find himself.* And this we may assert although "the great man, the poet and thinker, has never been so clearly known to himself that the crystal light-holder and the light have become one, much less then have other men. However easily blooming every man may open towards the sky, he is yet drawn down by a root into the dark firm earth." † The roots are man's hold upon his heritage, though he must find his soul in the marriage of this heritage with the light that is above. This is the whole teaching of a greater prophet even than Jean Paul Richter, though he is nearly forgotten, Jacob Behmen the cobbler. Man, he would have us understand, must know that the wealth of environment brings joy to life only when held by joy within so potent and creative that it must ever give before it can receive. Thus, too, in our own day, Browning:

> "To know
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without." ‡

And we inevitably recall also Horace's oft-quoted line—

> "Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam." §

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* For a quite magnificent presentment of this idea, see Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. It must be noted, however, that the poet's meaning is not fully developed till the climax of the play.

† J. P. Richter's *Levana*, p. 89. Bohn.

‡ *Paracelsus*, p. 71.

§ This is found in the 4th Ode of the Fourth Book, verse 33. In full it runs thus:—

> "Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
> Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
> Utcunque defecere mores,
> Indecorant bene nata culpae."

It may be Englished thus—

> "Instruction's fuel to the inborn flame,
> Right culture makes the heart grow strong;
> Where character is weak and wrong
> To high-born men ill deeds bring shame."

Correspondingly, we need not hesitate to assert that education, be it technical or ideal—that is to say, be it for equipping men in the struggle for survival, or for enlarging the mind—falls short in both aims because it follows the philosophy of Locke rather than that of Wordsworth and Science. It falls short of what it should and must do because it strives to pack the mind instead of *leading forth* the soul to master alike its ancestral heritage and the new-found world. Education to-day, as always in the past, in spite of the constant crying in the wilderness of such prophets as Plato, Montaigne, Comenius, Milton, Herbart, Richter, Pestalozzi, Maurice, still fails in its ever-hopeful endeavour because, lacking at once imagination and science, it fails to kindle the *vis insita*, the inborn flame. It lacks imagination, thinking inheritance means original sin or Mendelism; it lacks science because it hopes to get fruit from seeds that are lifeless, to create, as it were, living protoplasm out of its chemical elements.

Although, I say, the poet and scientist may well work together, we must admit, to avoid confusing ideals, their practical rivalry. In a word, the poet speaks rather for the innate power to feel and think and choose, the scientist for the inevitableness of hereditary and environmental compulsion. The former claims as its handmaids the humanities and art, the latter experiment and technical instruction. They represent certain essentials in every kind of man. Although they seem at first sight to emphasize the rivalry of imagination and science, they frustrate each other's aims, not because of the rivalry, but because they lack the very courage of their claims. It is because art and religion lack imagination that they fail to inspire; it is because science lacks faith in its progress that it degenerates into creed.* Science itself can no more stand

* It is to be feared, in face of the hotly opposing schools of biology, that the width of mind observed among the Victorian men of science is now less

as science without taking count of intuitive religion than imagination can be illuminative without cultured reason.

But we may be more explicit. Religion is in idea inseparable from imagination, even though its expression is so persistently denuded of beauty. Whatever may have been the influence of the Church in the earlier Christian centuries when it was the only means of education, its teaching in our day clearly fails—perhaps because robbed of colour and life in its ritual—to reach any great number of the people, at any rate in the cities. Among the finer and simpler country folk it is otherwise. Even if the yokel be mentally unconscious of Nature's symbolic leadings, her life is yet inseparable from that beauty which persistently whispers great meanings in his heart. Because her symbols are living and not screwed down into coffin-like dogmas, the instinct of faith is alive. Nor is this faith spoiled by the quaint country superstitions—so different from the vulgar heathenisms, mascots, lucky beans of the wealthy town-dwellers whose boast is agnosticism.

The Churches, as educational factors at any rate, are falling behind in the contest for survival, just because they seek to be scientific rather than apostolic in their work; and the schoolmaster is consequently taking the place of the parson as a practical opinion, even in the country. Yet the schools are in no better plight, though they strive so constantly after reformation; and the failure writ so large over their portals is obvious to every open eye.*

commonly in evidence. Huxley would hardly write to-day what was true half a century ago: "But the theologians cannot get it out of their heads, that as they have creeds, to which they must stick at all hazards, so have the men of science. There is no more ridiculous delusion. We, at any rate, hold ourselves morally bound to 'try all things and hold fast to that which is good'; and among public benefactors, we reckon him who explodes old error as next in rank to him who discovers new truth."—*Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, vol. ii. p. 161.

* Failure, one would think, indeed, could be foretold from curriculums and text-books that starve all native desire for the higher learning. How little real imaginative interest in the better purposes of education is ever

The fault lies not, however, with scientific methods, but in an unscientific creed that starves the children's imagination; in a creed, that is to say, which holds every child to be a vessel of universal pattern, to be stuffed full of the same material, and loses sight of the individual feeling and hunger for knowledge. Modern methods, whether in elementary schools or in the old public schools and universities, are unconsciously submitting to, and not unapprovingly, the mechanical method of thrusting the environment into the mind, instead of discovering to the growing individual his treasure of inheritance. This treasure, when discovered and believed in, is the power to take to itself from its environment whatsoever is needed. If religion now fails to reach the multitude because divorced from the appeal to imagination and poetic expression, scientific teaching fails also because it is divorced from its logical humility. Neither one nor the other recognizes the individual worth which must first be found before they can be truly educational. Religion may impose the passive acceptance of dogma, science may stuff full a quick memory with words; but neither can find in the budding man his inheritance—the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the inherited gift of hunger which, when wisely fed, gives him whatsoever the destiny of inheritance may hold.

> "Whether we be young or old,
> Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
> Is with infinitude, and only there.
> With hope it is, hope that can never die,
> Effort, and expectation, and desire,
> And something ever more about to be." *

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awakened by the day schools may be gauged by the small numbers that avail themselves of the evening schools. Contrasted with the technical classes, which do not offer education so much as special fitness for trade and clerical demands, the attendance at classes of science, history, philosophy, art, is lamentably poor. *Vide* Appendix B.

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. VI. ll. 603 *et seq.*

Both religionist and poet, schoolman and scientist, see the evils of each other's modes. These evils are such only when the offices are robbed of their own. Rob the poet of his religion, and he becomes a mere sensualist; rob the priest of his humanity, and he becomes Calvinist or philosopher. Rob the scientist of his imagination, and he becomes a mere schoolman; rob the pedagogue of his belief in something beyond his system, and he becomes a mechanician.

But although it is possibly the seers who, notwithstanding our undeniable need of them, make the worst blunders in practical affairs, the poet may know even better than the biologist the power, alike serviceable and tyrannical, of the environment.

> "True is it, where oppression worse than death
> Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
> Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
> And poverty and labour in excess
> From day to day pre-occupy the ground
> Of the affections, and to Nature's self
> Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,
> Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with ease
> Among the close and overcrowded haunts
> Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
> And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed." *

Wordsworth in his poetry, as Milton in his prose, always gives full value to fact and logic. But the scientist can seldom speak other than patronizingly of religion and poetry, even when seeking to encourage their influence. The really great poet is at once artist, believer in God, weigher of evidences; his art, his faith, his intellect can never be dissociated without disaster. The scientist, however, constantly, if but inferentially, asserts, even when he allows his science and philosophy to go most charmingly hand-in-hand, that religion can have no part in science. He will hardly allow it to have a foundation of its own upon which it may build, though perhaps he will allow it a

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, XIII. ll. 195–205.

decorative office in his own educational edifice, to sweeten and ameliorate its severe proportions.*

In the following chapters it is proposed to examine more minutely the claims put forward in this introductory. Especially is it desired to establish on a scientific and logical basis the instinctive faith in an inborn power to acquire the finer life and overcome the world of dimensions. Correspondingly, the danger of allowing environmental suggestion and tyranny their too ready aid will be insisted upon. The world of inheritance as it sleeps in the seed, and the world of material forces which, with gentle song or terrific clamour, awaken the babe from this ancestral sleep, will be discussed in their relative meanings. The relation of the hand's craft to the imagination's culture will be presented at some length, and the starving of both by this day's inevitable specialization will be argued. For the child, at any rate, is ever a craftsman; his imagination is the forge in which his strong passion of life keeps plastic the iron facts that he must deal with, even though he has not yet learned when he may beat his hot iron into forms of beauty, when it must serve only as hammer and chisel.

Then the office of the Senses, as ministers of a certain Queen-sense which represents the innermost Being, will receive more of their due than text-books can accommodate. Further, it will be argued that art and recreation are inseparable from the nature of man in its healthiest significance. Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and its joy is constantly revealed in the putting of vulgar things to glorious use. The child is more than craftsman; he is creator. He has consciousness of eternal potencies within him, and sees

* Thus it is that the supposedly scientific methods of modern elementary education fail; because, even when a little religion, a little literature, a little art, are thrown in, every care is taken that these do not clash with the *results* by which schools still measure their success, even if nominally their grants no longer depend upon examinations.

in the world of matter a garden to be made. He is artist; to him the daisy is a blissful thing, telling in form of beauty an everlasting truth. He is poet; he knows that all life is one.

Even the child in the slums feels the angel troubling the waters of her eternal deeps. She finds a stick, clothes it in a rag, and plunges herself with her symbolic treasure into those waters of healing; she finds her joy even in the sunless city, because she is something of a poet and craftswoman, and puts the rag and the stick to eternal creative purpose. The instinct for this sort of play is an inheritance evolved from the experience of ages; though it is ignored in all educational systems and has no utilitarian justification. It is inborn; it is the idealistic praise and worship of the power of life whence all things come, supreme to the laws of physical energy and utilitarian principles. Joy is the ritual of child-worship. The daisy's beauty, the lark's song, the baby's smile, the poet's labour, the musician's violin, the hero's self-forgetting, all stand for truths that deny the physical origin of life and the ethical basis of devotion. They are, in a word, religion.

From the mode of argument in this Introductory, moreover, it will be gathered that an illogical optimism is almost as harmful in education as an unspiritual pessimism. Consequently the meaning of penalty, with the inheritance of sin and its obligations, must not be forgotten. It is an essential factor in education, and will be considered in a scientific and inevitably religious spirit. Finally, something must be said concerning a sense in man, dimly striving for conscious expression, of an eternal harmony which all creation, in its passion of life, is seeking to fulfil.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD WORLD WITHIN.

THE world is gone wrong somewhere. We may well ask whether this wrong-going is not indeed the inevitable consequence of forgetting to bring on our way the priceless gift of our primeval intelligence; or whether, rather, those who first directed our footsteps had forgotten the possibility of the child's refusal to be satisfied by a physiologically correct diet. Such questions indeed assail us as soon as we acquire knowledge concerning the child's inheritance. They are of fundamental significance, and must be allowed true value if the world is to be mended.

To dwell upon the failures of our systems seems to many pessimistic and paralyzing. To hold that everything that is is best in this best of possible worlds, is by such accounted the optimistic way of life. To the real optimist, however, that is but the primrose way which leads to the place precisely where we are; he will have none of—

> "The barren optimistic sophistries
> Of comfortable moles, whom what they do
> Teaches the limit of the just and true
> (And for such doing they require not eyes)." *

To the real believer in man and his inevitable evolution, however good things may be, they cease to be good just as soon as better things become possible. "Sorrow of the Spirit," said Richter, "is the mother of Gods"; † and we are optimists in the very recognition of the fact that some things at least are intolerably bad.

* Matthew Arnold, *To a Republican Friend.* † *Loc. cit.* para. 34.

So we must look in the face this fact, that in all classes of society our race shows signs of deterioration. Nor is it least pronounced where culture and comfort are brought to the highest point of supposed excellence. The deterioration is admitted on every hand: by the recruiting officer who has been compelled to lower the standard of fitness; by the physician who sees more of it than people imagine; by the moralist who finds the city folk disgracing the ancient ideals and the country folk forgetting them. Even though alongside of these bad signs there is abundant evidence of physical and moral vigour, and of that intellectual honesty which lies at the very root of amendment, reformers are driven to the conclusion that something must be wrong, or at least has hitherto been wrong, in the upbringing of the children. The larger question has hardly yet been asked: whether the starvation of mind in the parents, and the devotion of life to unideal success or renown, may not be germinally responsible for equipping the children with a meaner outlook than school education can hope to counteract.* For inevitably it will one day be realized that the evolution of those particular attributes of man which are classed under the style *humanity*—that is the gentle instincts of mercy and pity, love and joy—have been as much provocative of physical excellence as the coarser quality of self-assertion, although the latter is more generally quoted as responsible for survival and progress. The question before us is to determine the value of every gift with which man is naturally equipped when he adventures his journey.

(i.) *The Two Authorities.*

As indicated in the former chapter, we may choose two authorities as our guides in valuing the gifts of inheritance, Weismann and Wordsworth, because they

* *Vide* Appendix C.

represent two rival schools of thought. No two teachers would be more anxious than these to leave every one to decide for himself, in the light of his own particular equipment, which school has done more for humanity. I am particularly desirous to record something of their work so far as it bears upon the science of hereditary, because, let me repeat, the outlook of the scientific world would be enlarged if it could accredit the Imagination with its influence on life and evolution, and because the poet, by studying fearlessly whatsoever Science gives him, would find his own particular claims strengthened. Wordsworth and Weismann cannot vie with one another in accuracy of observation or truthfulness of word, though they would possibly not agree as to what sort of accurate observation should be accepted as the basis of logical thought. The one has spent his life in the collection and classification of facts revealed by microscope, museum, and wayward curiosities; the other devoted his soul, in such keen and passionate research as perhaps no other poet ever displayed, to the justification of his faith in nature. While the one believes entirely in science, the other believed most absolutely in man. While the one holds that only the acceptation of rigid fact can solve our riddles, the other strove to make us believe that facts are treasures but of the museum and the graveyard, and that we must, if we would learn, become intimate with the living truths which account for and order facts "to their right praise and true perfection." To our poet's eye—

> "Science appears but what in truth she is,
> Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
> But as . . . . . a prop
> To our infirmity." *

I do not mean that Weismann would say that the imagination plays no part in science; indeed, he has

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, Bk. II. l. 212.

allowed it to sway him not a little in his hypotheses. Nevertheless, to Wordsworth the truth needed no museum or microscope: it lies patent to all who have eyes to see beyond mere dimensions. While one, to be more precise, explains the origin of species and the evolution of man as the result of elaborate sex-crossings and the survival of the fitter offspring in the struggle for existence—a system that accounts alike for the multiplication of varieties and the relegation of vast numbers of them to the wall—the other holds that the infant man claims origin rather in the eternities, in

> "all the adamantine holds of truth
> By reason built, or passion, which itself
> Is highest reason in a soul sublime;" *

even though these holds of truth transcend all possibility of demonstration in the mode of the exact sciences. No one will account Weismann mad for holding to the axiom *omne ex ovo*, though many scientists would find Wordsworth something short of sane if he declared such a postulate as *omne ex Deo* to be fundamental in understanding the nature of man—

> "Some called it madness—so indeed it was
> If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
> If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
> To inspiration, sort with such a name;
> If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
> By poets in old time, and higher up
> By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
> May in these tutored days no more be seen
> With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
> It was no madness, for the bodily eye
> Amid my strongest workings evermore
> Was searching out the lines of difference
> As they lie hid in all external forms,
> Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye
> Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
> To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
> Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
> Could find no surface where its power might sleep;
> Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
> And by an unrelenting agency
> Did bind my feelings even as in a chain." †

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* *Prelude*, Bk. V. l. 39. † *Prelude*, Bk. III. ll. 146–166.

Although the argument in these pages accredits highest value to the imaginative interpretation of facts, yet the bare scientific ground to be immediately traversed is full of delightful interest and awakens deepest thought. The microscope and the keen observer's eye have revealed to us both facts of wonder and truths transcendent in their import. For when we have reached the impassable barrier beyond which there is no going—so far as crude facts can take us —we shall come to admit that the barrier is but a gate that a child may unlatch. Then are we brought to the realization of this truth, that matter offers neither bounds to, nor measure of, the power of life; that physical laws are but servants and not masters to an energy supreme; that science dare not set limits to the possibilities in man's destiny.

(ii.) *The Science of Inheritance.*

Essential to the understanding of inheritance is a just perception of the relation between the life itself and its physical manifestation. In drawing such distinction it is not intended, in this place at any rate, to raise the question of their separability. But it is necessary to insist upon the truth of the Platonic teaching that life contains the Idea to which its manifestation in physiological law is subservient. In regarding life as the cause of its manifestation we are supported by such scientific men as Thomas Huxley and John Hunter—two of the greatest the world has known. In his *Introduction to the Classification of Animals*, Huxley quotes Hunter as declaring that "*Life is the cause and not the consequence of organization.*" I am not aware that Huxley in any of his writings again refers to the point, though it is one which might well open up to any student a whole world of revelation. So important do I deem

the conclusion, that it will not be amiss to give immediately Hunter's own words, because they ought never to be forgotten by any student of life:

"Whatever life is, it most certainly does not depend upon structure or organization. In contradiction to organization being a cause, we find, in general, that the least organized are the most tenacious of life. Thus we find that, in general, the most imperfect animals are the most difficult to be killed when the actions of the parts are stopped upon which life is continued. But this is not constantly so, therefore peculiarity of organization is not in the least necessary." *

The meaning is clear enough. To some it will seem superfluous to give the views of men of science upon such a point, if only because most philosophers and poets have taken the Platonic teaching more or less for granted. With Behmen, Spinoza, Hegel and their followers, such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their disciples, it is essentially the same, and the very *Urgrund* of their labours. Edmund Spenser put the law into a couplet which may be remembered along with Hunter's dictum:

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheareful grace, and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make." †

But though we have such strong support, it gives us even greater justification if we can quote great men of science. For this our day is troubled with perpetually recurring attempts to explain the

* *Essays and Observations*, by John Hunter, F.R.S. (Van Voorst, 1859), p. 114, vol. i.

† *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, l. 127.

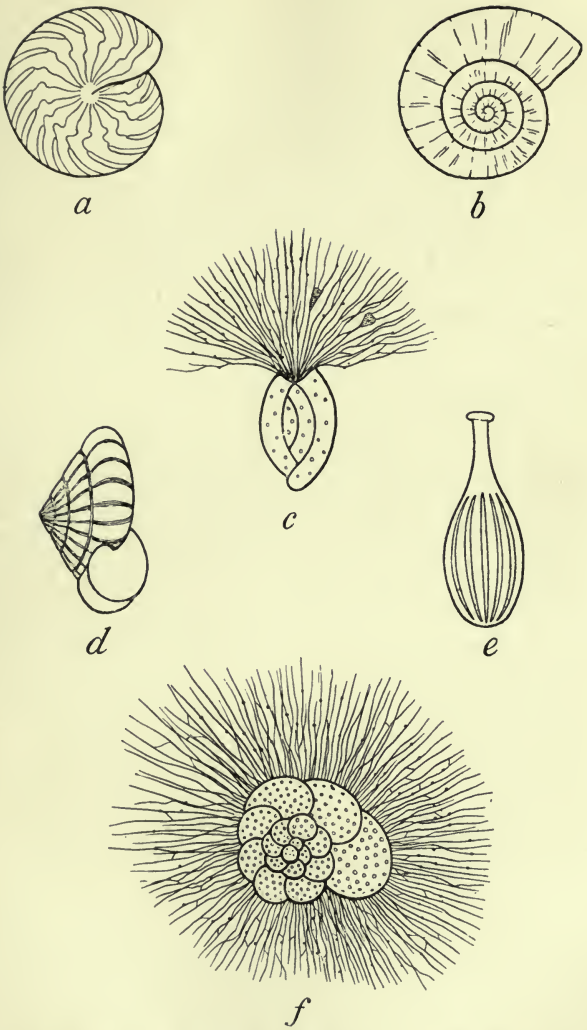


FIG. 1 (p. 35).—Shells of certain Foraminifera; *a*, *Amphistegina Lessoni*; *b*, *Cornuspira foliacea*; *c*, *Lagena vulgaris*, with its living substance extended like tentacles; *d*, *Rotalia Beccarii*; *e*, *Lagena sulcota*; *f*, *Globigerina bulloides* in active life.

phenomena of life by physical forces; to show, that is, that life is no more to physiological processes than is the flame of a candle to the physics of its combustion. On this point Huxley is quite explicit. Writing of the Foraminifera, he says—

"That a particle of organless jelly, without definitely formed parts, produces a shell of extraordinary complexity, and most singular beauty;" that it "is capable of guiding physical forces in such a manner as to give rise to those exquisite and almost mathematically arranged structures . . . is to my mind a fact of the profoundest significance" * (Fig. 1).

Having now given out as it were a text to guide us in our researches into the realm of Inheritance, we may proceed to consider the bearing of certain recent discoveries upon our subject.

In the teaching of Weismann concerning the process by which the individual being, plant or animal, has won its inheritance we shall find everything needful. It is because of its inheritance that every creature is come to be what it is, even to departing somewhat from the parental type. Indeed, I hope to show how it comes that the primordial mother-cell has, also because of an inheritance, originated the vast series of species by which our globe is inhabited. For along with its inheritance of structure and function, mind and memory, every being inherits something beyond these possessions, namely, the power to become. It is because of this power that life progresses.

But we must begin at the beginning; and to understand the subsequent points concerning fertilization and sex-crossings we must have some further clue to what is signified by an elementary particle of life.

* *Introduction to the Classification of Animals*, by Thomas Henry Huxley, F.R.S.: Churchill, 1869. *Vide postea*, pp. 130 and 200.

(a) *The Elementary Individual.*

We can do no better than consider the form and habits of an animal known as the *protomyxa* (Fig. 2). It is a simple microscope particle of protoplasm, having no organs or structures.* Yet it fulfils all the functions of life. It digests without stomach, it progresses without limbs; it perceives its food without eyes to see or nose to smell or ears to hear. Its substance is constantly extending itself in starlike rays, interwoven and always moving, now withdrawing these rays as though they were tentacles, now thrusting them forward like improvised arms to seize, or rather engulph, a particle of food. Any part of its arms or body can digest and absorb the food and cast out the insoluble particles. Any part of its surface absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid gas, like higher animals' lungs. Without special regions set aside for storing germ-cells, the whole of its body becomes reproductive. This is its manner of doing so. After a certain length of active life, moving, eating, drinking, breathing, the creature's activities all cease. Its rays and networks are all withdrawn, and it becomes a passive, globular cell, throwing out on its surface a thicker substance as a protecting sac. Next the contents of this sac divide into two, and these into two more, and so on until the sac is filled with globular cells that will become new

* In the light of recent discoveries concerning the properties and contents of the living cell, it will be more accurate to assert that this protomyxa is an organ, a structure in itself, and does not *possess* organized structures. It is a single cell; whereas complex beings are built up of many cells, every one of which is more or less specialized in function and form for the performance of particular duties. While the protomyxa possesses no structure but its own singleness of structure, man possesses multifold structures many of which he can discard without disaster to his being. But every cell, whether it is a creature in itself, or a specialized servant in a complexly structured creature's economy, has a certain structure of its own common to all living cells and concerned not only in its own particular function but also in the reproduction of its kind. Of which structure more will be told in the text.

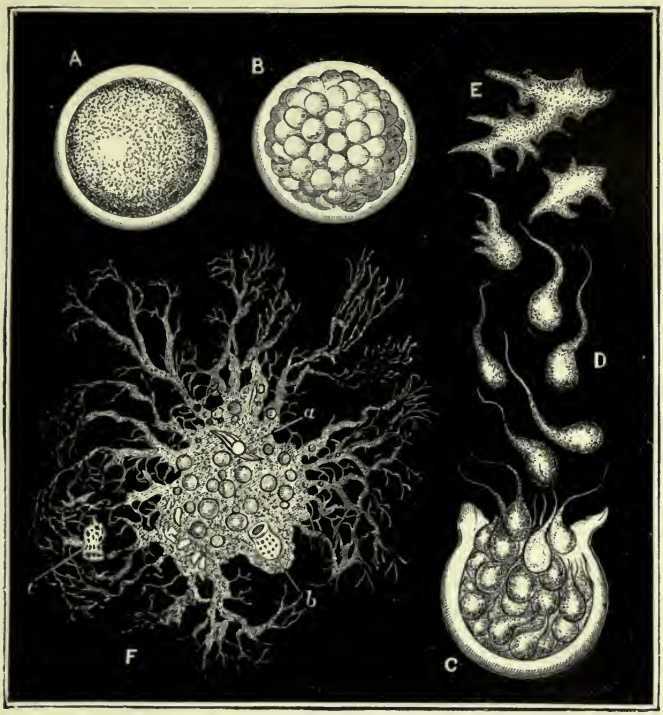


FIG. 2 (p. 36).—*Protomyxa aurantiaca*. A, globular quiescent state, prior to division of itself for reproduction. B, the substance divided into spores, which in C are escaping; at D, swimming by movement of a tail-like extremity; E, developing into amœba-like form. F shows the perfect creature with its restless improvised arms; *a* and *b* show diatoms it has captured as prey; *c*, one on point of capture.

(From Carpenter's *Microscope and its Revelations.*)

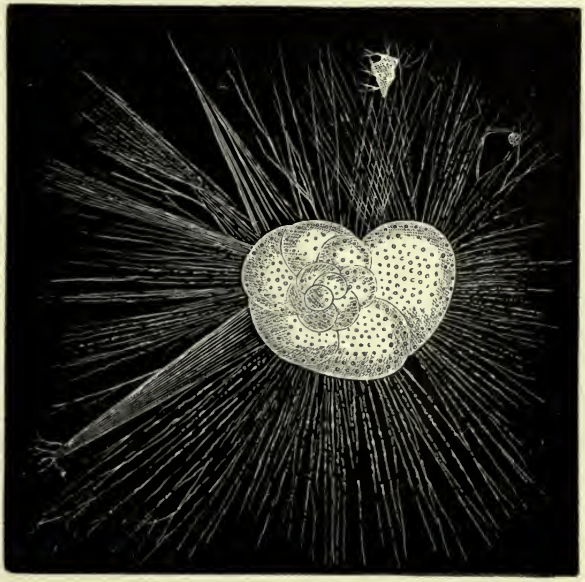


FIG. 14 (p. 138).—*Discorbina globularis*, its protoplasmic substance extending in rays through the perforations in the shell.

(From Carpenter's *Microscope and its Revelations.*)

individuals (Fig. 3). After a while the young ones break through the sac and are all discharged. They begin to show individual life by movements which propel them through the water and increase until the mother's complex network of feelers is reproduced in the offspring. This method of reproduction may be taken as typical of the single-celled individuals which are structureless and organless, and in which there is no distinction of sex. Just as the inheritance of such a creature is but little more than a mechanical acceptance of parental type, so are its possibilities of development and education similarly limited. The greater the inheritance, we may say, the greater the privilege at once to fulfil the parental excellences and to enlarge upon that inheritance.

(b) *The Elementary Society.*

The first important step upwards in the evolution-scale is in principle a big one. It consists in the production of the many sponge-structures, such as the fresh-water sponge (Fig. 4), the familiar toilet-sponges, the Venus's flower-basket (Fig. 5), and so forth. These are communities of single-celled individuals, like very quiet protomyxas, but remarkably superior. Though they are all alike in the absence of any equipment in structure, they possess varied functions according to the needs of the city they inhabit and are building. Some erect walls, some carry food, some specialize the senses, some are scavengers, and some are devoted to reproduction. Reproduction, however, is effected by the amalgamation of two cells of different sex into one. But the one cell thus produced behaves thereafter exactly like the protomyxa up to the point where the young individuals are ready to be sent out into the world. Then, as it were, the new principle asserts itself. The new principle is this : instead of the young

creatures rushing out from the mother-sac into the water to live an independent life, their ruling principle, as if discovering means of a wider and more sanely purposed life, keeps them all together and bids them work side by side in co-operation and mutual service. Consequently the young cells do not leave the maternal sac, but arrange themselves in a single layer around the circumference, while they absorb water from the outside and fill the centre of the sac with fluid (Fig. 6). Next, this ball becomes indented at one point. The dent deepens into a pit, the fluid in the centre is expressed and the ball is transformed into a cup, which is now of course formed of two layers of cells. The new colony now begins its work. The cells discover their individual and specialized duties. Some build walls, some separate and form passages, which enlarge into chambers, while each of the individuals lining these chambers produces a long lash projecting into the chamber. And all the lashes continually sweep in one direction, driving the water with its particles of food into the deeper parts of the sponge for the feeding of the busy citizens (Fig. 7). Thus is a beautiful city built of horny or chalky or glassy walls, according to the kind. Thanks to the development of communal service, sense of a purpose beyond individual advantage is awakened in each minute cell; which ideal sense becomes concrete in the erection of a city, though none of the inhabitants can ever behold it.

We have now reached a point of great importance in understanding this very ordinary law of inheritance. The parent cell of the protomyxa and that of the sponge are almost identical in appearance and size and behaviour. But they differ in virtue. In the one this virtue is the possibility of repeating itself, in the other, of producing many individuals each with specialized functions, all widely different from that of the parent cell, and yet each cell inheriting through it a sense of

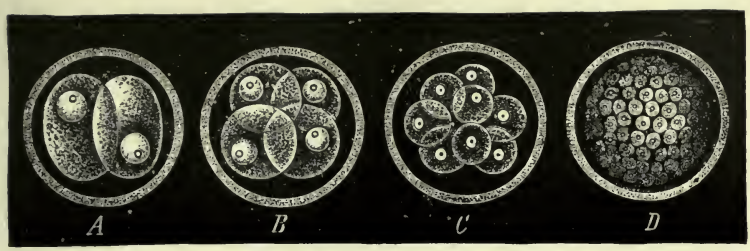


FIG. 3 (p. 37).—The various stages in segmentation of an ovum, the process being common to all species.

(From Romanes's *Darwin and After Darwin.*)

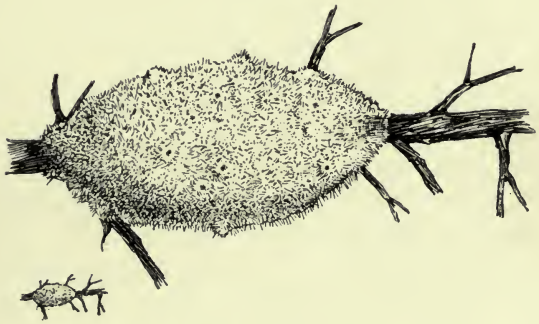


FIG. 4 (p. 37).—*Spongilla fluviatilis*, the fresh-water sponge. It is built around a dead stick, and shows on the surface the large outgoing canals and the minute ingoing pores. In the left-hand lower corner is shown the real size.

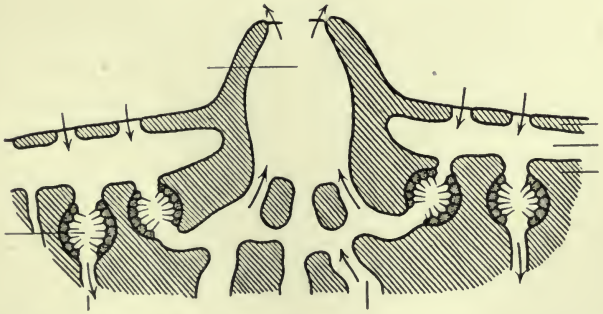


FIG. 7 (p. 38).—Diagram of the Spongilla. The large central orifice is the outgoing canal. The arrows show the course of the circulating water kept flowing by the sweeping cells in the round chambers.

(After Huxley.)

its individual place and co-operative purpose in the city it will help to build.

(c) *The Complex Individual.*

Another great step in evolution can now be grasped. We have to understand a higher condition where the individual life is not so much resident in the constituent citizens as in the corporate whole. It is as if, instead of a socialistic state, we now have one composed of like elements, but dominated and owned by a supreme personality which is essential to the life of every craftsman and peasant in the state. Such we may affirm is the difference between a sponge-life and, say, that of a fish or a bird or a man. For, like the sponge, the higher animals are built up of component cells—each with its own particular duty, each building its own particular structure, each owning its virtue as an inheritance from the primordial cell; while this parental cell, holding in its microscopic body the potentiality of the bird or beast that is to be, gives to each particular slave, offspring of itself, directions concerning its precise office and virtue. But the difference between the sponge and the bird lies in this, that in the case of the higher animal all the constituent cells become not only subservient to the common weal, but dependent for their very life upon the structures they have raised, such as heart and brain, and even more upon the dominant power directing them all. If any important function is by damage made impossible, the dominant power dies and every cell in the body with it. Whereas if any bit of the sponge-colony is broken away, its life proceeds as before, each cell having individuality and adaptability to the needs of altered circumstances. The higher the structure, as Hunter pointed out, the more easily is the life destroyed.

The first steps in the emerging of every individual

from the eternal storehouse of possibilities into this world of concrete life, whether the individual be a sponge-citizen, a bird, or a man, is almost identical. The difference lies in the immaterial wealth of potential purpose with which the initial parental cell is equipped. Thus, when we have reached the stage in development of the sac of cells arranged in two layers, we find that the outer of these by successive changes, the complexity of which increases as the higher grades of animals are reached, gives rise to the skin, the nervous system and brain, the muscles and limbs, while the inner layer produces the digestive organs, the heart, lungs and reproductive organs (Fig. 6). But to whatever degree of special function and structure the multitudinous cells ultimately reach, they all begin in a similar parent-cell, which splits up into the many cells each holding in it the power of developing into such form and office as is accredited to it by the potential virtue of the parent (Fig. 8). The difference, I repeat, lies not in a different structure of the initial cells, but in the power they possess—a power that in the sponge-cells holds the essential virtue of the sponge, in the bird's egg the virtue of the bird. The difference lies in that immaterial potentiality of inheritance—a potentiality that is measured not by what is beheld in material presentment, but by what has been before and what, in greater or less or changed degree, shall be again. In the development of each individual from its beginning to its perfection, the whole process of the evolution of its species is repeated and epitomized, though the establishment of the species itself may have occupied a million years, and the creation of the individual but a few days, weeks, or months, as the case may be.* Time in growth is of as small account as is material, it would seem, in indicating the measure of Life-energy.

* This is Haeckel's theory. It will be referred to repeatedly in the text.

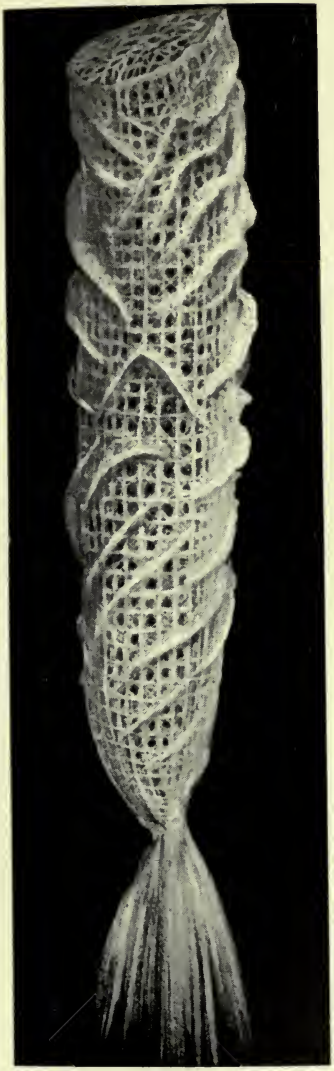


FIG. 5 (p. 37).—*Euplectella aspergillum*, Venus's Flower-basket. The tuft at the lower extremity consists of long glass fibres by which the city is anchored in the sand.

All of this is put somewhat minutely, because it seems essential that the student should realize the limitations of science, and realize also that life is altogether beyond explanation upon a physical basis. To say *omne ex ovo*, is but the way of the pedant who thinks that a definition is an explanation, an expert's evidence an elucidation. When a definition is necessary, it is almost an assertion of its own futility; and whatever the physiologist teaches, he still leaves us alone with our destiny. The egg may seem to be an organ holding the lark's song; yet not much learning is needed to understand that the egg is but the token of a power that shall develop into joy, and perhaps anguish, a power measured not by physical law, but only by what it is purposed to become. Thus, the beginning cell of the protomyxa is different from that of man only in this—the measure of the possibilities that are inherent in it. The one holds almost nothing in virtue, the other the potentiality of a Francis of Assisi or a Joan of Arc. The power, indeed, is ideal, and neither physical nor material. A particle of matter is measured by its weight, its composition, its power of chemical alteration, its possibilities of giving out stored-up force in definite predetermined quantity, by what it is now at this time. But a particle of life is measured not by what it is now, but by what it has been and will become. Moreover, the power of becoming altogether transcends parental inheritance, or there had been no evolution.*

The importance of understanding the immense possibilities of inheritance lies in the help it gives of realizing the means of growth that lie before the

* This tallies with Naegeli the great botanist's belief in an internal innate principle of perfecting possessed by the *idioplasm* which, according to him, contains all inheritable qualities. That such belief in teleology is not for the most part endorsed by later authority scarcely lessens its value. *Mechanico-Physiological Theory of the Doctrine of Descent*, 1884.

child. To give a truer conception of the riches with which each child is equipped on coming into the world, it will prove helpful to look into certain facts concerning the beginnings of the individual life. These facts—and only these, according to Weismann—account for those variations in form, character and temperament which, in human nature, afford at once the chief difficulties and finest opportunities in education.*

(iii.) *Sex-Inheritance.*

There is one great difference between the protomyxa and the majority of animals and plants in this, that for the latter the amalgamation of the essential virtues of two sexes is necessary to the production of an egg or a seed quite perfect in potency. This is remarkable enough when nothing is gained by the process, when, that is to say, the pollen and the ova being productions of the same plant, the resultant offspring gain nothing from the combination of two different individuals. It is remarkable also in species of animals that have little or no tendency to variation, or to improve upon the parental type. This is the case for instance with the turkey and the peacock, which have hardly varied at all in the experience of man, though the turkey comes from America and the peacock from India, and both have suffered all the privileges of domestication and luxury. On the other hand, such birds as the domestic fowl, the duck and the pigeon show the most extraordinary changes as the result of sex-crossings and the strengthening of peculiarities that are or are not advantageous.

* Weismann would have us believe that characteristics acquired by an individual are never transmitted to its offspring, and that all peculiarities in the latter are the outcome solely of sex-crossings. In the light of other researches than those of Weismann, we cannot admit these conclusions. *Vide* Appendix C, *On the Transmission of Acquired Characteristics.*

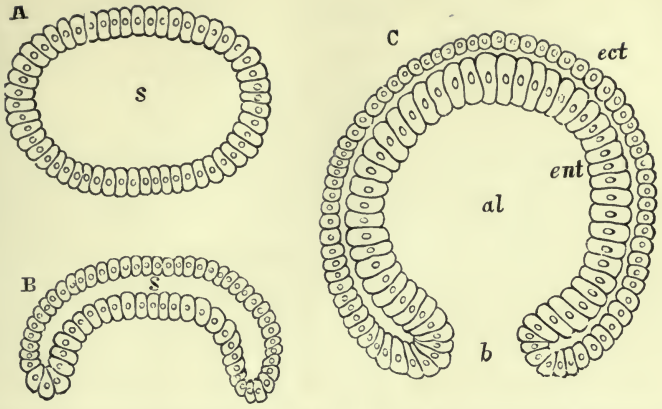


FIG. 6 (p. 38).—Further development of the ovum. A, arrangement of the cells in a single layer; B, the infolding of this layer upon itself; C, completion of the process; *ent*, the inner layer of cells from which is developed the viscera; *ect*, the outer from which the skin, sense-organs, brain, etc., are produced; *al*, the alimentary cavity.

(From Romanes's *Darwin and After Darwin.*)

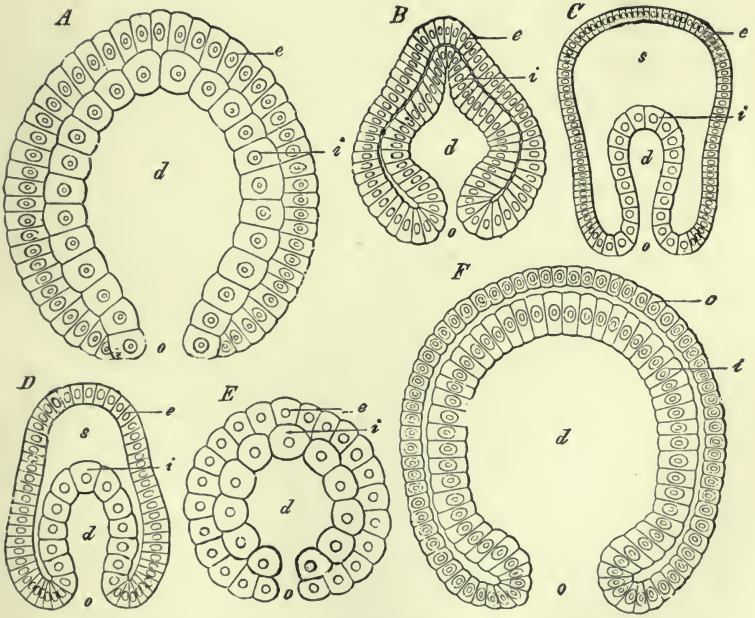


FIG. 8 (p. 40).—The same state of the ovum as given in Fig. 6, but representing different animals, showing the identity of the process. *A*, sponge; *B*, worm; *C*, sea-urchin; *D*, crustacean; *E*, oyster; *F*. a vertebrate creature; *d*, the alimentary cavity; *i* and *e*, the inner and external layer of cells.

(From Romanes's *Darwin and After Darwin.*)

(a) *Cell-Multiplication.*

Now growth of any structure whatsoever, such as bone or skin or brain, always takes place by the multiplication of the cells of which it is composed. The process, indeed, is strictly analogous to the splitting up of the initial cell from which every individual, or colony of individuals, begins its existence. Every cell in becoming two accurately assorts its structure and potentialities into two equal halves. The active power of every cell appears to lie in a minute central portion called the nucleus, which is sharply defined from the substance of the cell in which it lies. It is in this nucleus that division first begins. Of recent years, the microscope has revealed the methodical manner in which the substance of the nucleus arranges itself into a sort of structural order before the division takes place. Upon the edge of the nucleus, and almost outside it, is a very minute globe called the *centrosphere* containing two still minuter particles, called the *centrosomes* (Fig. 9). In these appears to reside the power of instigating multiplication, while in a certain substance called the *chromatin*, contained in the body of the nucleus, resides the ancestral equipment, that which, in other words, makes each cell grow and behave as its parent did before it. If the cell is only an element of skin, for instance, the chromatin holds the power, transmitted onwards and onwards, as it divides, of making skin. If, on the other hand, the cell is one that represents the material beginning of a new-created worm or a new-created man, the chromatin holds in it all the possibilities of educing a worm with its little duties and systematic labours, or a man with his vast powers, his miserable bondages, his cravings after higher things than his mere structural inheritance can possibly declare.

The first step in division consists in the centrosphere swelling and the centrosomes separating and becoming starlike. Curious rays extend in all directions from each star, the rays of each meeting those of its fellow to form spindle-like bonds which keep them united as they separate further and further to skirt the circumference of the nucleus, until they occupy opposite points about the nucleus. Thus the nucleus is embraced in these spindle-rays. But all this time the chromatin is behaving most curiously and orderly. Its indefinite particles first unite to form a long and seemingly tangled filament. This then breaks up into short equal-length rods, often of horseshoe shape. The number of these is definitely fixed in each species. The rods next become straight, and arrange themselves orderly in the plane of the equator of the nucleus embraced in the spindle rays; and each rod splits longitudinally into two equal pieces, which now lie on opposite sides of the equator. They are now called *chromasomes.* Then the star-like centrosomes at the opposite poles draw towards them these little rods, each taking only those on its own side of the equator, and turning them at right angles to the equator until drawn away as far as possible. Then the rods break up again, and the centrosomes lose their rays, each becoming the quiescent centrosphere of the new cell in process of making. The centrosphere next develop two new centrosomes in its interior, which lie sleeping till they in their turn must awake and direct a new cell-division. Meanwhile, as the chromatin rods were being drawn away from the equator, division had begun to take place across this line, and the substance of the surrounding cell becomes correspondingly pinched until the one cell with its nucleus is divided into two precisely equal proportions.

One most notable point is the precision and equality with which the chromatin rods or chromasomes are

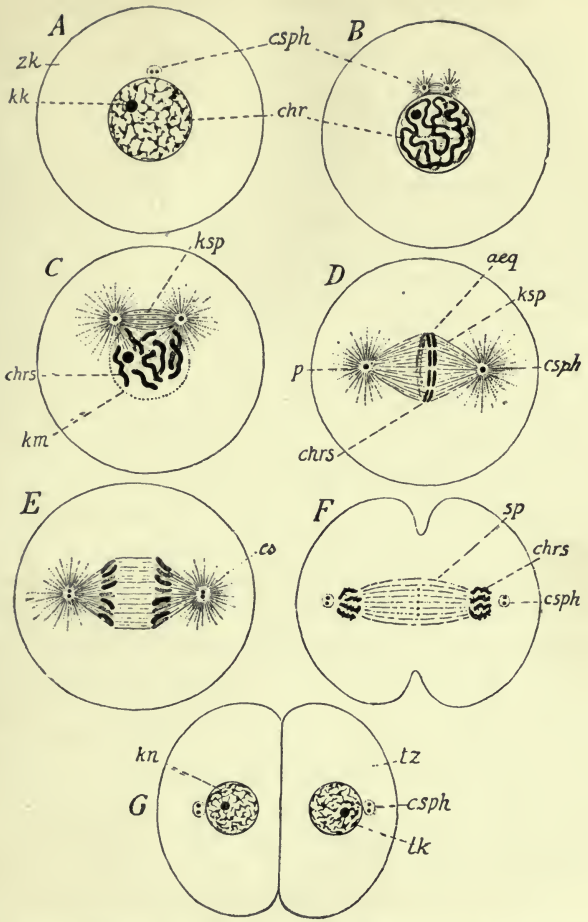


FIG. 9 (p. 43).—Diagram of nuclear division. *A*, resting cell, with cell-substance (*zk*), centrosphere (*csph*) which contains two centrosomes, nucleolus (*kk*) and chromosomes (*chr*), the last seemingly broken up and formless. *B*, the chromatin united in a coiled thread; the centrosphere divided into two and giving off rays which unite the two halves. *C*, the nuclear spindle (*ksp*) formed, the rays more developed, the covering membrane of the nucleus disappearing (*km*). The chromatin thread is now divided into eight equal pieces (*chrs*), and the rays are attaching themselves to the chromosomes. *D*, the perfected nuclear spindle, with the two centrospheres at the poles (*csph*) and the eight chromosomes (*chrs*) in the equator of the spindle, all now longitudinally split. *E*, the split halves of the chromosomes in process of being drawn away from the equator, but still united by filaments. The centrosomes are already themselves split into two for the next division. *F*, the cell itself begins to partake in the process of division as well as its nucleus, and the chromosomes are beginning to become irregular and to lose their individuality. *G*, the end of the process of division. Two new cells are formed, each with a resting nucleus like that shown in A.

(From *The Evolution Theory*, by Dr. August Weismann.)

arranged and drawn away from the dividing line. The whole process appears to be designed for the purpose of duplication and equal division of the chromatin ; for in this chromatin, Weismann assumes, resides the peculiar potency or virtue of a cell. There is more reason for believing he is correct in this theory than is possible now to relate. Weismann tells us of many theories concerning the force which is responsible for the attraction evinced by the two stars for the chromasomes, all of which theories are beside the mark. For when we arrive at this point we know as much as Weismann himself. Possibly some of us know more just because we, perhaps, better realize the small significance of our "puny boundaries" ; in other words, that the limits of the knowable are not facts revealed by the microscope, but are ever enlarging in manner equal with our innate and growing gift of understanding. Weismann himself declares that we must "conclude that the structure of the chromasomes is extremely complex, that they are, so to speak, a world in themselves." In which words, though he immediately dismisses their suggestiveness by referring to their "invisible organization in which intrinsic chemico-physical forces produce the regulated succession of changes," * he recalls the words of Ecclesiastes : "He has placed the world in man's heart," and Wordsworth's reference to—

> "an empire we inherit
> As natural beings in the strength of Nature." †

(b) *Haeckel's Law.*

The unmeasureable significance of the seed with its storage of ancestral wealth is abundantly witnessed by one of the least imaginative of biologists. Haeckel

* *The Evolution Theory*, by Dr. August Weismann, vol. i. p. 292. *Vide* also Appendix D, *On Vital Potency*.

† *Prelude*, Bk. III. l. 192. Cf. Bk. XIV. ll. 381, 382.

has enunciated a certain law in evolution which is accepted as foundational by all authorities, and of course has resulted only from the laborious and minute observation of fact. It is this: that in the short space of time occupied in the development of the embryo until it becomes an independent being, the whole history of its race's evolution is enacted; it is an epitome.* This law, the offspring of fact, lies in the same cradle with Wordsworth's "empire we inherit," though this is fathered by the imagination. "Oh universe! what thou wishest, I wish!" exclaimed Marcus Aurelius, as if conscious of the identity between the individual man and the eternity of meaning which he inherits. It will be to some thinkers matter of great interest and importance that science, even if unconsciously, can endorse the insight of those to whom a large veracity is more important than accuracy of detail. The thought involved in this inclusion of a vast history within a living vessel of time is no new one. Thus the philosopher, F. A. Wolff, tells us that the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* must not be considered the product of a single poet's imagination, but that rather did they epitomize in Homer's mind a great traditional wealth, slowly built up in the people's history of energy and aspiration, conflict and victory, sorrow and disaster. So is it in the embryonic epitome. The child enters life at once master and slave of the empire he inherits —the world won by his race's victory over kindly and disastrous circumstances alike. It is an empire loaded with debt, yet rich in mineral wealth and promise of harvests to the husbandman who believes in the land and the rain and the sun. Quoth Dr. Donne—

* This is Sir Ray Lankester's translation of Haeckel's words: "Ontogenesis, or the development of the individual, is a short and quick repetition (recapitulation) of phylogenesis, or the development of the tribe, to which it belongs, determined by the laws of inheritance and adaptation."—*The History of Creation*, by Ernst Haeckel, translated by E. Ray Lankester, 4th Ed. 1892, vol. i. p. 355.

"As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of Creatures, and man need no farther look."
—*Eclogue.*

To this great truth I shall have to refer again and again.*

The very enumeration of such facts as I have just related, facts which at once demand some concentration of mind to understand and tax the memory to hold, endangers our resting too long in the walled garden we have found, instead of finding the gate that opens outwards upon the mountains. But if we realize the meaning of this nuclear division, there is no fear of resting content in admiration of our facts. The radiant power of these stars which divide and then order the partition of their inheritance, each *inspired* —we can find no other truthful word—with wide sense of the body's need that they should do so, is too significant to belittle. It will not do to say that their multiplication is due to the supply of nutriment, for the multiplication occurs only in such manner as the shape and size of the body require; were it merely the result of mechanical food supply, the cells would grow indefinitely. When the growth of the body is completed, cell-division and cell-multiplication proceed but slowly, and only to provide against destruction of cells by the wear and tear of work. There is an absolute correspondence between the energy of all the nuclei in the body and its needs, just as there is sense in the sponge-people of their own potentialities in relation to the ancestral plan upon which they build. These sponge structures have no blood-supply, no nerves to control, no evidence of a general controlling power, though it must be there. The system, whether in the colony of sponge-people, or in the corporeal city of the individual man where all the inhabitants are

* *E.g.* Chap. IV. p. 93.

happy slaves, losing their lives when he loses his, can be explained by no "chemico-physical process," or by any other sort of juggling with words that mean nothing. The mystery of the sponge and the mystery of the man are the same mystery as that of the nucleus and the cell. Both hold small or vast ancestral wealth in the same-sized particle of miraculous chromatin. Both command understanding in their star-like centrosomes of duties transcending all explanation of a physical nature. There is no living cell that is not—

> "Pregnant with vast consequence,
> Teeming with grand result, loaded with fate." *

There is no particle of life that is not inspired to be what it is by the fire of the Holy Ghost, a mystery transcending personal needs and individual physiology, a mystery that implies in each living thing some dim inexpressible consciousness of ideal sublimity, some possession of religious understanding. And this mystery, this virtue in the cell, is eternally ancient, eternally young, ever springing up into new life of ancient vigour, ever tending towards a better becoming because of its everlasting past. It is all a veritable inspiration of that ethical power to whom our poet cries—

> "And the most ancient heavens, through Thee are fresh and strong." †

Yet the secret lies within our individual being.

(c) *Sex Crossing and Inheritance.*

Now we have reached a point where it is possible to explain sex-crossings, and without giving all the microscopical evidence—though this is abundant enough—to prove the correctness of Weismann's conclusions concerning the continuity of the germ-plasm. Let us

* Browning, *Paracelsus.*
† *Ode to Duty.*

consider exactly what happens to a grain of pollen belonging, say, to a primrose. Only when it falls upon the stigma of the same or another primrose does it become active. The tiny grain then opens and lets out a sort of tube containing the *pollinia* with a nucleus in it potent with possibilities. The *pollinia* finds its way down the style, absorbing nutriment and growing as it goes, attaining to many hundred times its original size, its growth and movement compelled by some sense of what it must seek, by some purpose in its possibilities. Meantime the ovule in the primrose's treasure-house prepares for the amalgamation of its nucleus with the pollen nucleus. By a process that has been most carefully studied and shown to be constant for every plant and animal where sex-crossing takes place, the nucleus of the female cell arranges its chromatin—its ancestral substance—into the exact number of rods that characterize its kind, and casts away half their number. But, incidentally, I must refer to a curious and highly important fact. Every female nucleus is theoretically complete in itself, and has all the possibilities in it of reproduction without help of the male nucleus. Indeed, many creatures produce eggs with or without crossing as occasion may require. The queen honey-bee, after her nuptial flight and the death of the drone who has left with her his fertilizing mechanism, can at will lay eggs that are or are not amalgamated with a male nucleus. The unfertilized cells produce only and invariably drones, the fertilized invariably worker-bees and queens. There are many similar instances. The silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*) lays a large number of unfertilized eggs, very few of them producing caterpillars; but this number can be increased largely by stroking the eggs with a camel-hair brush, or by irritating them with a weak acid. In some orchids the ovule begins to mature as soon as the pollen touches

the stigma, and becomes a perfect seed without the male nucleus ever having reached it. The mother-cell needs, in many cases, only a certain stimulation to awaken it to its own possibilities of reproduction, though this uncrossed generating is not always sufficient for the race's needs.

But to return to the primrose. The nucleus of its little ovule, seeking no fond ideal of emancipation from the tyranny of the male element, casts away exactly half of its inheritance of chromatin-rods, while its star-like centrosomes that had been controlling the division vanish. Then it awaits union with the nucleus of the pollen. This nucleus in like manner has cast aside exactly half of its chromatin-rods, but retains its centrosomes. Thus, when the two are united, each bring to the formation of the new cell only half of its own material inheritance; but the centrosome of the male nucleus takes sole control, and after the re-arrangement of the amalgamated rods in equal numbers on each side of the equator of the spindle-shaped nucleus, division is effected. Thus two new cells are formed, each inheritors of both parents' virtues. These again split by identical process into two others until all the changes described are effected. Herein it is seen how two individualities and potentialities are mixed in precisely equal proportions. A certain and constant number of chromatin-rods being necessary to the development of the individual, the ovule and the pollen each relinquish half their property that they may unite, there being no room in the single cell for more than the precise number that is characteristic of the species. And this number is different in different species. Thus in some worms there are but two or four, in others eight; in the mouse and the lily there are twenty-eight; in snails, thirty-two; in sharks, thirty-six; in a certain small crustacean, Artemia, a

hundred and sixty-eight. In man the number has not been positively ascertained, though sixteen is mentioned as the normal number.

At first sight this all looks extraordinarily mechanical, and seems to reduce the laws of life to a mathematical equivalent. But a little reflection proves the contrary. For although the male and female nuclei each give only half their chromatin, they bring the whole of their inheritance, this being in no sense commensurate with the quantity of actual ancestral material or the number of chromatin-rods. For in ordinary cell-development the chromatin-rods are perpetually doubling in number every time a cell-division takes place; so that, potentially, two rods are worth as much as four, seeing they can at any time become four if they have nutriment. Yet the two nuclei that are about to combine into one have to throw away half their chromatin, as one cell cannot contain more than the usual number of chromasomes, even though these hold the wealth of all man's inheritance.

(d) *Life Supreme to Dimension.*

Could there be better evidence that Life is not bounded by numbers or matter? Does it not suggest that Life, though she needs matter with its laws of number, size, and weight, is sublimely intolerant of such restrictions? Does she not show the delight of her energy in genetic increase, even though dependent always for her right purposing upon reason, her "outward circumference"? Life truly stands for a dimension which is at once dependent for its manifestation upon the three physical dimensions and yet dominates them. In dealing with the three for practical needs we necessarily exclude the masterful fourth; we learn to forget and then to deny it. The fourth dimension is known and understood only by

looking beyond the limits of the knowable and intelligible into that abyss of the *Urgrund* which the imagination can reach even if she cannot fathom it.*

How truly miraculous are the potentialities carried in the infinitely small chromatin particles is constantly in evidence. The drones of the honey-bee are perfect males, larger and handsomer than the workers, with shinier wings, bigger eyes, huger appetites, and altogether very masculine. Yet they have no share in the male inheritance. It is quite clear, from this one species, that we must not think the masculine factor predominates in the production of male offspring and the female in that of the female, for unfertilized eggs alone suffice to produce the drones. What, then, in the case of the worker-bee, is contributed by the male nucleus? It is, we must suppose, all that inheritance possessed by every worker-bee which counts for knowledge of the work to be done and understanding of how to do it. The drones live in great numbers and yet for one purpose only, namely, that of presenting a fine assortment from which a young queen-bee may select her mate. Being selected, he is indeed promptly slain, because the queen has appropriated to herself all that she requires. The drone has no sense beyond this one service to the needs of a future hive. He has no sense of self-protection, for he lets himself be killed when he is rejected; no sense of the need of work, for the workers feed him, and no ability to fetch food for himself, though the workers ultimately starve him. Against his lack of common sense compare the wisdom of the worker. She fusses about the idle drones, and feeds the brutes till the need for them is past, when she refuses to tolerate any longer the loiterers about her house. He is meek as male should ever be, yet

* For the strengthening of any sense we may have concerning the realness of the fourth dimension, read Thoreau's *Walden*, H. G. Wells's *A Wonderful Visit*, but chiefly George MacDonald's *Lilith*.

she stings him to death; he is gentle and inoffensive, yet she punishes him for his sex's sake; he is beautiful to behold, yet she ignores him! Well may we quote the wisdom of the bee! But, joking apart, the worker-bee's work is altruistic. It is she who has the larger sense of the law of the bees, and gives her life for the brood and the honey, her queen and her fellows; she works till she dies, or fights and is killed, all with equal impartiality, if only the law of the race's needs, and the rule of her hive's furnishing be accomplished. Thus it is quite clear that while the unfertilized egg may produce a perfect structure, the male germ-plasm adds the power to understand and use this structure in ways that altogether transcend personal needs and present duties.

It must not be inferred that in every species the finer qualities are the paternal. In the human species, at any rate, it is generally the mother who gives the particular quality of genius to the child.* But the point is this, that the purpose of sex-amalgamation—*amphimyxis*, as it is called—is the enlargement of possibilities. By the process of fertilization, though the size of the nucleus is not doubled nor the ancestral substance—the chromatin—increased in quantity, the possibilities of the life to come are made more abundant. We must understand clearly that these possibilities are nothing save in virtue of their inheritance. It almost seems as if Weismann must be wilfully refusing to face the inevitable conclusion of his theories. For it is this: that although the initial fertilized cell that shall become a mouse and that which shall become a man are practically indistinguishable—save in the fact that the mouse has twenty-eight chromatin rods and the man but

* "Von Vater hab ich die Statur, des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur und Lust zu fabuliren."
Goethe.
The lines are frequently quoted by writers on Heredity.

sixteen—the man's must be measured by the virtue of its infinite possibilities, and the mouse's by the insignificant life into which it will unfold.

The finite and material, however small, may be the home, the sleeping-chamber, of an inheritance so vast that it can be measured only by a possible infinitude of revelation. And, while every mouse can be hardly more than a repetition of all other mice, men and women, though the universe be the inheritance of all, differ so extraordinarily in character and outlook that it is something of a mystery how they can find sufficient agreement to live together in any sort of peace and satisfaction.

Even Weismann cannot get hold of the explanation he desires to find without some vain imaginings, though he has not dared admit to its full significance this most wonderful consequence of the law of heredity; namely, that every germ of life is what it is, does what it must do, becomes what it shall or may, solely because of its own particular wealth of inheritance.* Each step upwards in the process of evolution has been a step that meant the storing in each procreative cell of fresh wealth through crossings of sex, and the transmission onwards of such gain. But ever, as we go backwards, we must claim that the greatest of the gifts of inheritance is the power of adding fresh means of increase; and we may well believe that, as in the process of evolution old methods of life are forgotten and their organs disappear, so ultimately our race will find emancipation from the law of contest for survival, and will embrace as its substitute the law of mercy, pity, love. This power of development is the essential life, the starlike directive force that determines the mode and quality of increase.

It has already been suggested that when our researches bring us up to the impassable barrier beyond

* *Vide* Appendix D.

which for the mere man of science there is no going, we shall find this barrier is but a gate that a child may unlatch. We have reached that barrier, that gate. The power of life itself that lay dormant in the beginning germ which first found miraculous footing on our cooling globe—that primordial germ from which all mundane life has proceeded in ordered evolution—must have been, *unless different from all other beings that claim it for mother*, what it was, with its power of ultimately producing man and woman, because of an inheritance. And whence this inheritance, if not from the eternal Life manifesting its glory in the children?

Thus our evolution has not so much consisted in the steady adding up of newly acquired powers and organs and virtues as in the continually increasing means of realizing our ancient, our divine inheritance.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day." *

* *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW WORLD WITHOUT.

THE first dawn of the higher intelligence in the child is the light of joy. Intelligence is the ideal laying hands upon the world without, with all it means of love, service and possession, to make it part of the self within. The first sign of this taking hold, for which the new-found mother so keenly looks in her new-born baby, is that promise of laughter, the budding smile. The cry, of course, always comes long before the smile. The cry is the first sign of life; it is, as it were, the protest against the new responsibility of separate life, the first realization of "solitary anguish." But such self-centred feeling is not intelligence. Intelligence is the enlargement of the self beyond the bodily confines, and the winning thereby of consciousness; and the baby's first recognition that the outside world means but the mother, that his little loneliness has found a wonderful love for its mending, is declared in a tiny expression of joy. The baby's message to the world, of which he is the newly elected prince, is that his coming is but good tidings from above.

So much will be granted by every mother and many a father. But an hour comes, alas! too quickly, when the child is compelled to learn other duties. He must realize that the growth of his intelligence—though this intelligence throughout life is no other than the using of the world without for the enlargement

of that within—depends, if it is to be mundanely profitable, more upon amassing knowledge and things than seeing beyond facts or giving good tidings. He learns that he must lay hands upon other things than those which bring love and joy into his life. As soon, too, as he realizes the great law that giving is a better way of laying hold than taking, the cynic world sets about teaching him that the real reason for giving is the prospective advantage to himself. With the learning of these unkind lessons—and it looks as if he must learn some of them or starve—the possibility of the baby-smile fades from his consciousness. The joy in accepting from another some worth in life not as a due or a wage, and the joy of expressing happiness therein, are forgotten. Or if, in spite of his schooling, he retains a little of his native understanding, a wondering sense of something lost pursues him. In spite of his successes in the world, he wonders what that lost joy may mean which contributed not at all to these successes. Because, perhaps, of the solitary anguish of his life—which even wealth and renown can never deprive of its infantile meaning, though they have driven away the infantile joy and love that assuaged it—he finally learns that something is missed. If he but knew what gift he had lost, he might well pray to be born again.

Why the joy of childhood is lost, why looks of sorrow or failure, discontent or greed, come to prevail on the faces of men and women as we meet them in solitude, or when lost amidst the unsocial crowd, are questions of deep importance. But before we find right answers to these questions, we must understand better the relation of the ancient world of inheritance within to the new-found world without of riches to be won.

(i.) *The Infantile Religion of Heresy.*

The awakening of intelligence, then, lies in the fact that the new-found world is making extraordinary demands upon the ancient heritage. Although the demands are an invitation of compulsion, response to them brings knowledge of the power within to become somewhat. In spite of the tyranny of the outside world, this consciousness of individual power is no other than a glad faith in life. Were it not so, that ardour, without which the invitation can never be accepted and the demands never met, would not stand as the very basis of the young life's energy in growth. The fact, indeed, of growth implies ardour and hunger; and, as the individual life better grasps the true relation between itself and the world it must live in, the more do the simple infantile acquiescences give place to a hunger that will not be satisfied with what is offered. The child refuses to be any longer "always nuzzled, cockered, dandled," as Montaigne has it, even though the good things freely provided, and the simple obedience demanded, suffice for the support and comfort of life. The hunger for the mother-milk is fast outbidden, and the child passionately seizes everything that his mother, in fear of the world's paints and poisons, forbids. The actual sufficiency of what is given, the actual prohibitions enjoined for safety, the actual contentment in the comfortable, all become intolerable. Almost with its first bud of a smile will the baby's mouth make exploits with the gaudy toy. Soon does he inquire of beads and pins their nutritive value. Soon does he discover a fascination in joining issue with the law of gravity, and make bitter experiment with the stairs. He is imaginative in doubting his mother's wisdom; he is scientific in making experiment for himself. "Did God make Satan too?" the

little one soon learns to ask. "Yes, indeed," answers the pious mother. "Then," says the tiny heretic, logical even if instinctively religious, "God meant me to be naughty."

Restrictions are quite as much properties of the parasitic life as are abundance of food and the insatiable means of digesting it. Up to a point, the life of the baby-man with its sleeping inheritance, is parasitic; but when intelligence awakes, when, I repeat, the young creature discovers that the new-found world is at once offering sweet invitation and making terrific demands, then does the creature discover his energy and begin to live. Then does the spirit of heresy become the very inspiration to religion. In refusing to sleep and accept, the baby-man discovers the unity of its nature with God's, its individual right to its own life.

The whole science and poetry of education should be comprised in a recognition of this truth: *that the energy of life is the life itself.* In William Blake's momentous words, "Energy is eternal delight, and the outward circumference of energy is reason." * They are words which declare the sense of life's joy and right in joy; and that this joy, being the spirit of life, cannot be separated from life without the disaster of a dying perhaps worse than death. But, lest people should misunderstand him, as they have so persistently done, and think him an irresponsible rhapsodist, Blake appends this to his mighty aphorism, that the *bounds of energy are reason.* He cannot dissociate the life in its perfection from reason any more than from energy. "Truth has bounds," he says, "error, none." †

Herbart, the successor of Kant, and whose services to the philosophy of education are every day gaining surer recognition in this country, insists upon the idea

* *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 1790, p. 4.
† *Book of Los*, Chap. II. v. 5.

that the young mind must be educated into appropriating what it needs and can take, rather than be dragooned into a lifeless conformity with educational fashions. Despite his perhaps insufficient sense of the wealth of inheritance and his claim that the need is to change the individuality or create character in the child by correct *apperception*, he is positive about the homogeneity of the soul; and that it does not consist in properties and attributes, virtues and vices, but is rather a power that can be used and manifested in many ways. In such understanding we can better grasp Blake's poetic and bold declaration and hold it as the very key to upright living, Energy is eternal delight. Poverty of joy means poverty of energy, feebleness of life. Passion misdirected is passion wasted, bringing loss of power, waning of joy, error and disaster. The suppression of this energy, because the pedagogue thinks it dangerous, can only misdirect it. "Better," says Blake, "murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires." Heresy, I dare repeat, is the very essence of an inspiring religion.

The teaching of Herbart, agreeing so far with that of Spinoza and his follower Hegel—with whom we must rank our own Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and their legion disciples—in refusing to divide the soul into several faculties, as Locke sought to do, was based upon the realization of this life-energy, which he would encourage in the apperception of knowledge culled from the individual's own experience. For thus only did he hope to inculcate virtue, claiming that ignorance was the only vice. The hunger after life, and all it means in learning and wisdom if we could but realize it, is the hunger after righteousness. But misdirect this hunger—worse, feed it upon sawdust, or, worst of all, strive to repress it—and life stands condemned in its energy, denied of its joy, saddled with mere ritual for its religion. The caged bird that we love for its beauty

and then rob of its wing-power, but mocks in its docility the need of flying and the great sky's freedom. It is the starved cab-horse and the anguished monk that hold submission and suffering to be the meaning of life. Equally is it true that the fat toy-terrier, who neither barks with delight nor understands he is dying of his surfeit, becomes a living sin against the sanctity of life.

All of which reflections are deliberate and purposed to give yet further sense that the individual is the seed teeming with ancestral significance, and waiting to thrust forth its powers for a happy striving with work to be done. The work is found in the soil with its various opportunity, good or stony. True education not only offers work but tempts forth the shy beginning of desire. Abundance of food will not suffice for growth, nor will perpetual shooing away of the fowls of the air save from disaster. It must for ever be recognized that the highest gifts of the environment are the winds of the heavens and the water-brooks that gather on the hills. For these awaken to sense of power, of joy, of duty, of losing the self to the finding of life. With these to inspire, the hungry soul will find ampler food in the stony ground than the less hungry in the richest soil ; it will be less afraid of the fowls of the air, and so go more safely.

The proposition as such will to-day scarcely be questioned. Nevertheless the growing girls and boys are still systematically offered food which, though ever increasingly various, insists upon sawdust as *pièce de résistance.* Thus do they miss their inspiration. Methods prove faulty, and systems supplant them. Systems fail and reforms restart the old stale moulding of the plastic clay with new-fangled apologies. The fault lies in the complexity of our thinking and the many possible standpoints from which we may take our bearings. We need simpler insight and

simpler understanding of the essential. To quote Milton's words once more, we must seek as our guide in education, as in all the philosophies, "the law of Nature only, which is the only law of laws and properly to all mankind fundamental."

(ii.) *The meaning of Environment.*

It was attempted in the previous chapter to give some sense of the original equipment which the young creature brings along with it into the world. It is desirable now to make plain what is meant by the environment in relation to this young creature's growth. It is indeed more than desirable, because scientific men are so little agreed among themselves as to the precise share the environment has taken in the evolution, which is the education, of species. Of its material influence, of its essential office in the law fundamental, there has never been question. On the other hand, authorities are not agreed as to whether the environment, because of its tyrannical power, compels the life, or whether the life, because of its supremacy even to the tyranny of physical forces, subdues the world it finds. The question is one of real and great import. According to one answer, man is a puppet in the show moved by the strings of circumstance, opportunity and fear; to another he is that which may become a free agent, understanding the disaster that awaits reliance upon such strings, and knowing somewhat of the power given him to hold on, if he will, to the ideals of faith and its strength, hope and its joy. Upon the proper understanding of the question depends the possibility of finding the true way in further evolution. Reform, if reform there must be, will rise above all systems and parties, curriculums and standards, finding the simple principle which accounts alike for hunger and food as the inspiration of progress. The hunger must

be found before the food can be given. This is the law fundamental. And one of the principles of Herbart's followers is to tempt this hunger—at any rate in the child—to awaken the sense of need by the exhibition of tasty food; although Herbart himself claimed that the soul itself had originally neither ideas nor senses nor desires, these being but states arising from the interaction of the presentations, or activities of the soul.*

Precisely what is implied in the term *environment* involves more consideration than at first sight seems necessary; for it is quite as inseparable from the complex as from the simplest meaning of life. Let us refer to certain conclusions arrived at in the last chapter. The individual's inheritance of possibilities lies dormant in a minute cell presenting certain structural elements. This cell, practically of equal size and function in all animals, is in its potentiality not limited by its size. For this potentiality may stand for such meagre possibilities in development as those only, say, of a mouse; or it may circumscribe a power that, given food and opportunity, will blossom into a man and bear the noblest fruit that humanity can hope for. As soon as the amalgamation of the virtues of two parents in one living particle is accomplished, the power of growth is awakened. The only thing necessary is the offer of proper nutriment, which, in the case of a bird, is found in the yolk of the egg, in that of a mammalian in the maternal blood-supply. Already begins the life of taking in the gifts of the environment—which, up to the moment of the chick's breaking of the shell, is but food so perfectly adapted to the needs that little or no choice is possible. Life here is hardly more than a mechanical process, though actually some selection of nutriment is made in

* An introduction to Herbart's *Science and Practice of Education*, by H. M. and E. Felkin, 1895, p. 13.

accordance with what the individual cells need as they multiply to build the particular structures for which they are destined. Each cell, indeed, holds an ancestral memory or instinct of duties done of old, and a sense therewith of the part it must play in the creation of limbs and organs for the work of the new-found life.

The process being so rigidly ordered, there is no room for conflict and discord, and all the elaboration of the primal cell into the perfect body of myriad cells is peaceful and harmonious. The conditions are like those of the parasite which lives upon food prepared by an unwilling host and does no work, yet with this notable difference: that the chick within its shell has dormant within it a sleeping fire that must awake and break the shell; and that then it becomes aware of a need to cast its energy against the world's inertia, and, by its very instinct of contest, to proclaim an idea transcending its own existence, even if that idea be no more than the perpetuation of its kind.

For, whatever conditions of ease safeguard the chick in its shell, no sooner is this broken than the warfare of life begins. The chick immediately realizes that, for every particle of food offered by the great world in which it finds itself, there are other applicants than itself. The harmonious working of the mother-law is broken. The beating of the little heart no longer means the rythmic supply of sweet food in correctly measured dues; for every beat, while it still brings food to every hungry cell of limb and lung, of eye and brain, now awakens in these very cells the need of contest, the understanding that food must be hungered for, chosen, and cleared of its useless accompaniments. Within the innermost economy warfare, I repeat, is now awakened; for the mechanical harmony is broken. The environment, while it offers the needed food, is also bent upon destruction. The

elements are alike friend and enemy. The sun, while it keeps the chick warm and kindles life in the nourishing herb, forces fiery thirst into the feeble life and sucks moisture from the kindly fruits. The air, while its oxygen is life, becomes wind and destroys the tender nest. The earth, while it produces all that is needed in worms and snails, is populated no less by serpents and rats that kill. The water, while quenching thirsty throats and fitting them for song, drenches the trees and waits upon the destroying wind. Harmony and discord, joy and grief, walk hand in hand like sisters, yet both servants perhaps of an increasing purpose.

And in the domain of our microscopic life, the same law of contest is supreme—the law of contest with an environmental world not only without but actually within the growing body. For even the individual cell is environmental to the life that, hidden within, controls it. And every cell of which the chicken's body is built is at work with its environmental food supply, each specialized for serving the needs of the regnant spirit. There are masons who build, each in his own handicraft, the bones, the muscles, the sense-organs, the brain. There are cells who carry the food for the masons and along with it the stones and mortar. There are cells that race away on the great canals with refuse and rubbish to be thrown outside the city by its great outposts. There are cells that carry messages of local needs and local dangers. There are cells that control the distribution, that store the secrets of an ancient inherited purpose, or the experiences of the individual life. And there is a mighty array of soldiers and police whose function it is to destroy all individual cells that have lost power by age or luxurious feeding, as well as such as have, through accidental breach in the city's walls, gained access to the rivers and workshops or to the controlling centres,

and would, but for the contest, lay waste and destroy the city's being. If in the little bird's body there can be no rest, no harmony, however impassive its tiny soul may appear, in man's body there is even greater contest waging; for it must encounter greater dangers from starvation and disease if he fail in his efforts. In his inner consciousness, moreover, which he calls his soul, another relentless battle is waging. His physiological unrest is the symbol, the material counterpart, of his spiritual. Though his constant warfare gives little sign of its reason; though his energies so commonly end in failure; though his boasted successes are insane cringings before the angel of destruction; though his grassy mounds and pitiful headstones symbolize the never-ending anguish of humanity; yet the warfare of the man against the environmental death persists in all its aboriginal fury. Apparently it must so persist just so long as life holds in check its enemies. Indeed, this physiological contest, this mental conflict, this spiritual acceptance of grief as incidental in and incentive to the increasing purpose, must be the justification of claw and the inspiration of wing until the battle is over and the field is strewn with its dead.

Yet if this confession of the warfare of life, ending but in a sleep that stills both jungle-law and saintship, is justified, we may yet dare claim that fundamental in the everlasting scheme of things lies a law of harmony in purpose. The peace and harmony, no less than the urgent vitality with which our life began, are the powers of the spiritual Kingdom within. They are the potentiality of a joy in life that should come, we cannot but think, from our conscious realization of ourselves in relation to the social and eternal environment. Progress—the higher education—if it implies an awakening to consciousness of this elemental warfare, implies also a leading forth from the battle with

circumstance into the world of revelation where reigns the eternal, if perhaps still militant harmony. For the Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

> "Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
> That angels, though employed on earth they be,
> Are still in heaven; so is he still at home
> That doth abroad to honest actions come."*

Hobbes held that nature was but a compound of instability and disharmony, and that man, being but a manifestation of natural law, could at best but strive after a compromise as the only way of escaping his intolerable burden of life, and that this compromise could not be other than surrender of his natural rights to a supreme if irresponsible sovereignty. Leibnitz, on the other hand, taught that God, as head of and responsible for the myriad individual and indivisible items composing the universe, living and unliving, was creator therewith of an indissoluble harmony; and he argued therefrom that this world must be the best of all possible worlds. Whichever view may impress us as more truthful, for the sake of true progress we dare not hold either. For we hold to our ancient ideal. The "empire we inherit" is one of ceaseless warfare; but to surrender our rights is to surrender our faith in man and our hope in God. The ideal harmony indeed is our faith; and the discords of our present warfare are such to us only because there still abides in us, though we are unconscious of it as such, some dim memory of an inheritance not to be swamped by these discords. It is because the kingdom of heaven is thus within us that we pray daily for God's kingdom to come. We dare not believe that this Valley of the Shadow is the best of all possible worlds any more than we dare look upon it as an intolerable burden.

Much, however—perhaps most—of the contest with the environment and the winning of its gifts, is

* Dr. Donne, *Epithalamiums*.

automatic, and little of consciousness, still less of will-power, is concerned in its operations. Nor does such a confession apply only to the young. For to so many life is but a pageant for the relief of ennui, a spectacle whose incidents must be constantly varied if life is to be tolerable. These perhaps have totally surrendered their native rights to a supreme and irresponsible sovereignty which denies worth and duty and uprising. Yet even these, failing notwithstanding to find joy of life, desire better things for their children, and so have not utterly surrendered. The influence of the environment must still be largely, if not mainly, automatic in its educational influence; and because this is so, the ordering of the environment by parents and teachers becomes a paramount duty.

(iii.) *Blake's Law of the Environment.*

William Blake—whom I quote again and again, and whom I regard at once as profound among philosophers, inspiring among prophets, and yet, because of his unmatched understanding of the imagination's worth, the writer of the most exquisite poems for children—once gave expression to a universal law of nature—one not yet admitted to the text-books—in this memorable line:—

"Strucken with Albion's disease, they become what they behold."*

This is a law of Nature that will yet come to be regarded by biologists as having more to do with the production of varieties and species than they will yet allow, perhaps because the influence is something other than mechanical. It implies an ideal impressionability,

* *Jerusalem*, p. 44, l. 33. See also *Vala*, iv. ll. 285 *et seq.*—

"The hurtling demon, terrified as he beheld the shape
Enslaved Humanity put on: he became what he beheld;
He became what he was doing, and he was himself transformed,"

and an influence of such upon the actual bodily structure. "Life is the cause and not the consequence of organization." Life is form, idea, energy, and so forth; it is that which can be expressed only by abstract ideas. Yet it is those abstract ideas which control, order, and elaborate the body's schemes. And these abstract powers are so largely influenced by the environment in which they live, move, and have their being, that they become what they behold—to their advantage or detriment, as the case may be. Moreover, what we behold we feed upon—

> "As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on." *

Perhaps, after all, the environmental influence depends upon the fact that we feed upon the environment. At any rate, the growth of the mind depends upon its environmental food. Horace's *vis insita* corresponds, in Behmen's teaching, with the fire of life—a fire which can burn in darkness or in light, and find itself correspondingly in Hell or Heaven, according to the fuel which feeds the flame. Hence it is that man may not only bring himself, while in the flesh, into darkness or light, but, because he becomes what he beholds and feeds upon, may bring himself actually to be of Hell and a limb of Satan, or of Heaven and a messenger of Truth.

It is important that this law of the environmental influence be realized, because upon its recognition depends largely the possibility of keeping the ancestral joy radiant throughout life. Nor is it important only because part of the child's inheritance: it is of dearest moment to the men and women whose joy in life must influence that of the children who shall yet come trooping to us. Upon the failure to understand this law, alike in its beneficence and in the danger of its misuse,

* *Hamlet*, i. 2, l. 144.

must lie the burden of quenching the light which lighteth every man; and this, whether such sin be realized or no, is most truly a sin against the eternal Spirit. So I think it wise to emphasize the law by some practical illustration.

The most direct evidence of environmental influence upon living things is found in the fact that the pupæ of some butterflies become coloured to match their surroundings. Professor Poulton, experimenting chiefly with the small tortoise-shell butterfly, proved that larvæ of the same species may assume various colours to match the linings of boxes in which they are kept, the period during which this susceptibility is developed being that of quiescence immediately before the changing of the caterpillar into the chrysalis begins. With such definite evidence before us, we are quite justified in assuming that the form and colour of many insects may be due to the direct influence of the environment.* The leaf-insects and stick-insects from continual hiding in trees have become so like leaves and sticks that they consider themselves privileged; and certainly, being thus protected from the attacks of birds by their mimic appearances, they survive other less hardened changelings and thus perpetuate the species (Figs. 10 and 11). So with schoolmasters: forever beholding the dry sticks of learning, many among them, it is said, become sticks, consider themselves privileged, and most assuredly survive because never aroused from their shadowy shelters by the songs and hunger of the human birds. It is most curious, too, that the leaf-insects become so deeply imbued with the ways of vegetation that their very eggs closely resemble seeds, and often deceive even expert naturalists. Less verifiable, perhaps, is it that the offspring of the don is born in cap and gown.

Then the Kallima butterfly, from the habit of

* *The Colours of Animals*, E. B. Poulton, M.A., F.R.S., 1890, pp. 120 *et seq.*

FIG. 10 (p. 70).—*Phyllium scythe*, a leaf insect.
(From Miss L. N. Badenoch's *True Tales of the Insects.*)

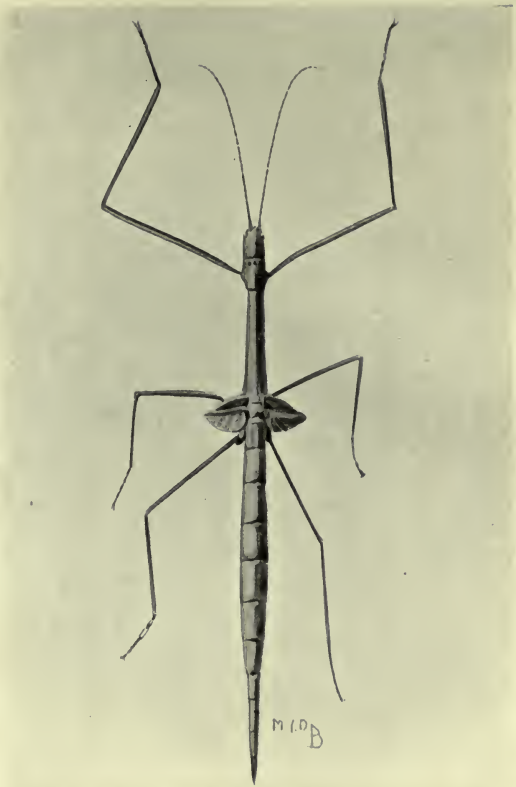


FIG. 11 (p. 70).—*Græffea coccophagus*, a stick insect.
(From Miss L. N. Badenoch's *True Tales of the Insects.*)

roosting in the trees with the upper surface of the wings folded together, has so brought the under surfaces to resemble a leaf, that the sleeping creature can hardly be distinguished from a leaf. Thus it also cheats its enemies, survives, and perpetuates its acquired mocking of nature. Moreover, unlike the stick-insects, it escapes our condemnation. For, like other butterflies, in its daily work it constantly beholds and feeds upon the flowers; and, like gayer tribes who live this life in a very atmosphere of colour, the upper surface of its wings is brilliantly ornate, taking from the flowers not only honey but sense of their beauty. And this beauty makes them, as it were, heedless of the danger to which it exposes them. In like way many wise schoolmasters there be who, despite the dangers of the imagination, despite the fact that it incites rebellion against mathematics and grammars, let it have some play just because thereby the Spirit finds means of inspiration.

It is probably also through this law of involuntary imitation that certain orchids show their extraordinary powers of adaptability and come to resemble insects. The smaller birds, too—the humming-birds—which visit flowers and feed upon their honey, have become gay in radiant colours. Professor Gregory has given us one of the most charming instances of what is a co-operative instinct of imitation on the part of a family of hemipterous insects. He first discovered it in what appeared to be a spike of flowers like a foxglove, the upper ones being green like buds, the middle ones seemingly full-blown and pink, and the lowest looking like bits of grey lichen. On attempting to pick this curious flower which he had never seen before, the flowers and buds all flew away. He found later that the green insects were in all other particulars identical with the pink ones, while the structures that looked like lichen were larvæ of the same genus * (Fig. 12).

* *The Great Rift Valley*, by J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., F.R.S., 1896.

And this inevitable destiny in living things to become what they behold is probably universal in greater or less degree, varying with the general adaptability to variation. For not even the environment will create what had never been before; it can but awaken the veiled likeness into visible resemblance. The white bird reflects every ray of the spectrum, the black bird absorbs them. Brilliant colourings of the environment will awaken in the white bird the dormant power of reflecting only certain rays and of absorbing others, and thus will seem to induce gay hues of colour in the bird that had none. So, conversely, would come colour to the black-feathered bird. Correspondingly when bad fashions induce even the best of women to dress fashionably, they could not do so if there were not in the souls of these best of women the moral germs of those bad fashions.* The mischief of the environment first awakens that which should sleep onwards into oblivion, and then it sanctifies it because, forsooth, it is vulgar to all.

"Take heed to thyself, therefore!" wrote Behmen; "for what we make of ourselves, that we are; what we awake in ourselves that lives and moves in us."

The variability which favours adaptation to the environment is no doubt mainly accounted for, as Weismann teaches, by wealth of sex-crossings; so that the human species, more than any other, is subject to suggestive influences. Consequently if the process of hypnotic suggestion is no more than a power of inviting the conformable to conform, we human beings had need be wary. With us the tendency is not to change the colour of our bodies, as do caterpillars, in imitation of our friends or surroundings. Rather, do the colour and form of our minds become stereotyped for us by the influence of teachers and by the tyranny of the world we live in. We do as we are told and

* See also Chap. VI. *On Specialization.*

FIG. 12 (p. 71).—To Illustrate Adaptive Imitation.

(From *The Great Rift Valley*, by J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., F.R.S. Dr. Gregory desires the writer to indicate that the upper green insects on the stem ought to be represented as of the same size as the lower pink ones.)

become disciplined; we take in learning and give forth original thought, as it seems, all by a mechanical process of suggestion—by a process, that is, of submitting to the instinct of imitation.

Indeed, this power of becoming what we behold, is summed up by the biologists in this word *imitation*. It is generally explained as peculiarity accidentally acquired which becomes perpetuated if it favour the individual in the contest for survival. Thus the stick-insects and Kallima survive because the birds mistake their nature, though how this imitative faculty should be accidentally transmitted to their eggs it is not pretended to explain. But very little thought is required to prove the accepted theories insufficient. We are told that grouse, assuming the colour-tone of the heather, are thus enabled to escape their enemies' detection. Yet gay-coloured cocks are not fewer than their dull hens. The tiger, though certainly his stripes help to hide him in the jungle, is not really better fitted for survival than the lion. Brilliant humming-birds are no more exterminated than are dull songsters. Of course peculiarities induced by influence of environment are often favourable to survival, and thus may become perpetuated. All I mean to affirm is this, that the passive suggestion of the environment so operates upon the living organism as to compel it more or less to intimation and adaptation.* Thus the arctic animals are white, the tropical brilliant coloured. Light brings out colour. Darkness hinders

* The similarity between advantageous adaptation and mere imitation is not perhaps at first sight very obvious. Yet it commands consideration. Thus some of the lories, those small, brilliant-coloured parakeets, have imitated the habits of the humming-birds as well as their colourings. They have learned the trick of feeding upon the nectar of flowers, adapting the structure of their tongue so efficiently to this object that it has become brush-like also. Here adaptation and imitation are marching together, if not identical. Adaptation, according to the Lamarckian theory, we may say, is but response to the suggestion of environmental needs. Imitation we may in like manner believe is also response to the reiterated suggestions of the surrounding world.

it. But on the one hand we affirm that the white favours survival because the white animals are not so readily discovered in the snow, and because white is warmer. On the other hand, if this argument were correct it should follow that the chance of survival with humming-birds and gay lizards, snakes, etc., is very much lessened: of which there is no evidence whatever.

This influence of suggestion works so automatically and inevitably that we dare not ignore it, or doubt the good it may effect. We may resent its inevitableness; we may even claim that it is inimical to that will-power which we desire so intently to lead forth from its hiding in the caverns of the soul and inspire with creating vigour. "But," says Miss Charlotte M. Mason, "it is habit which will govern ninety-nine hundredths of the child's life. He *is* the mere automaton;" * and the chiefest of all habits is this response to the environmental suggestions.

This acceptance of the environment's impress is quite analogous to the ante-natal mode of body and mind-building, which consists entirely in meek acceptance of the food offered by the environment, the food in its turn calling into life the power of needing it and giving increase of appetite. Before the chick emerges from the shell, its stored-up, slowly awakening ancestral idea, as to what a chick had been and ever must be, took control of its growth as it took possession of the yolk's nourishment. When the shell is cracked and the larger environment flashes upon the soft yellow bundle of potencies, the flash awakens more particular memories—or instincts, as we call them. The chick either proceeds to pick up morsels of food; or it may stand stupid and forgetting until the mother bird shows it how to peck, thus awakening in the little mind by suggestion the sleeping idea of its obligation to feed.

* *Home Education.*

Whether the kiss of the world or the mother's lesson awakens the sleeping thing, it comes alive to its ancient inheritance.

Suggestion, let it be repeated, can do no more than awaken possibilities that are dormant within—possibilities of good and evil—unless it hypnotizes them into slumber. It does not create character, as Herbart and his followers seek to do, by changing, as he has it, the child's individuality. It will not give power of genius, ardour of seeking, passion for doing, hope in refinding faith in the Supreme. It will not create will power.* But precisely as the environmental yolk fed the passive embryo, so will the world, when the shell is broken, continue its feeding, though in larger scope. Now hunger is felt, and the sight of a grain of wheat, with a dozen other chicks running to it, excites the ancestral memory of a right to live and the need of contest in support of this right. Now the mother-bird suggests to her sleepier chicks that this is the law of survival and awakens them to sense of claw-service; now again, by suggestion of flight to escape the stoat and the hawk, she arouses in them the ancestral sense of wing-service. And so forth through life. The process of pre-natal yolk-feeding in obedience to ancestral habit, and the poultry-yard acceptance of food in obedience to habits of imitation, are more or less continued throughout life, though education in claw and wing never quite eradicates, one must hope, the vast ancestral sense of an obligation transcending the poultry yard, however deeply that sense may be hypnotized into slumber. In the world of men the shell is sometimes never broken; or if it be, is soon patched up again—either by parents and teachers of the child or by the fooling things that encrust grown people. Such are for ever living the

* *Vide* Appendix E for reference to Mr. M. Walter Keatinge's *Suggestion in Education.*

same life of a yolk-environment. Instincts are their sole guide to profiting from their food, while the pageant of life entertains them with unprofitable suggestions that more or less automatically order their doings and so-called thinkings.*

> "The Mundane Shell is a vast Concave Earth, an immense
> Hardened shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth,
> Enlarged into dimensions and deformed into indefinite space.
> . . . . . It is a cavernous Earth
> Of labyrinthine intricacy . . .
> *And finishes where the lark mounts.*" †

> "Moral truth is no mechanic structure, built by rule." ‡

Behmen, who was so obviously Blake's master, constantly wrote of the fire within the soul as being shut within the Self and breeding as the "worm-soul" anguish and hell. He told us how this fire must burst through its dark prison, must lose desire towards the Self and the dark world about it, and flame upwards into the soft brightness of the love-light.

As the chick is not led forth the shell but breaks it, so is the child to realize, as soon as the environmental food and suggestion of enterprise have sufficiently awakened the ancient desire of life in his young heart, that his Mundane Shell, which in Blake's teaching is the incrustation of his Self, and in Behmen's the darkness of the world of Sense, must be broken through if he would mount with the lark. We can put nothing in, either by food or suggestion, precept or example, but what is sleeping there already. We can lead the child forth, educate him from his sleeping, that he may find his Self by breaking away from selfish restrictions, comfortable feelings, and hypnotic quellings of his spirit. Evil no less than good tempts us to imitation.

* *Vide* Appendix F for a charming illustration of the use of imitation, by Thoreau, a fine and truthful naturalist.

† Blake, *Milton*, p. 16.

‡ Wordsworth's *Excursion*, V. l. 562.

"Whilst I behold such execrable shapes
Methinks I grow like what I contemplate
And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy." *

"The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven." †

I gaze upon a structure like the Forth Bridge—which, because of its insolent claim upon my admiration, I come actually to regard as a thing of beauty, though it reveals nothing but the power of capital to breed dividends—and I become a mechanism. But—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

The natural piety is the upleaping of the heart in presence of the perfect unutilitarian beauty—

"Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or less, by influence Divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly myne
Which clotheth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight." ‡

(iv.) *The Middle Way.*

It is the fashion to praise beyond all things the middle way. It is a broad, neatly paved and primrose way of compromise that hides by its pleasant banks the distant hills. It is perhaps the most terrible of all ways in its appeal to imitation, its insistence upon conformity. It is so easy to abstain from the social sin of narrow-mindedly calling the devil black. It excites no

* Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, Act. i.
† Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I. l. 254.
‡ Spenser, *An Hymne in Honour of Beautie.*

feeling of antipathy if we warm our hands at the fire and deny the Christ. So we give in to the suggested ease of the middle way—and do nothing.

If, however, we go back to the principles of things, if we refer to our law fundamental as guide to the course we should take, we find that we have no possible choice. We must either accept this guide or leave it; either progress, or devote all our energies to remaining where we are. One of the wittiest delights in *Alice through the Looking Glass* is the child's discovery that, after running as fast as the Red Queen could make her, they still remained at the precise spot where they started. "Oh," said the Queen in answer to the child's surprise, "it takes all the running *you* can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" One is tempted to spoil the fun of it and declare that it required all their energy to keep from going backwards in the *via media* on which they were journeying, and that there had been no waste of energy if they had chosen some path climbing upwards. The truth is that compromise—between the energy of individual life and environmental promptings to conform—is too dangerous to accept, even though it be the only means of getting a comfortable life. The danger lies in the fatigue of the spirit in trying not to go backwards. There can be no compromise in the law fundamental, which is the only means of holding the life. For the energy of life to find its delight, it must be forever building with the materials of conformity, using them, not as means of ease, but of ascent. Thus there need be no middle way between submission to custom and rising supreme to it. The right way does not lie between the two extremes where conflict will be nullified.* On the contrary, it will be found only

* "I dare avow that as far as opinions and not motives, principles and not men, are concerned, I neither am tolerant nor wish to be regarded as

in the intelligent and zealous acceptation of the truth lying fundamental in these very extremes. With this understanding as guide, no *via media* will be possible: only a road not bound by dimensions but leading upwards; a road demanding all man's energy, yet giving him eternal delight.

Here also natural history has its teachings. And I would point out in passing that such facts as I am quoting are not mere metaphorical or poetical symbols, but actual illustrations, evidences of the same laws of life that, in great or small degree, affect everything that lives. Like the elemental passions that we share with all flesh, so this elemental passion to conform with the world we live in dominates our lives. Like the other passions of hunger, anger, love, it is, when rightly used, wholly beneficent, but, when wrongly, wholly harmful. What may be virtue in a beast may be beastly in a child. The dangers of suggestion, imitation and conformity are obvious. They are destructive of individuality.

Gregarious animals are generally more uniform in colour than non-gregarious; they lose individual characteristics. The safety secured by co-operative life is clearly inimical to self-assertion and independence; and the fact implies that, among those who live in crowds, the tyranny of suggestion compels the

such. According to my judgment, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions or persuasions, those alone excepted which render the holders intolerant. For he either means to say by this that he is utterly indifferent towards all truth and finds nothing so insufferable as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or importance attached to the possession of the truth as should give a marked preference to any one conviction above any other, or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air instead of inhaling it in the more healthful and profitable exercise of yawning. . . . A man's principles on which he grounds his hope and his faith are the life of his life. *We live by faith*, says the philosophic Apostle; and faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness, or fanatical bodily sensation."—Coleridge's *The Friend*, Pickering, 1844, p. 124.

individual's adaptation to the average, rather than helps him to rise above it. In flocks and herds less vitality is needed in the individual to secure safety. Even among such cruel tribes as wolves the units are cowardly when acting alone. Other tribes, such as deer, are timid even when great numbers are bound together by a single intent. So that co-operative life, the result of imitation and conformity, while strengthening and making possible communal life with its many advantages, is damaging to individual excellence. It awakens the chief enemy of life, namely Fear, and seeks to justify every fashion and formula that shall enhance the security of mutual dependence. Hence comes the disadvantage of all mechanical conformings based upon suggestion: they tend to make the individual less self-reliant and enterprising, more the slave of mechanical rule and readier to frequent the middle way. Courage is found most distinctly in the non-gregarious; and being less fearful, they hide less from the light, and are not handicapped by the gay colours that result from their freedom in sunshine. It is those who are freer that are most likely to meet with new necessities as well as new needs for circumventing or profiting by these necessities. Hence the immense variety among gay animals, *e.g.* humming-birds and butterflies. Slight change of condition and habits probably induce change of colour as well as of form. Where all is ordered in rigid rule, there is neither need nor opportunity for variation. Bees probably will never vary. The middle way is found, and the individuality is crushed in the compromise between zeal and conformity.

So it is with men. Freedom and necessity are the parents of invention and imagination. Look at Americans with their vast territories, or the British with their new domains. With all western peoples, variety and change, invention and imagination, are

the outcome of their freedom; while the eastern races do not change, because life is made easy by convention both in law and tradition. All possibility of enterprise is removed by class-custom and acceptance of tyranny; there is no point at which the "mundane shell" suggests possibility of cracking for the mounting of the lark.*

(v.) *The Process of Suggestion.*

The influence of the environment upon the individual is of course not disputed by any biologist, the only doubt being how far individual adaptations are transmitted and thus guide the evolution of the race. With this question we have no concern in this place.† Yet it will be profitable to inquire as to the manner in which the environment makes its demand of adaptation; or rather, shall we say, in what manner the individual receives the impressions suggested to it by the world without, and how it comes about that these impressions take such powerful hold upon the structure and functions of body and mind as to mould, in development or in recession, the plastic substance. Clearly and admittedly the will plays no part, and correspondingly the changes are not consciously studied or even acquiesced in.

The process is very probably that of hypnotic suggestion. It operates upon that portion of the sensorium which F. W. Myers has called the *subliminal*

* Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace assumes that the aboriginal men from whom sprung the different races—white, black, and so forth—which now show no sign of anatomical variation, must have possessed a much greater capacity for departing from the type than do their descendants (*Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, p. 319). But even if the parent race were more plastic anatomically, it does not follow that the modern man is not capable of greater mental variation. Of old, perhaps, man was more susceptible to adaptation by the environment and less capable of adapting it to his needs.

† *Vide* Appendix C on the transmission of acquired characteristics.

consciousness—the region keenly alive to impressions implanted from without, and also from within by auto-suggestion—but of which the individual is not at all or only most dimly conscious. Hartmann calls this region the *unconscious mind;* it is more ordinarily termed the sub-conscious. The mind is, as it were, a *camera obscura,* on the table of which is focussed the world's passing show. Of this pageant the occupant is more or less conscious, and by its influence is more or less controlled in his relations to the outside world. But, unknown to him, there lies lower than the surface of the table upon which he looks, a photographic film upon which, ever moving into the deeps of mental operation where form and function have their origin and their control, the vision of the world is printed. Constant repetition of the same view, or idea, or suggestion produces indelible orderings of the mind's processes, whether towards right or wrong conduct. Thus suggestion of trivial ideas may mould the bird's plumage, or the impress of heroic deeds may awake an undeniable hunger for noble action.

All authorities who have experience with hypnotic methods agree that no age is more susceptible to such influence than that of adolescence: an age, while perhaps very emotional, singularly obtuse to moral incentive. As the character becomes formed, and potent interests occupy the mind in present and future concerns, the influence to suggestion wanes. In other words, as creative power is found, or as the individual begins to awaken to the meaning and responsibility of his inheritance, he begins to do more with the world in proportion as it becomes less able to direct him through his sub-conscious susceptibility. It is chiefly through the influence of suggestion, during periods of life when the sense of responsibility is, as it were, hypnotically dulled, that habits, good or evil, are formed.

"At the sight of a *man*," says Amiel, "we too say to ourselves, 'Let us all be men!'" Such a suggestion, if often repeated, does not compel us merely to ape the ways and likeness of men. It does not merely induce a habit of imitation; it implants in the mind ideas which must grow. It is ideas that make appeal to the sleeping knowledge of what the individual owns as possibility of manliness.

It is plain enough that there are certain real dangers in the method of teaching by suggestion, notwithstanding the fact that it is Nature's system, and that we cannot do without it. The danger lies in the possibility of even ideas becoming mere varnished plants which, though dead, still look like the living thing. The whole method of object teaching is one of suggestion, and yet is quite essential. While it fixes in the child's storehouses quantities of useful food, it certainly tends to make both teacher and child alike imagine that this storing is the object and end of education. Suggestion does not necessarily educate: it offers only material, even when ideas are implanted. It may stimulate the wrong sort of hunger. Men, indeed, in becoming what they behold, become unable to see anything whatever but what they themselves are become. If a man devote himself to studying curs, he may become a cur, and thereafter be unable to see aught but cur in all he beholds. Thus he earns the name of cynic.

So long as men are possessed by one idea they will feed upon nothing else. "*Nunquam tutelae suae fiunt;* they never come to their own tuition," says Montaigne.* Indeed, education by making wrong use of the easier ways, may do little more than enslave. Whereas, the whole purpose of education, we dare not forget, is to lead forth the imprisoned man that he may find himself in freeing his life from its bondage.

* Vol. i. p. 215 (Dent's edition).

In a word,—and to invite conclusions which will be reached in a further chapter, and which have been already anticipated—subservience to suggestion, while in many ways necessary for the work of the world, may be directly inimical to the office of imagination, unless it be courageously held that the things imbibed through the instrumentality of suggestion are no more than grand material on which the imaginative idea may work.

In the education of children, it is of first importance that the office and danger of suggestion be understood. All children are imitative before they are inventive. The faculty of imitation like every other faculty may be put to good or bad use. The good use is found when the gift is servant to creative work, the bad when copying the rest of the world is exalted as the best way of avoiding error and failure. The only safety in knowledge is to be, in the schoolmaster John Milton's words, "still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it." *

The authorities themselves are, for the most part, too deeply subject to hypnotic influence to use with safety, unless fully alive to its dangers, the facilities offered by imitation and suggestion for drilling young minds into an easily predicable uniformity. Because we are hypnotized by the ugly triumphs of engineering skill, we, whether deliberately or not, compel the child to look upon Forth Bridges as nobler than daisies, Cæsar's things as greater than God's. We build vast towers of Babel, forgetting that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

> "These mighty workmen of our later age,
> Who, with a broad highway, have over-bridged
> The froward chaos of futurity,
> Tamed to their bidding; they who have the skill

---

* *Areopagitica.*

To manage books, and things, and make them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our time,
The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and *to the very road*
Which they have fashioned would confine us down,
Like engines; when will their presumption learn,
That in the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours?" *

First of all must be accepted the child's inheritance of joy before we seek to supplant it with any little systems. In teaching the little ones the first and greatest lesson of all, how to obey, we must let them learn how often and how strenuously they must resist the hypnotic influence of coward tongues, of blind authority, if they would become men and women. Let us have before all things:

"A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,
And bandied up and down by love and hate;
Not unresentful where self-justified;
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft
Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight
Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not
In happiness to the happiest upon earth." †

Prelude, Bk. V. l. 347.
Ibid. l. 411.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SERVICE OF THE HAND.

No one will seriously doubt the two foundational possessions of individual life. They are the ancestral demesne in which the new-arrived creature stands, but of which he knows so little, and the outside world upon which, as it were, he sleepily looks out in that wonder which Bacon tells us is the seed of knowledge. But both these equipments are, up to this point, possessions which, as he has not yet entered into them, are not himself. As he grows, he is led forth, educated, to find himself in these possessions, in their use and enlargement. In his personal growth he sets about finding, as it were, within his ancestral property, ancient crypts and cloisters, gardens of delight and groves of shadowed thoughts—hidden places to be opened only by keys found in the world without. Enterprise in the wide world feeds the yet wider imagination; it stimulates hunger for the things that are more intimately man's birthright. Enterprise without—whether, as in our model baby, it be set upon painted toys and the discovery of gravitation, or, as in his parents, upon other forlorn hopes such as opening the eyes of the privileged to the rights of the needy—reveals the great possessions within that wait to be taken from their storerooms. But as yet the child has no understanding of this wealth. He is at his birth a sleeping microcosm of the great macrocosm of Time; and the process of education, let it be repeated, is one of teaching

the child, in ruling the riches of his inheritance, and in rising above the enslavings they and the environment ever seek to impose, to find himself. He must be taught to use what he has, and in using it to find more. He must be taught that the mere taking in of the outside world will never win his freedom, and that the mere holding of material wealth and intellectual distinction do not sum up the possibilities of what we mean by the name *Man*.

Just as, at the beginning of the mundane life, the world of inheritance and the world of enterprise constitute possessions in opportunity rather than the Being himself, so, as the life is found and lived, these primal gifts may be realized in such poor way that they remain no more than possessions throughout life. Even when developed into faculties for the control of the world without, they may be put possessions. By them alone the Man is never led forth to find himself. His faculties, and the wealth they earn for him, are but a "muddy vesture of decay," even though the world envies him their gorgeousness. For the Man to find himself he must be ever becoming. In finding himself he does more than possess his inheritance; he becomes one with all that is excellent in its gifts. He does more than own things of beauty, things of use: he becomes the very spirit of beauty, the soul of serving. He will become more than intellectual; he will personify reason. In this way only does Man find that indivisible oneness of his virtue—oneness which fearlessly includes every possession that enlarges and makes for growth. Thus does he cease to be a bundle of faculties, and finds himself the soul of faculties; he wins the whole world in ceasing to possess any part of it. Faculties may earn great wage; it is the Heart alone that can contain the universe.

(i.) *The Cultivation of Expression.*

Even though many may claim that cultivation of the intellect is not the sole object of education, all will admit that it is one most important subject. Some, too, will claim that enlargement of intellect necessitates increase of moral sense, seeing that only in the understanding of right and wrong can we choose between them. Intellect, moreover, must teach forbearance and charity, if we believe with Herbart that the only vice is ignorance, and that to know all is to forgive all. But neither the cultivation of the intellect nor the enlargement of ethical sense covers all that is needful.

Seeing that the man's real Self can be realized only in relinquishing all endeavour to grow rich at the neighbour's cost; that it can be found only by entering into and thus becoming identified with the life of one and many neighbours; we discover a purpose in life beyond intellectual enrichment, namely that of making manifest the Self to the neighbour. This making of the Self a manifestation is effected only by giving right and true expression to those feelings and emotions and thoughts which reveal the operations of the individual mind. This giving forth of the Self is service of whomsoever our life touches. It is indeed a charity exceeding that of alms; for it is more inevitably an incarnation of the faith which should inhabit all good works.

Consequently we may aver that one chiefest purpose in progress is to lead and direct the young mind in such way that he may best find out for himself how to express what he feels, thinks, and would do. Doubtless the first step in education is to understand what is experienced; that is, the taking of the outside world into the Self, and letting it so stimulate the mind that

the Self discovers the faculty of intelligence. Only in this understanding of what the child takes in, does he make the food part of himself and use it for growth. Distension of stomach does not imply digestive strength; information does not signify intellect; social position does not represent manliness.* This first step, however, so far as it deals with humanity, no child can take unless others, properly the parents, first reveal to him their own being by giving expression to their thoughts in speech, their feeling in facial signs, their power in deeds, their supremacy to coarse advantage in poetry and music.

Thus we perceive that intelligence standing alone has not much worth. Standing alone—without, that is, the need of being expressed or given forth—it is not used for other purposes than that of storing information. Expressed or given again, it is used in its relation to the world from which it was drawn—for the most part, the human world; it then lives and grows, gives and takes back more knowledge, becomes thought and blessing. "Every member or organ," wrote Principal Caird, "lives, maintains itself, has its own worth and development in the energy it gives forth; it is for ever giving up itself, only for ever to receive itself—losing itself to save itself. Instead of ceasing to possess what it gives away, it would be marred or cease to be, if its giving away were interrupted or arrested." † If this be true—and indeed it is true—as a principle of life so far as organs are concerned, it can be no less true of individual organisms, and is strictly applicable to the principles of education.

In the course of this and the ensuing chapters

* "These dignities
Like poison make men swell; this rat's bane honour,
Oh, 'tis so sweet! they'll lick it till they burst!"
Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion.*

† *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, 1880, p. 109.

much will be said upon the subject of Art and Imagination in relation to the progress which we believe is still before us. Yet we may at once anticipate certain conclusions, possibly self-obvious, for the sake of lucidity.

The function of Art is but to indicate how we may express thought, desire in work, emotion and sense of the mystic. But for the arts of expression, the soul of man would be for ever hid and life would be merely impossible. Art, moreover, is inseparable from imagination. Intellect without imagination—without, that is, the intuitive desire for water-brooks beyond the dimensioned world and the Self inhabiting it—can hardly be worth cultivating; imagination without intellect is impossible. Given the two, and the storing of intellectual food is balanced by the giving forth of the Self in imaginative and practical work. Thus we are brought back yet again to the relation of spirit and body. The body without the spirit is dead; spirit without body, in so far as in body we signify means to express, is non-existent. Intellect without imaginative art lies bleeding to death. Art without obedience to law and service is insanity. Faithfully mated, all work is spiritual and all aspiration practical. Intellect may possibly stand for the strenuous commercialized life to be valued in terms of mundane success; but imagination fosters the love and peace and energy, to live which passes all understanding.

Hence purpose in the higher life of mind is little but endeavour to understand and to express. So far as all teaching is thus inspired, do child and man discover the Self laid up from the beginning in God's creative Idea.

It is largely because intellect claims to be supreme that the faculty of expression is so generally forgotten. It is because of the success of the moneyed man that the commercial failure of him whose only wealth is love

is counted to him for loss. Body and soul, substance and love, must always be shown to the child going hand in hand, if he is to be led out of himself to find his manhood, rather than to find things for the rust and moth. So, while filling his brain, we shall teach his hand to wait upon his heart. In urging him to think, we shall not forget how natural grace in speech will help his thought. While training him in mathematics and natural science, we shall strive to correct with poetry and song any mischief they may work. The power of finding and expressing the beauty of life is quite ordinarily held to be no more than a pretty adjunct in education; the text-books and laboratories being upheld as the makers of mind. The imagination, with its incarnation in the arts of speech song and chisel, is supposed to be a rare gift of little practical value—indeed rather dangerous than of vital influence. But the mother of understanding is Imagination, even though nurseries and schools alike deny that her milk is necessary to children who must one day fight and till, or suckle babies and spin. We have yet to believe that the expression of beauty and truth is as essential in education as concentration of the mind for the intake of knowledge. Tolstoy, telling how he found in two village lads geniuses respectively of imagination and realism, exclaims, "I felt both dread and joy . . . joy because suddenly and quite unexpectedly there was revealed to me that stone of the philosophers which I had been vainly trying to find for two years—the art of teaching the expression of thought; and dread, because this art made new demands—brought with it a whole world of desires, which stood in no relation to the surrounding of the pupils, as I thought in the first moment." *

That which the child does of his own initiative,

* *Leo Tolstoy, His Life and Work*, by Paul Birukoff, vol. i. p. 341. *Vide* also Appendix G.

whether it be describing a cricket-match, putting his dog's wagging joy into clumsy verse, carving the handle of a whip, adorning his rabbit-hutch with colour, or some more definite expression of duty, will inevitably portray the relation of his mind to his soul and strengthen their union. That which he does, as truly as that which he thinks, will make him find himself by giving forth himself in creative work. But to make him copy, however good and necessary the training may be, so that he thinks in a copy he has done an excellent thing, is to invite a prostitution of the Self to machine ideals.

(ii.) *The Microcosmic Babe.*

It will help us to understand the relation of man's brain to his mind, with its faculties of getting and giving, to recall certain conclusions reached in the second chapter, namely, that the increasing complexity of structure which our evolution has brought us, in brain and sense-organs and limbs, does not so much enrich us with certain faculties as bring us means in these faculties of finding our ancestral powers and of using them to walk abroad in the world without, thereby to gather means of further search for the treasures within. The brain with its outposts of eyes and ears, with its laboratories of thought and its store-houses of memory, with its well of living water, is the means whereby we do things. The brain and the mind are neither the living water nor the source of the life. The well-spring of life and its energy, though become dependent upon mind and brain, eyes and limbs for work, is filled from sources beyond the domain of science: they are just mystic, and arise from beneath and above the citadel. The well-spring is not even the Faith that gives power to do; it is not even the Hope that looks beyond; it is not even Love that holds the world in

its heart; it is not even Imagination that knows more than the brain can tell or remember. It is the Being's Self potent in power from beyond. This, I repeat, is quite a simple view of the Being's Self, if we give full significance to the fertilized seed's inheritance of power to become and control—an inheritance that is infinite in contrast with the physical dimensions of the primordial cell holding these potencies.

Man, yet once again, is the epitome of his race's evolution at the time of his birth. Jean Paul Richter, that most passionate believer in the child's inherent riches, says of him that "to the most important step he made, namely, that into life, he took an eternity of consideration." * To-day, however, this doctrine of Haeckel's is something more than a hypothesis: it is a law in the science of embryology. No one who has studied the evidences could doubt the main truth of it. And we may, without presumption, ask the student of educational science to accept it as a philosophic postulate. The process of the evolution of the race has consisted in a growing interaction between the inner world of inheritance and the new world without. It has been an increasing power—not in complexity so much as in control of complexities. The process, in a word, has been one of finding power to do things with the outside world, and to make such things, when done, means of educating the desire for ever more ambitious doings. Thus is an ascending spiral of growth instituted, the very converse of the interminable tread of the vicious circle. Once the true relation between the power to do and the power of the mind to be led forth to desire further doing by the things done, is realized, and one can see no end to the increase of the Life's Energy. As the germ is the soul of infinite beginning, so the Soul is the germ of infinite ongoings.

If, then, the new-born babe is truly an epitome of

* *Levana*, Eng. Transl., Bohn, p. 96.

the evolution of humanity up to the highest point reached by any of his progenitors, or indeed to a point somewhat beyond any possibilities to be traced, we ought to be able to summarize in words of corresponding import the meaning of his mind and body and functions. The attempt shall be made forthwith, and in terms that shall comprise at any rate the mental or progress-serving equipment.

Let us remember that the evolution of man has been accomplished by a process of contest speeding and spreading over countless ages, amidst strangest vicissitudes of fortune, through strengthening ages of hardship, through enervating times of ease. It has been a contest in experiments, now one variation, now another being adopted or discarded as it makes the individual fitter or less fit in this contest. And the contest has not been entirely one for survival, perhaps not chiefly. It is something more than a story of one creature pitted against a weaker or of one social system which relies upon co-operation proving stronger than another depending more upon individual initiative. If such principles accounted for everything, one hardly understands in what respect man is fitter than the gorilla; or why, granted his discovery of such mental abilities as have made him apter than the gorilla in spite of its superior weight and muscular strength, he should have discovered still further abilities, such as self-denial, devotion, love of the beautiful, and so forth; which, to judge by the hard lives all idealists do lead, actually unfit man in the struggle, though he still finds in them the more excellent way. For although the prophets indeed do not justify their lives in mundane success, the ideals preached by them have helped the race onwards. No; alongside and above all the mechanical strife against physical forces, brute creation and the fellow-man, there has been manifested an upward going towards

a perfecting that is not understood, but which, because it is unaccountable, we claim to be purposed in some transcendental significance. If we have reason for believing, as has already been claimed, that the evolution of man has been a process whereby he has come into possession of his inheritance, we may now, and no less consistently, thus define the process in its intellectual significance: *The process of the evolution of man has been, and is still, a process of increase in the power of expression.* If the baby is a potential epitome of his manhood's evolution, the education of the child and man is no other than a striving of the seed to bear flower and fruit, even thus to express the mystic power whence all evolution is sprung.

(iii.) *The Truthfulness of Appearances.*

That which all things express by their appearances cannot be otherwise than the nature of them. Among those generalizations in which we advertise our fancied wisdom, we boast that we do not judge from mere appearances. But, as a matter of fact, we actually have nothing whatever to judge by but those very appearances. Doubtless many animals besides man have learned the disadvantage of certain appearances, and have learned to hide them: man hides his cruelty behind smiles as tigers their claws in soft pads. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the cruel man cannot but advertise himself as cruel precisely as the tiger must proclaim his fierceness to all who behold him. The expression is born of parents and use; it is not the mere outcome of transient emotion. The outward and visible, being the outcome of the dominant nature that has brought about the creature's evolution and has survived all disasters, cannot otherwise than express the inward and spiritual. Which being granted, it follows that the whole outward things of man by

which we know him—his looks, his gestures, his deeds of love, his intellectual victories—are the expression of his powers, the declaration of his energy's worth. In such appearances will the light shine.* Thus has man's evolution, we may say, been a constant and victorious effort to give expression to the possibilities of this energy—an energy that has ever, throughout the ages, been fighting for its Freedom. And even now the child's hunger for knowledge is the hunger to find himself in his inheritance and his destiny; it is a hunger for freedom. Thus the child epitomizes at his starting-point in life this long fight of his ancestry, and, if he have fair play, will declare himself in his own appearances as an epitome of his race's power to uplift itself in purpose and to give expression to the innermost Truth.

(iv.) *The Hand Fundamental in Expressing.*

The means whereby the victory in evolution is won, whereby the creature inevitably comes to express its nature and self, is work. For work is the conquest of the environment for present needs, the discovery of ancestral means for the doing of work, the storing up of seeds and ideas that, in germinating and growing, point a way beyond to-day's and to-morrow's exigencies. The process of doing work, of desiring to do more work, is the process by which the race, step by step, has evolved its means of doing work. To this we must most closely hold if we are to understand evolution. For life is the cause and not the consequence of organization.

The chief manifestation and simplest instance of this law's operations is found in Man's hand. It has

* "If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do."
Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Bk. VI. l. 795.

been evolved in process of doing the mind's work; it is the outward and visible sign of the mind's desires; it is the expression of the racial spirit's energy and its outcome in work. The hand is the expression of work, as is the tongue of thought, and the physiognomy of emotion. But though we may separate them according to their dominance in function, they are interchangeable. For the hand is inspired by feeling: it does no work well without beauty shining from it; it feels as well as makes, and thus, if it be faithful, must proclaim the soul's hunger for truth and its expression in beauty. So the tongue is but poor in office if its speech be not service, if it cannot vivify thought with feeling. So may the physiognomy, while its office is to declare love and hatred, joy and grief, tell us of deep thoughts' emotion, of hope and faith in the outcome of work.

But now we are considering the hand. Ask of it what it can do if we would know what thing is this baby-soul of man new arrived after nine long ages' journeying. It might well answer, and inquire again, what does it not do? Had this hand done no more than get food and raiment; had it done no more than build houses and sow seeds; had it done no more than tend offspring and bury the dead; had it done no more than beautify life and decorate its habitations; even then we might think that it expresses more than its race's history. Nevertheless, all these functions we find most perfectly performed by lower creatures. All animals get necessary food, all grow their clothing. The squirrel and the chimpanzee build houses; the bower-birds erect dancing-halls and adorn them; beavers build bridges and dams; ants sow seeds for crops; bees bury their dead. But such skilful doings, despite their marvels, do not comprise man's evolution; nor do the collected powers of moles and birds, bees and apes, even if we add to them the cruelty of slave-driving ants, the thieving of wasps, or the parasitic

success of some horrible worms, express enough to portray man. Man's hand corresponds with greater powers than building and beautifying, enslaving and thieving; it does more, expresses more. For it tells of his power in the greater service, his power of finding values in things that have no price, his power of rendering not only Cæsar's things to Cæsar, but of rendering both things of Cæsar and things of God to his fellow-man. Nor is such a statement vague sentiment: not though some see but little in this day's vain display and bubble progress to justify any claim of the hand's altruistic or transcendental service. Though we cynically deny a disinterested virtue in man, that his hand still obeys an aspirational spirit is proclaimed in so far as it not only does work, but, if it be given freedom, is still capable of expressing idealism in its work.

To-day, for the most part, the hand, with its ancient beauty and power, is either idle, so far as work is concerned, or its skill is enslaved to machine-work in which it is only a tool for work in which neither spirit nor mind is concerned. It is drilled into a creature of habit, having no longer correspondence with ideas or meanings in work. In this way we kill the very life of the hand's craft; and by denying the hand its native use, the mind and spirit, that should glory in their beautiful creature, are starved and do die.*

But this, I know, will read to some, even to many who are desirous of learning and teaching what true

* Lately, in arguing this point with a highly cultured and religious lady, the wife of a dignitary of the Church, I asked how it was possible for a man, who, to feed his family, must spend the whole of his days making the leg of one particular sort of deal table, to hold an exalted sense of his work's nobility. She knew more than I, she thought, about such subjects, for she had once done district visiting among mill-hands; and she declared, in defence of our industrial system, that it was quite possible for a good man to spend all his life making a particular leg of one particular sort of table, and yet do it all to the glory of God! She could not see that a man tied all his days in a howling mill to do the work of an automaton must lose power and sense of the glory of life and of joy in the eternal hills.

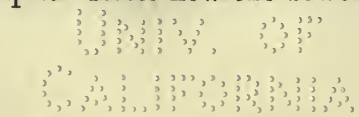
progress means, like pure sentimentalism. We, like the children, are all drilled by the world's cruel hypnotic suggestion into habits of accepting whatever is as right. What evidence have we, it will be asked, that the hand in the past ever held so high a post as that now claimed, or that it is a less efficient thing in making life worthy and joyful than of old? Let us inquire. It will be readily admitted that formerly it did everything that man has now mostly forgotten how to do. Originally every man could do all that was necessary to a happy life. He ploughed and he reaped. He felled trees and built shelters; then made tables, chairs and coffers. He discovered merits in pastoral life; he sheared sheep and spun wool. And then, with this hand-skill as incentive, discovered the need to weave clothing and so invented a loom. He tanned the leather of oxen, and thus discovered to himself the possibility of harnessing the beasts and relieving his hands from the heavier spade-work. He found clay, and out of his ancestral imagination invented the potter's wheel and made vessels for cooking and drinking. Thus always had the hand's cunning been means of enlarging the mind, teaching it to search among its sleeping inheritances for means of still further enterprise with the world without. So far the hand reveals an evolutionary counterpart with the mind, as this with the powers of foreseeing possibilities in invention: it has discovered to the man beginnings of an imaginative power. This power of foreseeing, though possibly first awakened by such utilitarian needs as we may designate the things of Cæsar, could not be limited, or at any rate was not limited, to the offices of supplying food and protecting from cold and enemies. The hand surely, as it found its scope and skill, discovered the reason and sweetness of service; it learned to give what it had stored, and to trust in its power of sowing and reaping more. This service, it will be generally claimed

by the utilitarian philosopher, began in self-interest; but there is no evidence that man's stomach had claim upon him prior to his traditional need of bringing into the world other creatures like himself, whom he soon fed and served and strove for, as if they were his very self. From the standpoint of self-interest, the family sentiment is purely non-utilitarian; and in its service of the helpless young the hand discovers duties, and joy in these duties. Indeed, it opens up to man the worthiest of all his ancestral fortune, the possession of a Heart. Forthwith the right man discovers, though he may not yet philosophize in words, that his life is actually dominated by feeling, though the things of Cæsar's imperiously demand that his intellect must be supreme to all sentiment if he would save his darlings from starvation and be successful in the world. This Feeling of Heart he welcomes as the surer incentive to work; and thereafter everything he makes stands not merely for its material end, but also to show that Man, being chiefest among God's inspirations, may not do less than the least in declaring the dominance of his Heart. In a word, as the flower in its beauty proclaims to man that it holds, besides the office of bearing seed, the office of lavishing its substance in pleasure of form and colour and scent, thus proclaiming the sweetness of God's service as distinguished from Cæsar's, so must man, if he would be greater than the grass that perishes, also array his labours in beauty which, because of its denial of money-value, is greater than the glory of Solomon or the tyranny of Cæsar. His vessels must be symbols of something more than service—they must be symbols of a transcendent joy. The wooden bowl carved for the child's milk shall be adorned with the figure of a cow, that the little one's thoughts be carried beyond his hunger's needs. The table, perhaps roughest hewn but strong to outlast his own lifetime, shall in like manner declare its parentage;

Fig. 13 (p. 101).—Woodwork from a Norwegian Farm-house Door.

and the Heart-ruled craftsman will make to arise, above its hard substance, oak-leaves and acorns, so that, as his children sit sheltered beneath the thatch, they shall not forget the ministrations of the forest. In the winter weaving also the wife makes her loom serve her love; she is not content that her toil should keep warm the little one's limbs, but it must so beautify the fabric with free symbols of life in form, sweet harmonies of nature in colour, that they shall call from the children's hearts their ancestral property in joy.

Thus life ran in its labour, throughout the daily routine of the simple peasants' and shepherds' lives. The hand's craft is an essential part of the life; and the hand's craft has its correspondence not merely with the mind that understands the daily needs and the ethical obligations of the family to the communal life, but most undeniably also its correspondence with the divine Nature which cannot create without declaring, in lavish symbols of beauty, the essential joy of life (Fig. 13). This essential joy is the energy that hungers for bread because it hungers ever for more life, for release from its mere functions, for education out of the restrictions of self-bondage to find the Self of freedom. It is the Energy that, because of a passionately creative power essential within it, devises mind for understanding, hand for doing. It is the trinity of Man; in one Energy comprising the paternal creative Power, the created Body, with all its means of intellect and service and sacrifice, and the inspiring, imaginating Spirit that controls the ongoing. Look how the hand expresses the soul's own meaning to itself as well as to the world that sees no further than its eyes give witness. Every gesture as every action is ordered by meaning. As the hand is the symbol of the mind's doings, because of its actual correspondence with the mind, so in its expressing of thought and feeling it adopts symbolic expression as its active principle. Look how the sower of seeds



throws forth his hand in lavish abandonment of his very food that it may become more than the wage and means of his own labour. The very act symbolizes the extending and widening of his life. For the hand holds in safety, that it may give in rejoicing, the golden grain. As long as it is held for its market price it is a thing of Cæsar's. But as it is flung forth, with arm, palm, and fingers, thrown far as possible away from the body's needs, it does so in the soul's understanding that all things are of Cæsar's or of God's according to their use. Those remain and are destroyed, these go forth, germinate and increase a thousandfold for the feeding of others. As the hand's action in sowing declares that the man understands the need of self-denial, even though in the beginning of this self-denial its purpose is utilitarian interest; as its action corresponds with the work and its far-reaching intent; so may it be taken as a symbol of thought and feeling. As the hand casts away the seed by relinquishing all hold upon it, so when the sower goes forth to meet the rising sun may he fling wide his arms, palms, and fingers with uplifted head in mute praise, an unconscious symbol of giving all he has to the Giver of Life.

The converse action of the hand is quite as true an expression in its word, its understanding, and its feeling. The miser holds tight all he has; he hugs his grain to himself till it loses its virtue and becomes but useless gold. The better to hold it, when his right is questioned, his arms will be drawn to his bosom and even his head bent down upon himself. His only understanding is that the things of God are not useful until he has made them things of Cæsar's; and he even grudges Cæsar his dues. Your moral and intellectual miser does likewise in involuntary symbolic declaration to the world that he loves not his brother man. He withdraws within himself, gives his hand reluctantly in

greeting, walks morosely with downcast head. For if he be a moral miser, he labours in self-perfecting and self-approbation, rather than in helping the sorrowful; if an intellectual miser, his only use for revelations of the indwelling God are to find a place for them in his pet philosophic system without disturbing its inexpansible equilibrium.

The extolling of the Hand is no sentimentalism. There is evidence enough and undeniable that in the days before men became mere *hands* for the service of industrialism, they possessed their own hands as well as their souls for the service of man and the honour of God. Truly the hand is of some importance; for by it is revealed the ancestry, the work and the faith of its owner. It epitomizes the past, present, and future of Time in a seed of Eternity.

(v.) *The Practical Training of the Hand.*

Well do the schoolmasters know that without feeding the mind there can be no evolution of thought or grasp of understanding. So well indeed they realize it, as they think, that there seems to them no other need, unless it be to make of boys and girls athletes and sportsmen. They believe in storing the mind with science and the humanities; they believe in storing the body with physical health. They believe, too, in the need of honourable dealings with the fellow-man, and often in the urgency of religion. But they leave to take care of itself that power of hand, which, more than any one function, is the fundamental and simplest means of winning the bread, of serving the family and state, and of declaring to all who profit by its craftsmanship the essential dignity and beauty of labour. Because of its high office there is perhaps no equal to the hand's way of leading both child and man out of himself—unless it be in those who hold the rare gifts of

genius, when, with song or tongue or pen, they, in their work for others, bring the very soul to realize its inheritance.

This service of the hand to the heart and mind is the basis of Froebel's teaching; and the Kindergarten methods are now generally adopted, though perhaps as much with the idea of keeping the child orderly as of instructing him. The gain in this must be great, even if the system is mainly approved because it helps the teacher to do her work happily. Kindergarten enthusiasts tell me that it is curiously inspiring to the teachers—a remark that reminds one of Tolstoy's conclusions from his own school-keeping "that teachers involuntarily strive to find a method of teaching convenient for themselves, and that the more convenient a method is for the teacher, the less convenient it is for the pupil." * But possibly Froebel's is a method that proves equally convenient to both. Certainly it makes children happy and obedient; and I am told that when a particularly bright child comes from the lower to the upper schools he is sure to be Kindergarten taught. Even if the system tends to become rigid and mechanical; even if the brushwork and basket-making are not for the service of some one beloved, and so fail in appealing to the best in the child; at least he gets some inspiration from the idea of the thing he sets about making. And this saves him from that mechanicalism which is so diametrically opposed to the higher purpose in education.

Seeing that discipline for the most part takes precedence of teaching the child to find himself, it is not surprising that only here and there the great educational value of handicrafts is realized. Only in a few exceptional schools is the inseparableness of hand-craft and art understood. Seldom is it realized that, for the hand to be accorded its true educational ministration,

* Aylmer Maude, *Life of Tolstoy*, vol. i. p. 262.

its work can never be divorced from service without disaster; or that, where definite purpose in altruistic service is the inspiration of any handiwork, it almost inevitably happens that some sense of art is awakened, especially if some leading that way is offered by a zealous teacher.*

To-day the ministration of the hand is almost forgotten. That which has given so much to man for his making—that by which man has so triumphed over the world and its physical prohibitions, that thing of beauty, that willing correspondent with mind and heart and imagination—is now accounted of but small use in the education of a gentleman, provided it can master a collar-stud and set a pearl-pin in the cravat in manner that shall modestly advertise his importance and yet disavow every aim that is vulgar. In the technical training of an artizan the hand would appear still to be necessary; but only so far as it serves in making and tending machines, or, only too often, in making only one particular part of an engine, or, still worse, in attending upon only one point in its evolutions.† Even among artists, whose technical skill reaches the very acme of the poor hand's obedience and plasticity, the true sense of Art is so often lost. Their work misses purpose and service, and in such lack denies both truth and beauty and the meaning of Art.‡ Poor hand indeed! But poorer children and men who are denied its ministrations and can no

* For a correct understanding of the meaning and service of Art, the student is necessarily referred to Tolstoy's *What is Art?*—a work of absolutely fundamental inspiration. "The business of Art," says Tolstoy, "lies just in this—to make that understood and felt which, in the form of an argument, might be incomprehensible and inaccessible."

† My watchmaker, who has made every portion of a watch with his own hand and has won a Kew gold medal, tells me of a factory which he knows intimately where hundreds of hands (*hands*, be it noted, not *men*) are employed, and where not one person in the whole building save the manager understands, still less can make, a watch.

‡ See again *What is Art?* Aylmer Maude's translation, Scott Library, p. 190.

longer make boxes that are works of art, planes that outlive the maker's life to tell a son of the father's art, iron lamps whose workmanship enlightens beyond their flames, fabrics that proclaim the oneness in nature of children and flowers. These ways gave the world men with hands who never spoke of Art, but knew in their hearts and thoughts the meaning of beauty. These men could turn the fallow land into fertile fields, could build them sweet homes that no academical architect can ever approach in beauty, could make tables and carve them gloriously, could work iron into forms of grace, could fashion beautiful yet strong wagons and such radiant harness for their horses as no Lord Mayor of London ever matched in dignity. And to all these gifts were added children of freedom whose education began in taking share in the labours and pastimes of their parents.*

The race will yet live to see that man can withstand the disaster which for ever attends him only by being at peace with the fundamental and utterly simple laws of his life. And when the race at last finds that the virtue and joy of the Kingdom of Heaven are not vain dreams but the only full life that is possible, then perhaps will it realize that man's work done faithfully can never be other than art, and that art divorced from love and the priceless utility of a beauty which serves, is not art but condemnation. So at least let us make all young folk familiar with the simple laws of life and work, leisure and recreation. Only thus will they ever find that labour may be diviner than ease, and that to do small things in love is artistically nobler than to buy up old masters or even to become new ones.†

* Those who do not realize what Art once meant to the peasant and blacksmith, the ploughman and sailor, are advised to visit the Museum of the Peasant Arts Society at Haslemere. *Vide* Appendix H, *On the Restoration of Handicrafts.*

† "To affect the quality of the day," wrote Thoreau, "this is the highest art."—*Walden*, The Scott Library, p. 88.

Herbart says, "Compare the farmyard on the estate of an industrious farmer with the rooms in the palace of a fashionable lady who lives in town. In the former the pupil can be taken everywhere; in the latter he must be kept back everywhere. Let him be what he may—peasant, shepherd, hunter—workers of every kind and their sons will be for him in his earliest years the best society; wherever they take him he will learn and gain from them"; and so forth.*

> "For me, when my affections first were led
> From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake
> Love for the human creature's absolute self,
> That noticeable kindliness of heart
> Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,
> Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
> And occupations which her beauty adorned,
> And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first." †

Also Tolstoy—

"And this opinion—that the life of working-people is poor in subject-matter, but that our life, the life of the idle, is full of interest—is shared by very many people in our society. The life of a labouring man, with its endlessly varied forms of labour, and the dangers connected with this labour on sea and underground; his migrations, the intercourse with his employers, overseers and companions, and with men of other religions and other nationalities; his struggles with nature and with wild beasts, the associations with domestic animals, the work in the forest, on the steppe, in the field, the garden, the orchard; his intercourse with wife and children, not only as with people near and dear to him, but as with co-workers and helpers in labour, replacing him in time of need; his concern in all economic questions, not as matters of display or discussion, but as problems of life for himself and his family; his pride in self-suppression and service to

* *Science of Education*, translated by H. M. and E. Felkin, 1892, p. 137.

† *Prelude*, VIII. l. 121.

others, his pleasures of refreshment; and with all these interests permeated by a religious attitude towards these occurrences;—all this to us, who have not these interests and possess no religious perception, seems monotonous in comparison with those small enjoyments and insignificant cares of our life—a life not of labour nor of production, but of consumption and destruction of that which others have produced for us." *

Such arguments are more truly valid in Russia, certain parts of Germany, Norway, Switzerland or the Tyrol, where the traditional peasant life still thrives, than in our England where the landlord ever since the Tudor days has persistently filched the peasants' common-land and is now quite as busy in driving the small farmer away.†

It will doubtless be objected that this may be all very correct in theory; but that we have to live in a modern world where the meaning of technical skill is changed, and where horny-handed art is discounted alike in the labour market, on the stock exchange, and among the sons of the wealthy. If, of old, men struggled with the soil, and because of its fertility found time to beautify utensils and tools, things are changed now. Whether I approve or no, I must now reap the fruits of specialization. I generally imagine that Art, if it reach its highest aim and technique, must be costly. If I belong to the class of the rich, I regard pictures and sculpture as the symbols of my success, my good education, my expensive travellings over the earth, my excellent taste and my breadth of mind. If I belong to the class of the poor, I regard Art as public property, and, perhaps because I am a socialist, believe in covering the walls of public galleries with samples of historic paintings and of

* *Loc. cit.* p. 76.

† For a dispassionate history of landlordism, see *Land Reform*, by the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, J.P., M.P., 1908.

modern brushcraft that beautify nothing but gilt-framed canvasses. The rich man who regards himself as patron of the arts will claim that enamelled iron-ware is good enough for the poor whose market-value would suffer if they still took delight in carving the milk-bowls for the children, or in giving life to their planes by letting heart as well as hand shape and enrich them. O, it is not to be doubted that the enslaving of the hand, and with it the mind and the heart and the soul, has achieved wonderful things! It has made great riches for a few; it has saved multitudes from doing any fine work whatsoever; it has built indeed the Forth Bridge:

> "A work completed to our hands, that lays,
> If any spectacle on earth can do,
> The whole creative powers of man asleep!" *

It has brought forth the railways and the motor-cars, with their foul stinks, terrific noises, hideous disasters. It has built palaces, founded museums, laid out gorgeous cemeteries. It has even built vast hospitals, poor-houses and orphanages, and has endowed universities and old-age pensions; but it has given us no cathedrals to declare the miracle of faith and loving hand-craft, no cottage homes of beauty as torch-holders to carry the light. It has killed Art with professionalism, sweet hunger with deadly greed. It has made our industrial system, covering our land with multitudes barricaded within walls more terrible than ramparts of olden times—multitudes who are starved in spite of high wages; who are degenerate in structure and function in spite of ample food, good sanitation and free education; who have lost the art of living and joy its outcome; who work for wage and not service; who, hungry for recreation, are content to watch spectacles instead of taking share in glad and natural play.

Again will it be admitted that this may be all true

* *Prelude*, Bk. VII. l. 681.

enough in theory, even, perhaps, that the evils of our industrial system are not much exaggerated. But it will be contended, against all pleas for the restoration of the hand's old allegiance to life, that we have to deal with things as they are and not with possible ideals. It will be argued that these vast populations are with us; that they must be fed; that they cannot be turned again upon the land, even if the land could support them. And so nothing must be done any differently, not even though many rich men, as is constantly asserted, would forego some part of their dividends if thereby they could better the lives of the poor. Higher wages we know will not lessen the beer and whisky consumed, nor bring back the ancient joy in life. And so do we still draw our dividends, though they be the price of slavery, the blood of humanity's joy.

Yet, notwithstanding the reasonableness of such discreditings of reform, much can be done; indeed, almost everything remains to be done. It is the individual life with which the parents and schoolmasters must deal. If they but realized the wealth of inheritance that may come into the child's life by the use of his hand in ancient ways, they would shrink from the starvation-diet they offer in their curriculums and systems. In the reform of teaching the first essential is the reform of ourselves. For it is we and not our curriculums and text-books that set the example, that instigate the submission to suggestion. "I believe," says Ruskin, "an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily endeavouring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's." *

* *Modern Painters*, 1860, vol. v. p. 333.

This, perhaps, is not practical advice to the majority of men who must perforce live by what work they may. But the principle is so true as a guide to natural happy living, is so essential indeed to a not unattainable mental hygiene, that even in city life the plane and saw may take the place of dumb-bells, and the carving-tools of billiards and bridge. We must begin, whatever our age, to use our hand, and to let it use our hearts. Then, as early as may be, should the boy be invited by example to do what he sees his father doing—to create, that is, things with living idea as their form out of shapeless material. Thus will he feel the power of his hand and the strength of his Self in ruling it. He will find his hand, while obeying his thought and his love, giving back, in gratitude as it were, food for his soul's making. He will thus and soonest get quit of the tyranny of suggestion. Through life, be it glad or grievous, he will find resource, recreation, solace, in this service of the hand. If he but knew, he would shrink from hand-idleness as from starvation; he would look upon its specialization to the duty of mere wage-earning as the primary cause of all the idleness of mind and heart that fills the gin-palaces with poor men, and so prostitutes the rich man's heart that he looks upon womanhood's destruction as necessary to the life of his kind.

Some of us—Ruskin, Morris, and their faithful followers—have had sight of our industrial doom. Some dare not shut their eyes to the writing on the wall. Because of this fearless seeing, a seeing which, understanding the cause of the disease, knows its remedy, we dare face the truth of human nature and become again optimist. We know something of how things can be mended. To prepare the individual child against the evils of hand-idleness is to prepare the nation against its destruction. The home is the only heart of true patriotism. To bring back to man a

sense of his own and his child's inheritance is to bring back the love of life to the people at large. Now, the poor man hates life and would drown it in beer, while the rich woman shows hatred of her joy by strangling her babe in the womb. We must teach the child to love life, to love learning and doing, to love the exercise of his traditional power. For this gain no master offers such service as the Hand. Yet we kill it to grow learned and rich.

Let us now go back to our claims, (1) that the evolution of the race has consisted alike in the building up of energy, and in the discovery of faculty to use such energy; and (2) that the child enters upon this life as an epitome of his race's evolution, as a seed full of sleeping potency to find this energy and to give it expression. If these be granted, then the fulness of life must correspond with its means of expression. If also the argument is followed—that the inside world of power and outside world of deeds are inseparable, the one calling forth the other to the constant enlargement of the power within and of the influence without—then it becomes clear that every increase of faculty in doing things must be of ceaselessly growing advantage. For the faculties are the means of work and expression and enterprise. Great among them is the faculty of handcraft. Every item that gives means of expression, whether of feeling or thinking or doing, must be jealously guarded against starvation, no less than against the denial of work to be done. Man's first and only obligation is to give expression to the truth, the essential energy, within him in all its roundness of outlook. He is given life to portray the inspiration of love; he is given love to declare that life lives not save in service; he is given things to see, that he may find and express the truth of their nature which lies beyond seeing; he is given work to do that he may let the light shine in his own face and in the

things that he does. It cannot be that man or race shall lose the hand's service of work and faculty of expressing the life without man and race in large measure dying.

The purpose of education is not other than the purpose of life. Correspondingly, the intention of life cannot be other than the leading forth of the soul with its inheritance into the world to do what it must and may. Regarded thus, life, whether in the schoolroom or in the markets or in the home, may banish all fear. Each day accomplished ceases to be counted as one nearer holidays, one nearer a competency, or one nearer the grave. For each day has its own wealth won, its own grief uplifted. Each hour may stand for treasure stored, failure vanquished, sorrow glorified ; and every gain of strength in limb and knowledge, and of power in giving forth, has its eternal value.

CHAPTER V.

THE IMAGINATION AND THE SOUL.

(i.) *Man's Survival of his Evolution.*

WHICHEVER view we hold concerning the origin of Man, he is abundantly paradoxical in his inherent proclaiming of that origin. If we see in him a special creation, sprung immediately from the Almighty Fiat, how may we account for his fall? Did not the Creator declare his own work to be good? How, then, its imperfection? Or, if we find it more philosophical to look upon man as the product of evolution, how is it that his humanity of heart has survived the jungle-law of this very evolution? "We live in a world," says Blake, "in which man is by his nature the enemy of Man." * Yet man becomes man in spite of man.

Yet, however striking the paradox may be, we cannot be otherwise than evolutionists. By watching the processes of change to-day—the laws that govern rivers and glaciers, the sea's encroachings, and the yieldings of solid earth—we learn the way things went countless ages ago, how such laws combined to fashion the earth as we now know it, and to bury in time-ordered strata the relics of earliest creations. In like manner, from the pigeon-fancier's and gardener's lore, we have learned certain principles of heredity, and know something of how varieties and species came to

* *Jerusalem*, p. 43, l. 52.

people the earth. So, too, by our knowledge of life-forces to-day, must we reason concerning those same life-forces as they directed, or submitted to, the structural changes and functional developments that have resulted in Man as he now stands. The same physical forces of the environment, and the same energy of inheritance controlling the world he must live in, are still at work. And, as these forces are now making history, as they are now possibly still making Man, so have they ordered his earliest evolutions. Through recent ages we can study this history, we can mark the outward changes in Man. Searching in the lime-stone caves for the earliest evidences of man's presence upon earth, we find even then three or four races of such firm characteristics as count among men to-day; yet there seem to have been changes in comparatively short periods of time. In the later stone age a long-headed type of man with fine forehead, straight nose, and prominent chin, great stature and a brain capacity equal to or greater than that of most civilized peoples of to-day, gave place to a small round-headed type, though whether by natural extermination in sex-crossing and selection, or whether by more direct agency cannot be known. But the types still exist side by side in the different races of Europe, even now in contest with the environment and with one another for survival. The contest in the stone age was simpler, and perhaps it scarcely changed in mode of operation from age to age. Correspondingly the resulting modifications of type must have been slower. When recently a wooden statue was discovered in Egypt of one who had died six thousand years before, it resembled so strikingly the sheik of to-day that it was named by the workmen after their chief.* But

* "Lorsque, dan les fouilles dirigées par Mariette, de l'un des puits funéraires de la nécropole de Memphis sortit la célèbre statue de bois qui représente un personnage debout, tenant en main le bâton du commandement, les paysans de Sakkarah y reconnurent tout d'abord l'attitude et les

now the world moves faster, and new forces with strange incentives to life, strange abasements before their tyrannies, are upstarting. Possibly structural and functional modifications of type, which formerly had taken æons to effect, now appear and terrify us in the space of a lifetime. The strong-nosed men of even two centuries ago in England are giving place to a new type. The

> "Fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
> Within the walls of cities," *

the base excitements, the easy wage, the ignorance of the lilies of the field that are not Cæsar's, all these have conspired to produce a new type of vicious and coarse melancholy. The features of the rapidly increasing town-bred incompetents with large shapeless mouth, small eyes and nose, and general bluntness of feature, are surely evidence of degradation. Yet the forces that bring about these structural and character-made changes are the same forces that have written human history amidst its tumultuous yet slow evolutions, for better and worse, in ebb and flow. They are the same that now, like new and terrific cataclysmic overthrow, are rushing our race we know not whither. When we remember the tooth-and-claw contest for survival in which the biologist discovers so much virtue, and still see about us the enslaving of multitudes denied the true worth of life that the few in high places may scatter it to the winds, we know that the forces of evolution have always been fundamentally the same in mode of influence; and we marvel that man has survived his evolution. For this he has done in spite

traits de l'un des leurs, du dignitaire rustique qui commande les corvées et qui répartit entre les familles les taxes à percevoir. Un fellah s'écria, tout ébahi: '*le cheikh-el-beted!*' (le maire du village!) Les autres firent chorus, et la statue n'est plus connue au Caire que sous ce nom familier." *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*, par Perrot et Chipiez, 1882, tome i. p. 10.

* Wordsworth, *The Recluse*.

of the ape-law of old and the not different ways to-day of hooligans in slums and cynics in polite society : love and self-denial, faith and hope, still reign as a divine inheritance in the midst of mankind's perennial and daily overthrow. It is in this survival rather than in the operations of evolution, as these are counted by the scientific, that we find man's greatness, even although the triumph of material forces over the free spirit be more sinister than we understand.

Man has survived even his education, which for the most part is a further bungling with the laws of evolution. Though all may agree with Kant in his assertion that "behind education lies the great secret of the perfecting of human nature—the amelioration of the race," * the triumph of learning over brutality has always introduced new forms in which authority seeks yet again to coerce human energy within mechanical laws and lifeless virtues. It is because of our submission to this hypnotic tyranny that the real fruits of education are forgotten—

"Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,
And in the withered fields where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain." †

Even religion, to judge by the dry bones of its history, tells the same tale. Has she not, in the uprising of the Spirit against materialism and immoralities, constantly won victories, and because of her new-found strength sought to suppress freedom ? and has she not therefore fallen back into lifeless dogma, stupid condemnations, and, perhaps worse, into sleek-coated indifference and toleration ? To judge from historic evidences alone, whether in politics, enterprise, or religion, we cannot count many of their achievements creditable to our evolution. Still less, when we look upon the stunted lives, debauched spirits, forgotten

* Kant, *Paedagogik*, ix. 373.
† Blake's *Vala*, Night II. l. 400.

aims in three-fourths of our people at this time, can we see that our industrial and mechanical progress—not even when counting the magnificence of our hospitals and the multiplication of our lunatic asylums—bring honour to our understanding. Yet still, in Behmen's words, the Holy Spirit is at home in the world; still He speaks—

"The ghostly language of the ancient earth." *

And man survives; indeed he is everlastingly greater than his progress.

Even from the purely scientific standpoint we are clearly on wrong lines: the best we seek is adaptation to, rather than conquest of the environment. Apes may be the product of such-like trimming, but man is the outcome of victory. The contest with the environment is of course somewhat different now from what it was in the stone age, even if the principle is unchanged. The cave-dwellers' enemies were the hairy rhinoceros, the mammoth, the great cave-bear, the hyena; though their friends were probably as with us the horse and the reindeer. Now, however, our worst enemies are the cheapness of luxury, which lets man's energies sleep, and the Yellow Press, which bids him hold fear to his heart; while our blessings bring us less joy than cause for repentance. Yet, though the manner in which the forces of life operate may change, the forces themselves are the same to-day, yesterday, and in the stone age. We can understand what they meant in the past only by what we see that they mean to-day, whether as they operate upon the people at large or as they rule in our innermost selves. To us the present way of things—judging by the starved life that satisfies our multitudes—seems devoid of hope: unless we console ourselves with the edict of evolution that many are called while few are chosen; though, yet

* *Prelude*, II. I. 309.

again, as far as we can see, it is the ethically unfit who do actually inherit the earth. Anyway, man has survived all this horror of contention, greed, cruelty, even although failure is writ large in text-book history whenever he has set his ideals against brute success, and although his brotherhood with the ape is advertised as a triumphant discovery in our museums. Man has survived, and something more—he has evolved his humanity from out the seeming chaos of his evolution. He has found and held on to a most priceless gift of his increasing inheritance—the gift of love, the desire for freer life, the power of work for those aims that transcend mundanely utilitarian needs. The Holy Ghost has never slept: He is still inspiration to conflict, enemy of adaptation and trimming.

From which we may, and indeed must, conclude that the energy of life is spiritual power regnant throughout, and will survive this present time's disaster, as it has those disasters of old. Its meaning is hinted at only here and there in the histories of the past, just as the operation of furious physical forces are but hinted at in the rocks that cradled man's infancy. In the old turmoils that have made our England, as in the present-day ruin of her sons "barricadoed evermore," the Spirit moving over the face of the stormy waters is hard to discern. Yet this Spirit has hitherto survived in man and in his faith, and will survive. This Spirit is the power which has ordained the evolution of Man's greatness in spiritual deed and understanding. In spite of his jungle-evolution man is become. In spite of his present-day material disasters, he must therefore still be becoming. For Man still means love, freedom, work. Only when these are forgotten will his evolution on a scientific basis be accomplished; only then will the Kingdom of Heaven be proved an emotional absurdity.

Quite as remarkable perhaps as man's survival of

his evolution is the fact that boys and girls survive their school education; for, in spite of the many theoretical faiths as to the meaning of education, we still strive to suppress the individual enterprise as a stumbling-block to learning. To do so is perhaps necessary if we must submit to conventional ideas. For the life of almost every child is a more or less submissive protest against what he is compelled to learn and compelled not to. In theory all agree with Roger Ascham in his claim that "Libertie kindleth love; love refuseth no labor, and labor obteyneth whatsoever it seeketh."* But practically, whether priest or pedagogue, we look upon freedom as original sin, love as a useful sentiment to be disciplined, labour as the misfortune of the poor. Yet does the child still stand up for his ancient rights, in spite of his evolution and misteaching. He has survived them both, because, and only because, he is something greater than he knows, and holds an inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven.† He brings with him gifts that have grown strong in the very effort of survival, victories that do not always die even if starved by teaching and whipped into wisdom. But the starvation and whipping are sometimes so successful that the energy of life in very weariness fails. Then of a certainty will spring into vigour all those undesirable things of inheritance, which but for the starving of the ancestral virtues, could not survive a faithful education.

* *The Scholemaster*, Bell and Daldy, 1863, p. 25.

† "Paradise and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main—why should they be
A history only of departed things?
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly Universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day."
Wordsworth, Preface to *The Excursion*.

History is looked upon as justifying her ways, because man and his institutions have survived. But this is error, for neither history-books nor natural-history museums keep in their dry bones anything of the Spirit that has brought all things into being. Man has survived in spite of the records of failure, and because of that greater somewhat in him above those forces of evolution that know no purpose. How sounds it if one said, "Let us live, for yon churchyard gives news of love's triumph: let us live for our fathers lie buried!" To some this were as reasonable as to order reforms in the light of history, or to subdue the young life into passive obedience because our parents' real pedagogue was the birch. In spite of the birch they learned; because, perhaps, of the birch they found strength to bear in such wise that the Spirit was not quenched. It is in the Spirit of our evolution that we must still progress, and not in copying the dead limbs of its leavings.

(ii.) *The Imagination.*

Inseparable from this miraculous something in man which so persistently survives all disaster—and indeed makes of disaster, if it do not kill, food for its strengthening—we discover a certain subtle gift which, together with all ancestral treasures at one time and another, is commonly discounted as having no practical value in affairs.

"The spark of Divine Power," wrote Behmen, "falls into the centre of the forms of life as a spark into tinder, and kindles it, namely the fire, the earnest zeal of the soul . . . so that it glimmers. And when the light of Divine Power has kindled itself therein, the creature must go on as an instrument of God's spirit, and speak what the Spirit of God tells." *

* *Of True Resignation*, 1769, Chap. I. par. 25.

This spark of the Divine Power we call the Imagination. Among many who value it most highly it is held to be a gift most rare, and one that the gods most wisely entrust to only a chosen few. Those who know something of its worth curiously claim that unless it be of highest order, it brings with it such dangers that the commonalty are most certainly better without it. It is to them like the gift of beauty to a woman; it ought to be, and perhaps is to some, of noble service, though they think it fortunate that other men's daughters are spared its dangers. They forget that the human face is the fairest thing in all this world of beauty, and that but few are made without some beauty. It is a means of shining, a fair lamp that holds the light. According to the shining, rather than the outward form of the lamp, does it declare that something which we call beauty.

So it is with the imagination. Though rare as a perfect face, it is common to all. Though forgotten, neglected, suffered to be idle when needing help, scouted as rebellious when asserting its rights of service, it is that something in Man which not only has survived in him to keep him what he is, but has needed no help from schools, universities, or churches to rise from the sleep of ages in masterful strength. So remarkable is the indestructibility of the imagination by external forces, in spite of the

> "perpetual whirl
> Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
> To one identity, by differences
> That have no law, no meaning, and no end—
> Oppression, under which even highest minds
> Must labour, whence the strongest are not free," *

that we cannot but think it ineradicable. So long as life persists in the race, we find it asserting itself now here, in individual poets and teachers, now there, in a

* *Prelude*, VII. l. 725.

whole people's lore and songs. And this being true, we know that the faculty of Imagination must lie, whether awake or sleeping, wherever manhood still abides; that it is handed onwards from parent to child in untarnishable vigour, perhaps through a hundred generations before it awakens in one

> "who looks
> In steadiness, who hath among least things
> An under-sense of greatest." *

For this is the gift of the imagination—the native power of seeing through and not with the eye.† It is the common gift of all, even though parents and teachers ignore it. It is the priceless gift of such worth that, to those who use it, it brings under-sense of greatest things in least, a holding of deep joy in life and nature. The joy is not one merely of handling nature's pretty things in illustrative symbol and playful music. It is a joy that comes because in it we see the eternal meanings that knit together the whole universe in a harmony swelling and rising above the terrific discords that do so vulgarly swamp our hearing. It is because of the realness of this gift—a realness which those who have it will proclaim consciously or unconsciously with their very life's spirit and blood—that it has become essential to the education of this age, when uninspired intellect and work-saving machines and poisonous money, those enemies of traditional joy and sympathy, are looked upon as the only things worth living for.‡ For in

* *Prelude*, VII. l. 734.

† "This life's five windows of the soul
Distort the heavens from pole to pole,
And lead you to believe a lie
When you see with not through the eye."
W. Blake, *The Everlasting Gospel*, l. 97.

‡ "Roofing over with thorns and stems
The buried soul and all its gems."
W. Blake, *loc. cit.* l. 95.

all our strivings after the ideal we miss our point if they do not bring tangible and worthy results. The true idealist is altogether utilitarian—or he is an unpractical visionary, preaching a kingdom of heaven that, according to his own prophecy, is unreal. If we claim that the Imagination which every child somewhere possesses, can be educated—can, like the sleeping princess, be kissed into life—it is because this ancient inheritance, neither fed nor killed by any of our over-anxious pedagogue systems, does actually add so much to the power and sweetness of life. "It is," to quote Behmen again, "a simple and childlike way that leadeth to the highest wisdom. The world knows it not. You need not seek for wisdom in remote places or travel into strange countries for it. She standeth at the door of your soul and knocketh. . . . If the soul yield itself up to wisdom for a full possession, then she penetrates it with her flaming fire of love and unlocketh all mysteries to the soul."*

It is therefore that we must more explicitly estimate the meaning and offices of the Imagination.

To define it in phrase that shall fall in with the ideas I have sought to march through my argument, we may affirm that the Imagination is neither more nor less than the power of perceiving the law fundamental in all things that live in obedience. Yet it is not primarily intellectual, even if prolific of the keenest understanding. It is, what Blake calls the "innate Science," the power of seeing *through and not merely with* the eye, the faculty of knowing fundamental and common properties in things of life, without their being demonstrated by the scholar or proved by the logician. It is that power of knowing what life essentially means in virtue of the truth that we, who thus know, are ourselves that very same life. Thus we realize that the imagination is directly opposed to

* *The Epistles of Jacob Behmen*, 1649, 32nd Epistle, p. 200.

the mind of habit: for the one perceives of itself because it illuminates all it touches, calling forth, from the world without light that shall again awaken more understanding; while habit at its highest is but the correct and demonstrable mode of thought which admits of mathematical precision, and which should evoke the same line of criticism or praise from every well-trained intellect. To the imaginative, truth looks variously and equally truthfully to different souls. To the habit-ridden intellectual every phenomenon must declare plainly and invariably to each well-instructed mind the same unquestionable fact and law. The various truth revealed to the imaginative is creative of thought, creative of wide understanding, fulfilling life itself and all it means. The authorized facts, upon which the purely scientific take their stand, are stationary things, and those who stand upon them are fixed forever as signposts of unliving intellectual habit. They point with unanswerable insistence the roads men should take, but know not whither they lead. Wordsworth, speaking of the two states in his own mind, thus puts it:—

> "Roaming, I carried with me the same heart
> In truth, the degradation—howsoe'er
> Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,
> Of custom that prepares a partial scale
> In which the little oft outweighs the great;
> . . . . . .
> . . . . I shook the habit off
> Entirely and for ever, and again
> In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
> A sensitive being, a *creative* soul." *

Just as the ongoing spirit of man has survived his evolution—even out of his lack of educational advantages, as we consider them, actually producing the mind stored with an ancestral craving for knowledge and understanding—so does the imagination spring up phœnix-like from the ashes of system after system that

* *Prelude*, XII. ll. 192 and 204.

have their day and burn each other to the ground. Seemingly nothing is more easily quenched by the fooling of man than the "unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake," in which the child manifests its life. No child, indeed, arrives in the world without these flames —unless from his birth poisoned with beer and beatings—without a leaping spirit of native understanding to seek for the fulfilling of life, a piercing innate science as his very means of illumination. By his trusting overtures to the kindly environment he establishes a friendly footing ; and the distrust which, in its turn it would seem, must come in time—to be cast out only by increase of love—is long in asserting its office. The whole world, from the mother's heart to the sheep and the dog, the butterflies and flowers, are teeming with the significance of the child's own creating life. To him they all cry for fellowship, enterprise, increase in community of joy. The child is poet, creator ; for he absorbs into himself the spiritual meaning of all outward and visible signs, and knows how life must be lived in sympathy to make it joyful.

(iii.) *The Dominance of Reason.*

Very early in life does the invigoration and discipline of the imagination begin. Early indeed comes the lesson that this free spirit of increase, and of finding great joy in humble sympathies, must have its rule of life. The outward circumference of this energy that imagines, loves, creates, must be Reason, to use again Blake's phrase, or it will not be contained and cannot be put to definite, patiently persisting aims. To the average man—who has so successfully allowed the world's fooling to erect barricades of custom and habit and fear that shall safeguard him from the dangers of faith and spiritual enterprise—the earliest need in the

child's life is to make him understand that realities must take precedence of symbols, self-assertion of sympathy, bread-winning of charity, if he would live his life. Even when he admits that there be things of God's as well as things of Cæsar's, he will hold that the purpose of education is primarily to teach how to deal profitably with Cæsar's. And if he impresses the obligation to deal with these honestly as well as profitably, he thinks, forsooth! he is grounding the child in religion. The father, because perhaps he had a desperate hard struggle to feed the child, accepts Cæsar's ruling and fooling as the only inevitable facts in life; and, that he may stiffen and educate his child, he curbs his own broken-kneed Pegasus which pitifully stands for his youthful aspirations, and thereby hopes to secure for his child something more profitable than his own disappointed ideals. Yet his desire for the child gives him no vision. He cannot look in steadiness because he has lost the under-sense of greatest meanings lying hid in least things. So he, because hopelessly fooled, and all his world declaring to him that he is worse than a fool if he refuses submission to this fooling; because now a creature hypnotized into rigid habits and barricades of thought; instinctively sets about fooling the child out of a birthright old as the ultimate foundations of education. He hardly dare let the passionately imaginative child believe

> "that the godhead which is ours
> Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
> That nothing hath a natural right to last
> But equity and reason; that all else
> Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
> Lives only by variety of disease."*

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* *Prelude*, X. l. 203.

(iv.) *The Integrity of the Soul.*

It seems to me that the first essential to our realizing in its full truth the ascendency of the Imagination in life is to disabuse ourselves of the fallacy that man's mind or soul is a complex organization of many faculties, some of which perhaps can be quite happily dispensed with. This possibly becomes more necessary, seeing that the claims herein made for the Imagination may, actually in opposition to the intent, seem to represent it as purely abstract, having no influence over or claim upon concrete things, and as interchangeable with other abstract ideas, such as soul, love, creative power, subliminal consciousness, and so forth. Consequently, because many are so rightly desirous that their children be not fooled, and deliberately cultivate in them the higher gifts of admiration and wonder to this end, it becomes necessary to state scientifically what grounds there may be for believing in an integral spirit as the inspiration of all life's phenomena. I use the word *scientifically* with discretion, because I mean, and would have every imaginative thinker as well as every intellectual understand, that all evidences as we can deal with them, and indeed as they are dealt with—even in the laboratories of physiology—point to the same truth, from which we can never depart without disaster to our logic. Which truth is this, that life is the cause and not the consequence of organization, in John Hunter's words; that the body takes its form of the soul, in Spenser's words; that always, when great deeds and noble thoughts and potent self-denials have been given to the world, they came into being because of the Spirit's shining. It is the whole

purpose of poetry to make manifest this truth, and it should be no less the object of Science.

> "His pale wound-worn limbs
> Fell from Prometheus and the azure night
> Grew radiant with the glory of that form
> Which lives unchanged within." *

More will yet be said concerning the soul's permanent integrity in the chapter entitled *The Queen-sense*. In this place the desire is to justify the ancient conviction of its transcendency. Heraclitus of Ephesus used to insist that the central fire of life was the soul of every man. † The coal without the fire was the man trying to live by physical law—by bread—alone. Similarly, Jacob Behmen, the illiterate cobbler, taught that Adam before his fall was a luminous being, his body possessed by, held together by, his spiritual, divine nature; also that the Garden to him was, because of his own light, a place of absolute beauty—a revelation like himself, of the divine Presence. Behmen likened the spiritual in man to the glow of the red-hot iron—something permeating and giving the iron power, though the iron still kept its weight and its dimensions when deprived of its radiance.

Now, to illustrate and justify the belief that we are quite scientific in upholding spirit as creative of form and deed, let us consider again the lesson of one of those minute particles of protoplasmic life known as the

* Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, Act ii. Sc. i.

We find the whole argument epitomized in Blake's leaflet entitled *There is no Natural Religion*, though the title does not seem to hang with the aphorisms of which the leaflet consists. The first runs thus: "That the Poetic Genius is the true Man, and that the body or outward form of man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the ancients was called an Angel, Spirit, and Demon." The third also is particularly worth quoting: "No man can speak or write from his heart but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weakness of every individual." Most merciful satire, this!

† *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, F. D. Maurice, 1882, vol. i. p. 96.

Foraminifera (Fig. 1). Because of an inheritance drawn from long ages of experience and custom, it casts about its person an exquisite shell in ancient constancy of form, yet a form quite different from those of closely allied families no less obedient to æon-proved ideals. In itself it is quite devoid of structure, limbs, brain, or sense-organs. Yet it fulfils all those functions in life which we associate with any and every form of life: it eats and drinks, breathes and sleeps; it swims, chooses its food, casts away the indigestible; and it breeds. All these functions in higher animals are but elaborations of the minute offices of this structureless particle of protoplasm. Yet in the higher animals such functions, it is claimed by the physiologist and modern psychologist, result from the possession of brain organs, the physical operations of which induce their peculiar functions in manner like that in which certain chemical changes between the tallow of a candle and the oxygen of the air result in heat and light. All the vital functions are performed identically by each kind of foraminifer. If complexity of structure they have, it lies only in the shell they have cast about them; and they are clearly independent of this structure, which differs so widely in different kinds, for the functions that are common to all. Yet the shell, the shape by which we know them, must be the outward sign of some essential, ideally different nature in each. It expresses some radical difference somewhere in the spark of life that makes each shell of definite shape. But the structure gives no function; it is but the outcome of the originating idea. Our reason, instigated here by imagination, bids us understand that life is the cause and not the consequence of organization *; that life is the inspiration of function not primarily dependent upon structure. In other words, no creature performs this or that office because it has this or that organ.

* *Vide antea*, p. 35.

It comes to possess, on the other hand, structure and organs, legs and wings, eyes, ears, and brain, because life has need of them. By a process of perpetually increasing power in overcoming obstacles, failure by failure, success mounting upon success, life acquires the necessary organs for compelling the environment's service.

The word *function* has come to mean in the psychologist's use of it, neither more nor less than a consequence of brain activity. Thus in experimenting upon a monkey's brain laid bare, the stimulation into activity of one area will apparently induce the function of leg-control, or that of another area will induce a false impression of vision, hearing, and so forth. And certain psychologists consistently are living in hope that research into the brains of living animals will yet reveal exactly what region produces imagination, where indeed fancy is bred ; and what erratic exhibition of physical action produces the disordered function of a self-denial not justified by self-interest. They must claim that one man possesses a kindly nature because of a certain arrangement of cells in his brain's grey cortex.* They must logically give up for ever saying that another man is evilly disposed. Every characteristic is the outcome of a structural possession ; and if there be such a thing as a soul, it is a mere adventitious something which in itself is nothing beyond a power of possessing. And if they do not hold with a soul-

* I must be careful not to be misunderstood. There will always be a correspondence between character and structure, precisely as between function and organ. Quite probably the kindly nature corresponds with parental characteristics and with a certain arrangement of cells in the grey matter of the brain. Yet the character, whether inherited or acquired, dominates the structure. There is indeed some good evidence that the grey matter of the brain may actually undergo alteration of structure as the result of education, whether self-imposed or hypnotic. But, perhaps more likely, character will accrue from the awakening and use of hitherto sleeping potencies, with their corresponding sleeping cells, or rather, if you will, from the opening up of closed paths of communication between such cells.

theory, then, I suppose, the something which in itself is nothing depends upon the interaction of various functions upon one another—in flames, as it were, of many colours, which commingling induce that colourless white flame which means consciousness and the power of possessing. But even then the consciousness gives no power of doing aught, all actions being the result of combining oxygen with carbon and phosphorus, and so forth, in the brain's complex laboratory, which chemical actions are stimulated or liberated by such other functions as hunger, memory, habit, fear, and contentment. If we are too stupid or too wise to believe all this, they turn again to the evidences of disease and experiment. Does not the consciousness depart, they ask, in certain physical mishaps to the brain? Does not man's power wane as the nerve-cells of this grey cortex shrivel and die with age, alcoholism, and other like enemies? Are not such facts of every-day experience sufficient in themselves, even without scientific confirmation, to prove that man's active life, than which we know of no other, is entirely dependent upon these brain functions? Yet not one of such facts in smallest degree should shake our belief in the regnant soul that orders, directs, and lives. We do not for one moment doubt the soul's reality or its power of seeing because the eyes are destroyed. Indeed, blindness tells precisely the converse; namely, that while the eyes as means of communication are lost to the man, the power that made them see and made use of their seeing remains what it always was. It was this desire and power to see that in the course of the evolution, whether of race or child, made the eyes what they were; though this same power, having taken many ages to its work—ages which for the individual man were compressed into the microcosmic nine-months' span—cannot in a few days or even in many years replace the damaged or lost organ. So far indeed is any organ from being

the origin of function, that, in some creatures, a lost limb is actually regenerated, as in the crustaceans and many insects. Here most obviously the central energy, or soul of the animal, is the creative power. The lobster's function of grasping reigns so supreme to any mere structure it may have erected for the purpose, that the loss of this structure is of small importance. Yet, as far as I can ascertain, not even a lobster can regenerate a lost eye, though definite attempts at erecting a structure to replace it are made.

Man indeed has a power greater than the lobster's in control of his structures, though he cannot re-erect them when destroyed: he learns to do without them almost as well as with them. That soul-energy which was so dependent upon eyes for getting about, devotes its power to the higher development of other senses; so successfully, moreover, that the blind man educates his senses of touch, hearing and smell to righter perfection than we, who boast some half-dozen senses, dream to be possible. The central idea of what the soul needs and can do most truly declares for a power supreme to mere structure and physical function. To get understanding of this supremacy, we may read how Helen Keller, blind and deaf almost from birth, was educated to such perfection that her life now seems scarcely to lack the normal complement. In spite of the walling-up of the main gates of her citadel, she was educated, led forth, by a tender friend who searched for, found, and made practicable, the less important gates of touch and smell; and this in such true manner that her soul did actually find in her outside world the keys needed to unlock her storehouse of inheritance within. Indeed she seems from her writings to be actually fuller of the joy of life and spiritual understanding than most of her fellows.* We see also how Milton's prophetic and imaginative power increased

* *The World I Live In*, by Helen Keller. Hodder & Stoughton, 1908.

after his blindness—a triumph something greater than the lobster's remaking of a lost claw.

Or yet, again, if we still have doubts because of our dependence upon eyes for seeing, or upon cerebral cortex for memory and the transmission of thought; if we still think that, because in losing our eyes we lose also the power of seeing, we see only because we have eyes; if we think that because we are, say, chronic alcoholics and our thinking-cells are degenerate, we have no power of thought without these cells, let us recall yet again the story of the fertilized seed, how all the power of becoming flower and fruit lies in a microscopic particle of organless protoplasm. Surely this power of becoming is the mightiest of all functions, whether in the germ of man or that primal germ which began the whole story of evolution! This ancestral function of sleeping potency, which awakens when called upon into a power transcending all merely physical manifestations, is contained in a particle so small that it is invisible to the unaided eye, and no experimenting in the laboratory will show that its power depends upon structure or physical forces.

This dormant potency has doubtless its counterpart in physical phenomena, as for instance in the explosive power of gunpowder when, on putting a spark into its midst, its potential energy becomes kinetic. But here the potency is known, measurable and unalterable in its action. The power to be liberated can be definitely foretold while still it lies sleeping; and every atom of its matter, as well as every foot-pound of its kinetic energy, can be accounted for in work done.* But the sleeping power in the protoplasmic cell is not to be measured or its function foretold by analysis; and the

* "If vegetable or animal life shall ever be shown to be evolved from inorganic matter, it will be only because inorganic matter contains in it something more than that which we designate inorganic—viz. that latent capacity of self-development which becomes explicit in the plant or animal." —Principal Caird, *loc. cit.* p. 117.

kinetic energy for which it must account, is never done with, since it hands onward in indefinite increase its potential energy from one generation to another. Nor are any two potent germs of life quite alike in power, however closely identical are their physical properties. For, as we have seen of two physically identical germs, one contains the potency of a man, the other of a mouse, each of which will develop the same functions of life, with similar organs as their means of action. But clearly the laws of physics and dimensions can never account for their different value in potency. In life the less may contain the infinitely greater, because the measure of power is the measure of desire and need. If then, the power of the microscopic seed is such that it lives to proclaim the story of its species' triumph over the environment; if its power is illimitably handed on in increase to multifolding generations, which power, however, could do nothing without that seed for its means of work; it is perhaps easier to understand that the functions of a mighty mind may be but arrested by certain material obstacles. But as the seed represents a power that is not accounted for by its size or weight or composition or structure or storage of physical forces; as the power that gave seeing is not obliterated, though the function of seeing be destroyed with the eyes; so can we understand that man's power of thought is but put to sleep—permanently, perhaps, so long as he must cling to his habitation—by the poison of alcohol or a paralytic seizure.

For such an argument no quality of proof is claimed. It is but a parallel and co-ordered line of reasoning that may help us to understand those physical stumbling-blocks which would forbid our grasping the significance of life. In reasoning about life the things that belong to unliving matter scarcely count. The latter we weigh and analyze, enumerate and measure,

with absolute unquestionable accuracy; and by such evidences we prove that, within certain conditions, matter is indestructible, and that physical forces are interchangeable as well as permanent. But with life, we can neither weigh nor analyze, nor use the rule of numbers in our experiments with it; we can prove nothing, though our hearts may glory in a faith that is more powerful than all the certitude which makes an engineer dare build a Forth Bridge, or an astronomer foretell an eclipse. For Faith, although but an illogical evidence of Truth, is actually generative in vital energy, while certitude is at best but a knowledge of material limitations.

The Soul indeed is no other than the regnant power of desire that is not bounded by its dimensions or structure. Its very power is shown in its ability to go forth beyond its physical functions; in its gift of imagination, of finding the greatest meanings in the humblest needs; in its refusal, in a word, to be bound by the limitation of its own sense-organs and brain-functions. It must see through and not with the eye lest it be fooled into thinking the householder is represented by the house bequeathed him for his livelihood.

(v.) *A Parable of the Soul.*

Every Soul is prince of a citadel, within which he lives, and by means of which he concentrates his energy upon whatsoever work he wills. Some citadels are vast as great towns, some as small as cottages, though all are built upon one plan. Thus they all have many watch-towers from which the soul as ruler surveys the world around them. These towers surmount gates, some of entrance, some of outgoing. The rulers have many duties with the outside world, and in many directions; for it is ordered by the ancient laws of all such citadels that they be kept

busy, clean, and shining, so that their markets have constant and easy exchange with others, so that all may, by the outward appearance of the domes, and towers, and belfries, recognize one another from far and near, each as standing for the rule of a strong-souled prince. The towers and gates are all named after their special duties.

Let us consider the citadel of one such Prince. There are five main towers. Two are twin turrets of scent and savour. One is a watch-tower of light, another of touch, and a fifth of sound. There is, moreover, a central keep—in which burns ever an inextinguishable fire—dominating the five towers. Because it is not built of stones, and is known only by its light seen afar by the distant hills, some people deny its existence. To the central keep the prince retires when he would look beyond his own gates. He claims that, thanks to this keep, which somehow was erected by himself long before his consciousness awoke to any sense of its use, he has learned not only to see the nearer citadels of his brother princes, but also to understand much more than the height and range of his tower of vision accounts for. Indeed, he has discovered in himself a power of going right outside of his citadel in seeing, and of roaming even beyond the furthest hills, although he must at the same time still keep within his own walls.

Now this prince, because of his great inheritance of books that give him means of knowledge, and because of his spirit of enterprise awakened by touch with the world without, has become a scholar in things appertaining to life in general. He tells of a very minute yet orderly creature who has for its dwelling a mere net-like shell, dainty in beauty but not adorned with the towers and gates of human princes, and quite unfurnished within. It is known in the book-world as the Discorbina, though, like most

book-names it means but little (Fig. 14). This creature never leaves its shell, though it goes forth on expeditions, thrusting itself out at the network holes in all directions, just as it wills, to get food and air. But though it goes in and out in constant ray-like activity, it never leaves the shell. In like manner, though not in material form, does the great prince, whose life we are considering, declare that he goes to and fro in the world, visiting his neighbours, and exploring the hills of his horizon, though never leaving his own citadel. Nevertheless he comes back to it from his journeyings and stores up in his libraries and museums and gardens the things he has heard, learned and gathered. Only of his most distant wanderings has he any doubt when he returns. For when he has journeyed beyond those regions clearly seen from his tower of vision, and brings back to his thought-tower the truths he has found on the hills, they look something strange. Because of meanings in them not measured by the laws of his own walls and the daily life of his citadel; because, too, when he goes into his tower of vision he cannot get within their range, he sometimes doubts the significance of his far-fetched treasures.

But his little friend the *Discorbina*, in the simplicity of its life, gives much help in understanding the principle that underlies and overspreads the life of the great citadels. The prince comes to realize this: that while he is the master of seeing-towers and hearing-towers, of gateways that admit food for the body and mind and send forth goods of utterance; while he owns and is master of a most complex social system, where obedient slaves carry out his behests, arrange for the proper exchange of material goods, as well as for those subtle operations concerned in recording transactions and governing new duties in the light of their experiences; while he owns and orders all these structural wonders and the people who tend

them; he comes to realize that he himself is the life of them all, and that if he altogether leaves the citadel his people die, and the walls, the towers, the gates crumble into dust.

At night time the prince takes his rest. Then the gates and the towers are closed, the flags are furled, and the belfries are silent. Then there is no seeing or hearing by the prince; and the busy slaves of thought, memory and imagination, because the prince has withdrawn his power from them that he may rest, sleep also; except sometimes a few who, because he would be away, become unruly and will not let him have the perfect rest he needs; then he dreams. Some, too, must actually be awake all the night through to keep the bellows at work, the furnace burning, the great sparks flying that are necessary to the prince even while he sleeps.

Upon a time an enemy assailed his towers of vision in the night and they were destroyed. Many of his friends pitied him and kept aloof because they thought he could no longer keep his citadel bright. But by degrees they realized that his inability to see beyond his own walls did not affect the energy of his princeliness, and that by concentrating it in other directions he exhibited more real power of rule than they had dreamed possible. To his intimates he appeared to grow wider in thought and, even more easily than when his towers were intact, to take those strange excursions upon the hills whence cometh help, but whose existence are never *proved* to be different from the fleeting clouds.*

* "But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*."
Wordsworth, *Excursion*, I. l. 226.

Yet again did the enemy fall upon him to damage his citadel in truly hellish spite. For they rushed upon the stronghold on a dark night, and without beating down the main gateway, through which the prince had customarily reached his fellow-men, they somehow, probably by tampering with the guardians within, got access over the walls. They brought with them vast loads of rubbish wherewith they blocked up throughout its length the road that led from this great gate to the Prince's thought-tower. Thereafter he could never again go forth that gate. His servants, also, whose duty it was to carry on much intercourse between their citadel and those other citadels where dwelled the prince's friends—intercourse that they learned to effect as matter of memory and habit without troubling their prince when he sat in his thought-tower—these servants could do no work, and so died. Then, indeed, sadness fell upon the citadel. The belfries were silent and the domes ceased shining. But the walls, though now covered with ivy and mosses and lichens, stood as of old, as if to guard the silence within. The neighbouring princes cried out and said, "Alas! our brother is virtually dead. For he can never more either see us or speak with us." Yet he did not die, but fell into a partial sleep, his potent power withdrawn and quiescent, yet not the less a power because his means of using it was now denied him.

After partly sleeping thus for some years, through which he still could not leave his citadel, because it was a law that he should hold it as long as it could be held, the enemy once more made attack on this citadel, whose power of resistance was so much weakened. The walls were still too strong to assail, so they got at the very heart of its life by poisoning the wells. And then at last, as life was no more possible to the servants of the Prince, who still had the ordering

of them even while he slept, he withdrew entirely within himself in a sleep from which no earthly demands could awaken him. And the wall of that citadel then silently fell into dust, and the hillside on which it had stood, knew it no more. Then did some neighbouring princes declare that the Prince was dead because his walls, towers, and gates were crumbled into dust: though others, who loved him much, knew that the walls he had erected, even before he had awakened into understanding of his power to do this work, had now crumbled because he once more slept and could no longer uphold them. These knew that so great a power could not die. Yet even though the more scientific princes had never accounted for that power which once had controlled, and which departing had left nothing but a heap of dust behind, they could not believe in a soul, which they could not see, still living on in sleep; nor could they imagine how this soul might one day again awake with its old energy refreshed, and be created to greater possibilities and opportunities than it had ever known in its earthly citadel.

* * * * * *

How does all this bear upon the question of the imagination? In this way alone: that in the soul we have that which is supreme to structure and function. At the beginning of each individual life it awakens from a long sleep. During the brief dream of time that has passed since the amalgamation of its parental elements, the soul has been miraculously busy reconstructing its race's evolution, so that it starts the mundane life equipped with a vast inheritance, ready for that progressive enlargement, or rather for that further awakening, which means life's education. The parable means that while the soul is, beyond all question, dependent upon the organs and their functions for the doing of work, for seeing, thinking,

reasoning and so forth, it *has* power apart from these because it *is* the energy that has evolved them. It means that while the soul fills all space represented by its body, never leaving any one living cell of its physical representation, abiding everywhere because the life of everywhere, it yet can direct its attention as it will, or as is demanded, here and there, to vision, to hearing, to that weighing of stored-up impressions and emotions which is called thought. It means that, despite the ease with which this soul is led into habits of acquiescence with outside things and thoughts as they are found, it yet has power to rise above such habits of thinking and doing just as other men think and do, and to declare its supremacy. It means that in the soul is something which does and must survive all environmental conformings, all cruel compulsions to slavery, all seductive temptations to luxury and parasitism, and ever, in spite of them all, keeps some sort of lamp still burning. Its flame is the imagination. When this lamp burns more brightly it is seen of other souls that need more light; indeed, when thus seen, it kindles many darkened lamps in whom the possibilities of shining are but asleep. The imagination is that of which each child that is born has something wherewith to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of the people; only it lies sleeping in a manger and often is never awakened.

The imagination is more even than this: it is that which to some brings a great consciousness of the mystic union of all life, its mutual dependence and service, its essential oneness with the eternal Spirit that breathed over the surface of the formless waters and into man's nostrils. It is consciousness of its own mystic faith. Just as each microscopic person of the communities that build the sponge-palaces, each giving its life in its own particular and destined way, each without consciousness of the how and the

wherefore of its work, yet each obviously and necessarily inspired with a sense that somehow finds place with, fits into, the ideal design in which the palace is being created; so does the soul take part in a vast ideal edifice of which it sees nothing; so does it, when it awakes into imaginative life, see some dim wisdom of the eternal scheme ordering its duties. The soul's awakening into imaginative perception is the awakening into the mystic faith that passes all logic, proof and experiment. It is the *innate science* worth, to those who have learned its worth, more than all the evidences of the learned.

The soul's light, the manhood's imagination, is that something in the child which recognizes the shining light in all things living. It is the glad calling of voice to voice across the deeps of materialistic denials; across the graveyards of unserviceable ideals. It is that which makes the song of the birds, the colour of the flower, the smile of the baby and the voice of the prophet. It is, in a word, proof and justification of the glory of life, even as, because of our lifeless outlook, our uninspired education, our strife for the things of Cæsar, the light dies down in our heart and we sleep on the bed of our fooling. The imagination uplifts the living purpose; it is the will to do and become, the power to bear flowers and fruit as witnesses of Truth. To deny it its birthright of freedom is the doom of an insatiable anguish—

"When thought is closed in caverns, love shows roots in deepest hell." *

But if the soul never dies, so the power of its light will not die—not though it has slept from parent to child and to parent again through many generations. When at last it awakes in its splendour, then do we thank the gods that a poet, an artist, a singer is born yet again in these latter days that are always our own.

* W. Blake, *Vala*, Night V. l. 241.

The soul of man is that full and rounded life of the man that may look forth where it will from this or that point of its habitation to find Truth. For Truth is not to be defined as objective or subjective, not to be demonstrated from without or to be perceived from within. It is "within ourselves and takes no rise from outward things." The truth at once appears and is lived as soon as the torch of imagination sets light to the burning bush, and discovers from that moment that the bush has always been a-burning. Thereafter also that light which will never more lack oil, becomes inward, and the truth which we needed to discover without is really within ourselves. But as is the quality of our igniting torch so will be the quality of the bush's burning with rosy and upleaping or pallid and fluttering flame. "The establishment of Truth depends upon the destruction of Falsehood continually," insists Blake;* and the imagination, intent upon its labour for truth, will not rest until every dark window in the innermost keep is cleaned to let the light shine.

The imagination is a shining light which illuminates whatsoever it looks upon. Thus does the world without and the inheritance within look so variously to different minds. By how much the soul shall illuminate by so much will it understand. Thus also does it come about that the unlearned with imagination are more inspiring and prophetic to those who would humbly learn than the great scholars and retailers of serviceable facts who, lacking the light to inspire, infest most educational establishments, from nurseries to schools, from playgrounds to universities. The imagination is the light that lighteth every man which cometh into the world.

* *Jerusalem*, p. 55, l. 65.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SPECIALIZATION.

THREE dangers wait upon the physiologists' assumption that mind is an assembly of various functions, the outcome of definite action in certain specific localities in the brain. Such theory stands in strong contrast with the monistic theory of Spinoza and his followers, according to which, we may say, the life itself and the joy of life consist in an essentially indivisible energy. Something purely subjective, which we call life, is the cause of organization and function: a controlling energy of conscious striving for the realization of life, for the finding of the best possible Self, is that which apprehends the essential life.

The three dangers are these: (i.) Specialization of energy, (ii.) Living in artificially isolated compartments, and (iii.) The loss of that sense of joyful, wide-embracing desire for life which is the very antithesis to concentration of energy upon a special and transient issue. So important does it appear that these dangers be realized and combated that their nature must be studied somewhat minutely.

(i.) *The Dangers in Specialization.*

Quite early in life the educational convention of specialization is brought to bear upon the plastic brain and soul of the young. It is considered quite fortunate when a child at an early age shows some

paramount taste or interest in life.* Every careful parent, indeed, looks keenly for some special gift of inheritance, for the sake of cultivating it to the greater or less exclusion of other countervailing tendencies that have not so definitely asserted themselves.

Such a course is almost inevitable. It is praiseworthy, if the gift be clearly one that asserts itself with an authority not to be denied, one, moreover, that can be put to large uses in the command of many functions. It is, however, something equivocal when the particular faculty is but a trivial inclination urged into a dominant taste by the fosterings of suggestion and imitation. The course, be it altogether wise or partly foolish, is inevitable in every state of modern civilization, where the energies of life must be spent less on getting food and clothing than on securing an income to purchase things of no vital importance whatever.

But, apart from the absurdities of modern life, every community of beings banded together in a common interest exemplifies the need of specialization. In the humblest of all, the sponge cities, there is most definite and rigid specialization. Some individuals, as we have seen, sweep food in at the gates, and, beyond feeding themselves, never do other work. Some build the walls, some are scavengers, some police, some are devoted to family considerations. In ants and bees, though the perfection of individual organization and function is complete, the same devotion to the interests of the communal ideal is manifest, so that personal taste and opportunity are unknown. Indeed, in both these instances the perfection of the principle of specialization is reached only at the cost of individualism. In communities ranging higher in the scale of

* A father once with pride told me of his ten-year-old boy who could, every morning when he came down to breakfast, give him the *Times'* quotation of all important shares on the market. That child's career was early marked out for him; and now at Oxford he is deliberately and with a brilliant facility laying educational foundations for the building of a fortune.

evolution, while the co-operative life is no less perfect, specialization is less pronounced, presumably because the individual life owns a greater range of possibilities in the enjoyment of life.

In human societies—where perhaps for the first time in the story of evolution we find a spirit of rebellion against social edicts—the specialization of function is less rigid. Nevertheless, as the social instinct increases, as men more and more determinedly band themselves together in villages and towns, in guilds and factories, in professions and institutions, so with equal step does the need of submission to specialized work become manifest; until at last, in this day when our civilization is so perfectly welded and co-ordinated that only a vast moral upheaval can by any possibility break up its evils, we are approaching the condition desired by some ardent reformers, when system will be made perfect at the expense, as with ants and bees, of individuality. To win the bare necessities of life—which are so simple and sweet to get in more individual ways—a man must not only devote his mystic energy to one mode of work, such as carpentering, but he must chain this energy like a galley-slave to making, all his days, a leg only of one particular sort of table. Would he be a great surgeon, he must not only devote his life to studying disease, but he will make most money, and serve his neighbours best, by using his skill only for particular kinds of operations. He will, if he would be a zealous priest, not only renounce the devil and his works in a general way, but he must concentrate his life upon the saving of every sort of soul according to the tenets of his own particular sect. There is nothing else left us in work. "Man is becoming a man by profession," says Jean Paul Richter in scorn.*

From an intellectual standpoint, the concentration

* *Loc. cit.* § 12.

of the vital energy upon one faculty, so that the soul comes to have but little interest outside of that faculty, is clearly disastrous. If we would put the claim in its practical aspect, we need but remember the mental nemesis that awaits so many merchants and professional men when they retire from active work. The family and social life has not been of sufficient interest to save them from a perfectly disastrous specialization of their life's energy. The more complete the attainment of their end—be it a competency or a churchwardenship — by so much the more obviously is proclaimed the suicidal life they have hitherto led. For when the demands of his work are stopped, the man discovers that he had become so entirely identified with his narrow outlook of money-getting or hair-splitting or body-mending, that his life stops also.

As in the world at large, so in the school-life specialization of function is still most persistently practised; and this in spite of the now general creed of all thoughtful schoolmasters that the purpose of education is something more than the passing of examinations. In spite of their philosophical theories, they are still hypnotized by standards and systems, no less than by their own interests, into upholding the old fallacy concerning the supreme value of memory.* And judging by the many failures in the struggle for existence of those who once were the pride of their schools, one cannot but liken them to those merchants who, when they lay aside their faculty of making

* In every elementary or technical school, in the public schools and universities, the one function valued and encouraged and rewarded by all authorities is that of memory. Notwithstanding its nominal abolition by the Board of Education, *payment by results* still rules supreme; for the headmasters of the elementary schools have mostly attained their preferment by their successes under the older system of grants, while the competency of every teacher is still gauged chiefly by examination results. Similarly the private school and the coach are appraised by the perfection of their pupils' memory as tested by competitive examinations.

money, have nothing left to live by. In this specialization of memory to the exclusion of every sort of imaginative expression and of trust in the soul's native reason, notwithstanding also the fatigue of brain that so early prohibits the normal enterprise of youth, we see once again the tendency of pedagogues to believe that their own interests are necessarily those of their pupils, and that the path of least resistance is always the right one to pursue. It will generally be easier to teach the rule of three by rote than to make a boy understand its inevitableness. It will always be less arduous to make money by remembering the fluctuations of the money-market than by contributing through science and industry to the earth's fertility. To follow mechanically along the steel rails makes for speedier progress of a kind than tramping the forest and the mountain road; though there can be no question as to which is the more educative, which will better lead the boy out of his boyhood into his manhood, out of his manhood into the finding of his destined Self.

In the choice of a profession or pursuit for our boys and girls, the object of course must always be to secure the maximum good. For the most part it is held that the chief means of getting this good is to amass much goods. When, however, it is realized that wealth can purchase nothing but ease and more goods than can be used—that the real good of life is the freedom to go where the mind will and the profit which comes wherever service is rendered—then the specialization of life-energy to the storing of goods that are quite useless, or to stuffing the memory with things that are utilized only by spitting them out over an examination paper—as Huxley put it—is seen to have certain disadvantages.

The question throughout will ever be this: "Is the life to dominate the world? or is a richly upholstered

environment to hold the life in slavery? Specialization is invariably, even though its aspects are many, the devotion of the life-energy to merely material needs or to quite unserviceable means of forgetting its saner impulses. Its chief justification is technical excellence. Though the acquisition of the latter is to-day a necessity in every walk of life, unless we prefer starvation, the danger is no less real. By specialization the surgeon obtains mastery in a certain operation, which doubtless is to the advantage of certain sufferers. But there is as much danger of even a great specialist, just because of his skill, overestimating the patient's need of his services as there is, for instance, of a millionaire thinking the world beyond all things needs libraries because he so generously founds them.

Mere technical excellence can never be considered as intellectually or imaginatively educative: all artists must allow that it ever lies hungrily in wait for that very spirit of art which is striving for expression. Thus comes it that the untutored arts have commonly more of inspiration in them than the works of academicians. The old Surrey cottage is more admirable than a New York sky-scraper of fifty stories—even though the latter be truly an outward and visible sign of faith in mammon, and the former symbolizes no more than the spiritual grace of one who in olden days believed in the bounty of God. So folk-songs are often more spontaneously expressive of deep emotion and the sweeter joys of life than is possible in more highly organized symphonies.*

* Tolstoy, in deprecating "the obscure, almost unhealthy excitement" (*What is Art?* p. 147) of Beethoven's later works in contrast with the "simple, clear, and powerful music" of folk-songs, is forcing a conclusion which is not logical for the sake of a truth which he makes obvious enough without such straining. The cottage home may in its beauty better express the domestic joys than can a palace, be it ever so princely; but this fact does in no way detract from the Gothic cathedral's symbolic grandeur.

Everywhere is the same truth proclaimed, that the concentration of the life upon technical, specialized perfection, is entirely inimical to the imagination—however much the latter needs technical skill for its portrayal. One is inclined to affirm that it is only men and women of highest genius that dare risk the dangers of education; for with these technical perfection is but body to the soul that makes it, instead of a mechanism to swamp those souls who cannot create bodies of their own.

It may be objected that the days of untutored excellence are long since vanished, and that now the object of art can be attained only by specializing technical skill. In a measure this is true. The peasant, however ignorant he be, is no longer untutored; for he is beset on all hands by enemies of imagination. These enemies are the barbarous beliefs of the prosperous that the cheapest things are the best for the poor; that the most expensive are the gifts of the gods; that art consists in making things look different from what they are; that wealth is proof of merit; and so forth. The effect of such beliefs is quite terrible; for their incessant and heavy pounding hypnotizes not only the rich themselves, but, worse, the poor. The agricultural labourer now lives in a villa, which is not a habitation at all but a mere abomination of discomfort. He is hypnotized by the city's estimate of life, and soon consents with the belief that it is finer, to use Ruskin's figure again, to ride over other people's fields than to plough his own. He becomes dominated by the same trivialities of life that kill his masters, though his nearer touch with the soil and its growing things probably keeps open some door to imaginative understanding. But Art is now as alien to him as to the average peer. For a peasant to think a cottage with a corrugated iron roof and petticoated windows is fit to live in, is almost as stupid as to imagine

that a picture-gallery of old masters implies refinement in its possessor. The same holds true for music. The rich have set the example for the poor to copy. Less able to produce than the simply nurtured,* the one idea of their privileges being that the world is under obligation to save them the trouble of living, they, instead of singing spontaneously to express their joy in the duties of life, pay others to compose and sing for their amusement. The peasant obeys the tyrannical suggestions of the rich. He is ceasing to sing as he has ceased to build cottages; but, still needing music as he needs a roof over his head, he adopts the vile tunes of the cities in the same helplessness that he copies the sickly ostentatious houses of its suburbs. Indeed a gramophone, even in the country, has become more necessary in setting up house than a cradle. The peasant has forgotten his folk-songs and dances; yet he needs must flock to the towns to hear buffoons sing the music of impiety and to see ballet-girls distort themselves into ridiculous indecency. For this, too, must he thank those who are primarily responsible for the almost unassailable doctrine of mammon that the best things of life can be bought: whereas many do know that the best things are love that will encourage energy; energy that must make and create for those who need; duty that knows no sin in joy, nor folly in art her happy child.

In purely intellectual or mechanical pursuits, as distinguished from the services of the life itself—such as art, song and handicrafts—specialization and technical excellence would appear to be absolutely essential. But in these pursuits some other end than the good and joy of life are sought; and often, if not generally, it is taken for granted that learning and industrialism are ends in themselves to which life may be quite religiously enslaved and even sacrificed.

* *Vide* Appendix I, on *The Sterility of Surfeit.*

In scientific study also this specializing of the work is so advantageous to material prosperity that it seems necessary, while from the socialistic creed's standpoint, beyond all, it is justifiable and inevitable.

Notwithstanding, however, the seeming inevitableness of specialism, the danger to the individual is quite real; and when once it is understood, it becomes possible in a measure to circumvent it. Indeed, the dividing up of Society into trades and professions and crafts is itself a casting of men into grooves, and is, with all its dangers, the very basis of the social life. Like everything that concerns life the intention is good; like everything that concerns life the prostitution of the good intent leads to increasing harm. Thus if one man whose bent is, say woodcraft, devotes his time to it chiefly, and another, whose gift is the fashioning of iron, devotes his time to it chiefly, each works better and quicker, and the gain to both and to the community is undeniable. Here the good intent is for better quality in the work, and more leisure for putting spirit into its art. More than this, both craftsmen get leisure justly earned for those pursuits which give recreation to life—pursuits of study, of public life, of play, and of devotion to the family and the brother man. It must be remembered, too, that within the limits of any fine craft there is offered infinite opportunity for growth of taste and skill. There is all the difference between a blacksmith and a chainmaker, between a carpenter and the maker of only legs for one particular sort of table.

But, on the other hand, modern industrialism, which holds that no man is a good workman till he has lost all fine sense of his craft's worth, results in the evil which comes from prostitutions of every kind. By prostitution is meant the use of energy to the obtaining of other ends than those naturally intended. The

evil is this: that the product of putting gifts to wrong uses acts in diametric opposition to the original intent of such gifts. Thus, unless we hold with the pedant who seeks to pursue science regardless of any good to be won, or who knows so little of the meaning of art that he seeks to follow it for its own sake, we must claim that the object of both science and art is the welfare of man. But if we tie ourselves down to certain narrow departments of science because thereby much money can be made, we are in danger of looking upon our work with narrowest vision; of growing regardless of the fact that most of our inventions bring money to ourselves and the public by showing how to dispense with the very means of honest physiological livelihood, with, that is, the use of hand and limb in obedience to fundamental needs of blood and brain, heart and soul. Thus do we seek to benefit the state and the race at the cost of the individual man's vitality. No one has yet openly claimed that what is bad for the man is good for society. We have abundant reason for doubting if industrialism, the product of specialization, has benefited the human race, even though it has made possible the herding of vast populations in small spaces. The specialist's skill in circumventing disease also is beneficial rather, perhaps, because it consists in setting a thief to catch a thief, than because it directly increases that fine energy of life which alone is competent to conquer disease. The policeman does not raise the morality of society by capturing burglars. The mechanicalizing of life is of no more real advantage to the race than is the prostituting of thought and imagination to the exigencies of memory profitable to the individual. It is better that a boy learn how to work than how to be saved from work; it is better for a boy slowly to think out a rule-of-three sum than quickly to work it by a short cut in which he sees no meaning.

But, it will wisely be objected that we must, in choosing our son's career, take him as we find him. If he incline to cleverness with his hands, why tax his brains? If he incline to mathematics, why not see in what walk of life this gift can be put to best account? If he loves the sea or the country, why not make a sailor or a farmer of him? Even Ruskin tells us that in the schools of St. George sailors will not learn botany nor peasants astronomy. We should be justified in such limitations if our only object in education were to make a mere commercial or professional success of a boy. But, even if this sort of success be desirable, the preparation for it gives but "an education which shall keep a good coat on my son's back; which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitor's bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead to 'advancement in life'; this we pray for on bent knees, and this is all we pray for." *

So that the question arises whether we must actually take either man or boy merely as we find him; whether we should not rather take him according to the possibilities lying within him and awaken these possibilities into living power. May it not be a finer education to seek for the buried gifts that will counterbalance those surface, facile, gifts which, readily assenting to forced growth, imprison the soul in stony dimensions?

Taking a man as we find him is to think that the physiognomy, moulded by the coarse thumb of the environment working upon the plastic clay, represents all that is of worth in man's character; whereas the soul's indivisibility implies essential genius as well as plasticity—a primeval power of moulding from within as well as response to environmental compellings. If

* *Sesame and Lilies*, § 42.

a man's genius is wholly hypnotized into sleep by the world's cruel, perennially repeated suggestions of the infallibility of material valuations, then he certainly ceases to believe in his genius or to hope for his freedom. To believe that a man is chained is to chain him. To believe in his virtue of freedom is to set him looking if there be not some virtue in him. Disbelief in the life, or to believe only in its concrete skill in its special slavery, is to deny the Holy Ghost—the one unpardonable sin.

To say that we must take people as they are is almost an insult to humanity: to conduct ourselves towards them as though they actually were what they might be, is to believe in man. To take them as they are, is to attribute to their shortcomings higher practical worth than their rarer times of virtue. To take them as they are, is to foster their belief in themselves; to take them as they might be—to value them according to their genius—is to make them believe in God. "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth." *

That which comes to lose all potent share in our own being grows unintelligible, unimaginable. If man had no virtue as an essential part of his nature, then could he never believe in or hope for virtue. It is because we have in us some possibility—even if at present sleeping—of the better love, that we can conceive of and admire heroism, martyrdom, devotion, even though, in ourselves, they lie sleeping beneath the mundane shell.† A man's faith is the measure of his soul. Everything we desire is somehow part of ourselves, and it is our genius, with its imaginative eye, which brings desire before us. The things of the past are our inheritance, for they have made us

* W. Blake, *Proverbs in Hell.*

† For evidences of this truth, see *Broken Earthenware*, by Harold Begbie, or *Miracles*, par La Maréchale, L'Armée du Salut, Paris, 1896.

what we are: they are indeed part of our very nature. Thus it is also that old things of beauty which have outlived destruction are dear to us as symbols of those years that have made us and entered into our present being. Our genius is the candle in the dark past. So we crave for the things of the present just so far as they are essential, or so far as we have made them seemingly essential, to our being. Our genius points the oneness of all desiring and desired things. Even the future, in which we live more truly than our limitations allow us to realize, is part of us. It is nothing but our genius that bids us unfurl, in opposition to all reasoning and experience, the banner of our unknown destiny. Everything we desire is part of ourselves: it is acclaimed by that very genius which bids us arise. We even become what we behold because we have that in us which is the counterpart of things beheld. Our genius cannot be quit of our nature, nor of sins which are part of our bygone inherited days. We can nohow be different from our nature—unless we arise. The miser hungers for gold that he cannot use because he has deceived himself into thinking that great store of money is essential to his life. He thinks gold and must have it, because he has in measure become it, and his genius is paralyzed. The baby hungers for his mother's breasts because his nature and his mother's are one: his need is her giving: both are the passion of life which must grow and arise. The lover hungers for his mistress because their nature is together inspired—yet all unconsciously—by the race's prospective needs. So we hunger for life and health because they are essential in our nature; we fear death because death has no meaning within us. We cling to the hope of immortality because life is immortal. Genuis is with us all, ever greater than understanding. Genius is of eternity, intellect is of time.

All of which apparent divergence from the topic of specialization is deliberately put before the reader to widen his conception of the imaginating genius of man as a larger and commoner entity than the rewards of specialization can reasonably accredit. Idealism, says the man of the world, does not pay. Realism if turned to wise uses brings fortune. But fortune, that man of the world who is not quite blind admits, does not bring joy or love, but only increase of hunger that is never appeased. On the other hand the greatest idealists for ever tell us that the meaning of the kingdom of Heaven that is within, is the attainment of "joy its own security" and peace that passes understanding. But these cannot be shown or experimented with; they can only be found and proved. They are hungered for by the imagination.

So that we are quite practical in claiming that specialization, if advocated as more than an expediency, stands in the way of reaping and storing and sowing again the riches of our inheritance. We are only conforming with the experience of the wisest when we urge that no child shall be turned into a competitive machine, and that no man shall allow himself to be given to one pursuit or study without estimating the danger therein and seeking for some countervailing pursuit or study which may feed his deeper understanding. Without for a moment suggesting that versatility is to be encouraged for itself (indeed it often appears as the very enemy of such reasonable specialization as shall be advantageous to the community without being disastrous to the individual), it does seem to be desirable that a man should have several occupations in life, and something more than unprofitable hobbies. If he be an artist let him no less be a naturalist, as was Ruskin; if a physician then a poet, as was Goldsmith; if a bootmaker then a seer of visions, as was Behmen; if of the cult of hereditary

Fig. 15 (p. 159).—Carved Norwegian Bowl.

Fig. 16 (p. 159).—A Norwegian Chair, cut in one piece from a Tree-Trunk.

legislators then a revolutionary, as was Byron; and so forth.

No one who has seen anything of healthy peasant life—not often to be seen now in our own country—can doubt the fine intellectual development of a man whose every energy is devoted to supplying all the needs of the home. The Highland crofter not many years since was alike a thinker and doer, finely educated in mind and hand. He was strong with his plough, great with his song. He was shepherd—in itself a noble calling—fisherman, and carpenter. I think, too, he wove of winter nights; most certainly he read his Testament in Greek. His imagination and love of beauty are epitomized as national gifts in Ossian. His fidelity to Church and wife and children, no less than his passionate griefs, all witness the depths of his inheritance. One thing alone his genius cannot rise above—the doom of industrialism. Deprive the Celt of his outlook upon the hills and the dignity of hand-service, and his degradation in city life is more dreadful than that even of the Saxon.

The Norwegian peasant landowner is perhaps an even more remarkable instance of how the man best finds himself by expressing his genius in craftsmanship of every kind. His life is his education. He sees one lesson surrounding his life—that of man's supremacy to the overwhelming tyranny of storm and flood and avalanche. Yet the terrible winters and the ever-present dangers that surround his mountain home make it more necessary that he be one with Nature; and, as she in the victory of her life over matter shines ever in forms of beauty, so he in the triumph of his handicrafts must let the light shine in whatever he makes. His tables and chairs, his coffers and bowls, he adorns with carving and colour (Figs. 15 and 16). His weavings are strong and gay. His boats are wonders of strength and beauty. And his children delight in

sharing the burden and hope of their parents. While parents thus find joy in their work, the children find, in sharing the parents' labour, their own joyfullest play.*

Last, but not least, in pointing the educational value of multifold handcraft, must not be forgotten this fact, that the countryman, with what has been so aptly called the *country-heart*, instinctively believes in God; while the slave of industrialism, notwithstanding the so-called educational advantages of a ha'penny press, is very commonly a socialist, an agnostic or worse. That man, whose simple life compels belief in the sufficiency of the life that is given, cannot do other than find God; in seeking for God in the home as on the everlasting hills, he finds his own life by giving it away in that inspired service which is no other than a radiant art.

"Art," says that passionate and most logical believer in the redemption of man through the restoration of his hand to its old dignity, Godfrey Blount, "Art is that aspect of Political Economy which treats of the relation of man's imagination to his labour, and is only justifiable when, like every other science, it aims at the improvement of humanity, and is based upon some conception of moral law, by obedience to, or betrayal of which, its works must be considered true or false." †

And Thoreau: "We have built for this world a family mansion, and for the next a family tomb. The best works of art are the expression of man's struggle to free himself from this condition, but the effect of our art is merely to make this low state comfortable and that high estate to be forgotten." ‡

* *Vide Modern Painters*, Vol. V. p. 333, footnote, a very finely reasoned preference for the ploughman and the education of his children.

† *What is Art?* by Godfrey Blount. Fifield, 1899, p. 9.

‡ *Walden*, Scott Library, p. 36.

(ii.) *The Danger of Living in Compartments.*

It will have been gathered by this time, though the idea has not been formulated in so many words, that the essential distinction between vital energy of life and physical energy of matter, lies in this, that, whereas the latter comprises attributes of every kind that imply dimensions and limitations—measurement, weight, fixed equivalent in the interchangeable forms of motion such as heat, electricity, and so forth; life, while subject to law no less than matter, has in its peculiar attributes and limitations never yet been defined on a physical basis. If matter cannot conceivably possess other than three dimensions, Life may be said to possess either none at all, or, at any rate, conceivably more than three. We may well claim that a fourth dimension is found in evolutional growth, which dimension in itself is but a faculty of scorning the limit of dimensions.

Dimensions imply confinement and fixity and inertia. The laws which govern mathematics, logic, and pure intellect are no less fixed and unassailable than are those of matter. Yet as life is dominant of physical law, so imagination and genius, which are scarcely separable in concept, are supreme to, indeed must vitalize, mathematics, logic, and intellect. What life is to the ponderable body, so genius is to apodeictic logic. At the same time it cannot be denied that the supremacy of imagination to the facts of mere intellectual perception may, while giving the poet his justification, involve any and every sort of paradoxical distraction. That curious, irrational commingling of fact with imaginative disregard of fact which brings us to the border-line separating sanity from madness, may arise either from lack of logical instinct and intellectual responsibility or, perhaps oftener, from a quite sublime refusal of intellectual bondage. Such mental attitude

is so disconcerting to the man of well-ordered intellect that it either renders him logically helpless, or, if he be a humourist with better grasp of mere intellect's inefficiency, it so pleases his aboriginal sense of paradox that he is reduced to laughter. Laughter is but the expression of delight in the ease with which reason and law are apparently convicted of inefficiency; and imaginative disregard of fact, however simple-minded or partly insane it may appear, must often be excited by a transcendental and instinctive perception of frailty in reason's exactions. Thus when the Irishman declared that "you can't be in two places at the same time—*unless you're a bird*," we may conclude that he had some quick vision of conditions in which it was quite possible to be precisely in two places at the same time. He might be judged as either poet of philosophic mind or wit of delicious perspicacity, or nondescript of intellectual irresponsibility. In any of these three cases, *the mundane shell finishes where the lark mounts.* As the bird, supreme to gravitation, can uplift its heavy body, so does it metaphorically live at once in the place of material dimensions and the place of spiritual freedom. The Celtic imagination discovers a certain realism in paradox, and knows that the discovery is abundantly justified at any rate in that realm where dimensions savour of absurdity.*

Whether poet, humourist or fool, the Irishman's praise or condemnation rest upon a native contempt for the cold corpses of fact. If he be poet or humourist, he understands what justification there is in such contempt; if he be only a fool, then, in his inability to regard facts as realities, we discover something lacking in intellectual vigour. In any case we love him.

Our Irishman's absurdity in any case is quite justified in its sublimity; and we find in it some enlightenment

* It may prove serviceable to recall these points in considering the subject of Chapter IX., *On Faith and Recreation.*

of the question immediately before us. Almost the only moral feat that is obligatory upon man is that of never being in only one place at a time. The actual danger of modern life—scientific, artistic, industrial—lies in its insistence that man shall never leave the place to which he is chained. The greater perfection he attain in any departmental work, especially if the perfection be technical, the greater the danger of his missing that width of outlook which we find in the sanely large-hearted. More particularly does this departmental life blunt a man's sense of transcendental meaning in things. He comes to believe with the average man—essentially a sceptic, his superstitions, religious and otherwise, notwithstanding—that you cannot be in two places at the same time, *not even if you are a bird.* Indeed, the very first obligation imposed upon man was precisely that he should learn to be in two places at one and the same time. Was not Adam bidden to enjoy the fruits of the garden and to remember concurrently that the most desirable fruit of all lay under a divine prohibition? Was he not thus instructed how at once to obey his instincts and to deny himself? Was he not thus to get news of another significance in life, irrational, non-utilitarian, non-ethical, yet, even if accepted in ignorance, to be understood some day as no less than divinely sane? Was not such command the very ground upon which he had to master the marriage of the temporal with the eternal, the body with the spirit, the reason with the imagination; the very ground upon which he must discover the truth that imprisonment in mental compartments of reason and evidences, or even of right and necessary instincts, is disastrous to the light of the higher understanding.

Indeed, the education of a man's lifetime surely means nothing but the enlarging of his observations and of his power of deduction from these observations. It means his ability to weigh one set of evidences with

another—which in itself is no other than the ability to hold the consciousness fixed equally upon two opposing claims at one and the same time. The wise man looks not first at one pan and then at the other of his scale—unless he would prejudge the issue. His consciousness, on the contrary, in the act of weighing implies his simultaneous devotion to two opposing claims upon him. His consciousness lives at once, if he be an artist, in his excellence of technique and the instructions of his imagination; if he be a surgeon, in his skill of operating and in the significance of his mutilations in their æsthetic and moral aspects; if he be a priest, in his zeal for the justification of God and his obligation to mend the world's ways; and so forth. It is in such power of justice that we find evidence of the larger education. On the other hand, it is in the devotion of the life's energy to one or other pan of the scale that disaster lies. If the painter gives his whole soul to the schools, if the surgeon becomes enamoured of his knife, if the priest becomes a monk, then each is wilfully living in a circumscribed doom of his own making, without atmosphere, outlook, or purpose beyond such as can be told in three silly dimensions. The finding of the Self is possible only in the forgetting of self; and the forgetting of self is not possible so long as a man lives nowhere but where he is.

The dangers of devotion to specialism are more subtle than is imagined, and are by no means removed by the attempt, however conscientious, to serve two or more masters. A man may spend his life, and not without a fine integrity, in diligent heaping of the scales, but with eyes so intent upon one or other pan that he becomes steadily less able to include the two in a singleness of vision. He becomes unable to live in two habitations at the same time because he never lets himself get away from the tyranny of three

dimensions. "There are some very cultivated men," said Richter, "who split themselves in opposite directions towards heaven and hell, as a salamander cut in two runs forward with its front, backwards with its hind part." * I have among my friends one quite disastrous example of this disunity. He is gifted with an imagination of really creative potency, and no less is greatly respected in the commercial world because few benefit in his dealings as certainly as himself. None in Mark Lane dream him to be a mystic; none in listening to his inspired talk in his own library would believe he could drive a hard bargain. Though this man is in gifts exceptional, he still favours the easier way of doing but one thing at a time. Most people will indeed advocate it. You cannot, they say, mix religion and science, nor art and utility, nor business and pleasure. Yet a little comprehension of life lets one see that faith and understanding go so well together that they cannot be separated without sorrow to both; that beauty and service are but soul and body; that work and joy, like the candle and its flame, cannot be divorced without death to their common intent. Nor, in spite of all evidences and opinions to the contrary, can this separate devotion to special functions be beneficial in high meaning even to the functions themselves. My friend of mystic mind and grasping hand would perhaps make less money if, upon his dealings in the produce market, he cast some light from his higher understanding; and no man talks better than he of the joy in service and the limits of money's worth. But he would certainly be honester, as honesty is counted in another place than the City, if he always understood that no transaction holds good unless buyer and seller are equal gainers and thus discover something of love for which they had not bargained. Correspondingly my friend's

* *Levana*, Bohn, § 33.

mysticism would be less weird and his imagination more productive of lasting good, could he but realize, when speaking of the Heavenly Host, how his own work on the produce exchange, in bringing the kindly fruits of the earth to the homes of his brother men, depends primarily upon the mother Earth's mystic beneficence, and how these fruits therefore are equally the due of all men. The two masters are honestly served only when made servants to a higher.

It must not be imagined that any assertion is here made of the impossibility of living honestly and even devotedly in compartmental method. It is more or less universal, and inevitably so, among both good and selfish people. The question is how much more completely, or how much less, this mode of life is followed. The higher education of the man consists in an ever-increasing claim upon his native gift of evolution. This higher education can never be won by the exaggerated development of one mental function any more than it can be advanced by purely technical instruction. It may or may not be true that the giraffe has achieved its ungainly neck by encouraging an appetite for the leaves of tall tress; but if it be true, this devotion of its life energy to one main idea has happily not obscured the need of walking from tree to tree. Consequently the giraffe has not lost its legs; and although its neck may be ungainly in the eyes of a hippopotamus, which has fostered a different ideal of beauty and specialized the toughening of its skin, the giraffe's pride of neck is not wholly absurd. As a matter of fact nature provides against such racial specialization of gifts becoming ridiculous; and no devotion to a family ambition has yet evolved a one-legged creature, because none of the pioneers of such distinction could have survived the earlier steps in its attainment. Similarly the logical outcome of the human tendency to specialism in functions and gifts

will never be reached, because perfection in the method would lead to extinction. Yet industrial life in the cities assuredly and inevitably exterminates its representatives in a few generations.

This accusation, that the tendency of the age is to narrow interests and mental powers, must sound strange to every one who runs as he reads the news of the day, and has no time to take note of the writing on the wall. For if there is one faculty rather than another upon which your average man prides himself, it is that of wide-mindedness. But there is a species of wide-mindedness which has become possible only in its shallowness; its extent of operation is directly proportional to its poverty of intent. To the average man breadth of vision has become synonymous with moral toleration, and the one article of his religious creed for which he is prepared to go to the stake is this, that *the devil is never so black as he's painted.* In this sort of fair judging he has lost power of concentration of thought. In place of prostituting his power of concentration into specialism, he prostitutes his power of just dealing with his gifts into a diffusive approbation of everything that is. His soul, in coming forth from its dungeon, is losing its home: instead of narrowing his soul to a pin-point, he is spreading it out into gossamer for every wind to play with.* Right use in concentration gives alike depth and width in the possibility of life, just as the wise marrying of logic with imagination, service with beauty, prudence with charity, can do no otherwise than breed new children of thought and hope and faithfulness.

* "Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away!"

Thus ran the line in the edition of 1800 of Wordsworth's *The Poet's Epitaph*, but it was altered because of Charles Lamb's criticism.

Though reason and law are the very basis upon which intelligence must ever rely, the finely educated man has discovered to himself a certain truth, which is this: that while reason is necessarily subservient to law and its circumscriptions as regards things of the physical world—things, that is, of three dimensions—reason must ever admit the insufficiency of that law for illuminating things of life that are immeasurable, unweighable.

Yet we must not blame science entirely for originating the tendency to live in physical compartments and to look upon life from narrow windows. The tendency to find logical explanation of phenomena, and to define such explanation in terms of law, is essential in man. Follows from such intellectual enterprise the desire to treat similarly the mysteries of life. Although these cannot be handled and measured and experimented with, man has ever sought, as it were, to surmount the impossibility of circumscribing these mysteries; and he welcomes conclusions based upon evidences which he knows would not hold in physics. He becomes a doctrinaire and seeks to confine truth within the compass of three dimensions. To be a doctrinaire is to judge of life from the specialist's standpoint; it is to look at truth from one aspect only, instead of living in it and submitting to its ever-enlarging guidance.

The whole meaning of intellectual education in its higher sense is enlargement of the mind beyond the confines of doctrine, mundane utility and technical advantage; beyond the fascinations that concentration offers; beyond even the ethical considerations of service rendered and good accepted in exchange. These all imply dimensions and measurements and material equivalents. But the higher education is the feeding in pastures where nothing is consumed, where the grass is even taller and greener and sweeter the

closer it is cropped. Indeed every uplifted soul of a man is such green pasture; and in the kingdom, where pastures are not property, all men feed upon one another's demesnes and all grow richer. Learning may have its dimensions, but the inborn energy of man, to which learning gives courage of growth, has never been defined. "*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*," said Horace; and our Science has entirely endorsed his prophetic utterance.

This tendency to live in compartments, this stunting of the power of looking at two pans of the scale in a singleness of comprehension, is responsible for the paradox, the absurdity, of so many good men's lives, who, while genuinely believing in the Soul of man, never get away from the commercial estimates of a man's worth. Such a one may give largely in charity, but will defend the exaction of high interest on money lent to a poor man whose security is bad. Such a one will endeavour to teach a boy the meaning of Christianity and yet urge him, a rich man's son, to compete for scholarships intended for the poor. These things are of daily and hourly occurrence. They stand for the phœnix-like paradox of serving at once the king and the king's scullion. To the Angels—if to them the life of this world is not too sad to permit any sense of humour—our touches of sublimity alternating with our mud-raking must be abundantly ridiculous. Is it quite sane to imagine we can weigh by forgetting one pan while we heap up the other? The wilful acceptance of such mental shortcoming as necessary to the welfare of man, moreover, soon comes to involve the deliberate tipping of one or other scale in the hope of hoodwinking divine justice, yet with the result that the weigher of goods hoodwinks only himself. But for the fact that such comedy means no more, no less, than the tragedy of human life, we should hear the angel's laughter. The practice of

rigid justice as the essence of morality is often so profitable that it makes the honest man suspicious of his own integrity. Absolute justice involves more than mechanical weighing, and often demands charity and forgiveness pressed down and running over. No real justice is possible without generosity. Consistency is the only test of sanity and means but one thing—the fight under one God or one Devil, all actions whatsoever to be inspired by but one ideal. To fight beneath the banner of Truth, unfurled by the wind of the Hills, must be the highest sanity known to man: it means the coming out from the self, out from its little compartments of mind and pocket and interest, into the roundness and fulness and illimitableness of being where that Self is found which is God's idea of the Man.

(iii.) *The Fatigue of Specialism.*

In all of which argument to prove the danger of specialism in mind or hand, it must not be imagined that there is any desire to under-estimate the value and importance of concentration. No faculty is more essential to children at school or men and women at large, if they would find the worth of their powers. Probably, however, nothing contributes so much to the power of concentration as living the life of wider vision. The more able a man is to get outside his functions, the greater becomes his power of devoting his energy to one or other of them as occasion may require. We may even assert that mental power depends upon the faculty of concentration—an assertion that will be true only when it is realized that quite as much it depends upon the quality of the understanding which is thus focussed in concentration. Indeed the great mind—which is always the scientific mind inspired by imagination—is for ever weighing

evidences; and, however necessary devotion may be to the acquisition of one particular class of information for the work in hand, the scientific mind is alway simultaneously conscious of conflicting claims, intercurrent laws and so forth. So that we may truly assert that largeness of intelligence is measured by the number of ideas—be they of things or laws or ideals—that can be held in consciousness at one and the same time. A woman may be rocking the cradle, mending the baby's clothes, singing a lullaby and dreaming of her husband, conscious of all at the same time, though upon one or other she may in turn concentrate her mind. The man while mending shoes may be casting the light of his consciousness upon vast questions of eternity, and, if he be a Jacob Behmen, doing both the better for the multiplied consciousness. Possibly there is no limit to the number of things of which a soul may be simultaneously cognizant; and the Infinite Mind must be actively co-operating in the work of every vital manifestation, man, beast, or flower, presently and eternally, with corresponding might of concentration upon each thing needing His ministration.

But although one dare not minimize either the value of concentration or the advantage of specialism, one must realize and emphasize their danger to the wider sanity. Whether or no from the theoretical standpoint we recognize the danger of specialism, there is a practical, very real danger in the fatigue it induces. This fatigue appears to be different from that of more normal work in this, that rest and recreation, which are the natural antidotes to fatigue, lose their virtues.

This fatigue, which has become so much more pronounced both in individual and social life of late years, is the result not so much of heavy work as of the perpetual hammering upon one set of functions

even when rest is needed. Follows from this weariness a paralysis of the particular function and a protest of the whole mental and moral organism. This protest turns, as soon as its futility is realised, into bitterness; and bitterness of soul soon invites such an unbalancing of the mind as proclaims to all the world its insanity. So wearing is monotony of pursuit that among great multitudes of city dwellers the faculty of active play is lost, and the sole possibility of recreation lies in the idle watching of games, instead of in playing them. Play is the gentle invitation to the imagination to take control of consciousness for a spell, and so let the weary workings rest. But when the worker is bewitched into a machine and, having no conscious joy in his work, loses joy in his life, he seeks, as the only antithesis to his own distress, the pleasures of the luxurious classes,—to whom the world is largely a pageant to hypnotize their ennui, and time a misfortune that must be killed. What cards and musical comedy are to the rich, gambling and music-halls and football matches are to the London working-man, whose bitterness is not sweetened by the thought that it is his labour which pays the piper alike for drawing-room and gin-palace. This day's mode of work has brought with it a new need—that of entertainment and holiday; and we now must apportion our life into so much drudgery of office, so much idleness in play. We more or less hate our work because it is not of our very life. Thus is our energy starved and loses alike the power of work and the power of play. Being starved, it too readily tires also; being starved it cannot sleep; being starved it has no power of recreation. Gladstone used to declare that what men needed was not holidays, but change of occupation. And probably when men and women learn to dread hand-idleness as starvation and imagination-idleness as

disaster; when they learn how the hand will encourage the heart of their life to face even the drudgery they must accept or starve; they will, one cannot but think, cease to look upon holidays and music-halls as an end in life. Right work never kills: it is, on the contrary, constantly creating life by bringing desire for energy. But to look upon work in this light, the work must be true to the nature of man; it must not consist in chaining the soul to a ledger. There is probably no work so distinctly creative as agriculture, with all it means of mutual dependence in happy family providings; and the peasant of old in England, as even now in many other countries, made his pleasures all active recreations: he danced with vigour, sang with joy, or carved toys with peaceful heart in the long winter evenings. He acted his miracle play and his play of local history or legend for himself and his neighbours centuries before the Passion Play was discovered at Oberammergau for the jaded tourist. What real doer of creative work can be happy without his work? Your man of science is never resting so surely as when finding new facts in the world of nature, new corroborations of old truths. Your artist enjoys no holiday without his sketch-book, and your musician is hard to part from his violin. On the other hand, your specialist of the city—as men all seemingly must become in the interest of progress!—barely knows how to get out of his treadmill compartment—unless he have taken some pains not to let his work, for the pittance or the fortune as the case may be, starve his soul. Your London clerk and mechanic, whose hopes lie in socialism—at best but a mechanical cure for the wrongs that man had heaped upon man, a cure that can never give more life—are too weary for happy games, are bored by the beauties of nature, and become incredulous of any native joy. What they feel, what they think, is bitterness; and

bitterness, with its disbelief in man, nature and God, can be assuaged only by excitement or oblivion. The machine-life prohibits the enjoyment of work, so that the soul, denied its normal desires, frets, sleeps, and dies. "Life without industry is guilt—industry without art is brutality" (Ruskin).

In great or less degree the characteristic tendencies of all modern life are weariness in work, distaste for energy in play. But the degree of disaster perhaps is different among different classes; and the factory-hand is possibly less in danger of soul-starvation than the fashionable guardsman whose outlook upon life is limited by the dimensions of his pin-point soul. For poverty, even in city life, is never so destructive of love, with its power of laughing at dimensions, as is luxury even when safeguarded by the ramparts of learning and the bulwarks of art. Immediately we begin to work for the luxuries of life (and to-day we may not earn our bread without first earning a silver or electro-plated platter to set it on) the fine energy of life gives place to lust in competition; and, with the fatigue of this energy, fades also the humanity of heart. Charity becomes harder as life becomes easier. The more the silver platter becomes necessary to the bread, the less able do we become to give of that bread, and the less can our life transcend the dimensions of that strong safe which advertises itself as proof against satanic fire and burglary.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SENSES.

After relating certain dangers attendant upon specialization, it is necessary, if only to avoid any appearance of undervaluing its importance in education, to make inquiry into the part played therein by the senses and their organs.

If we hold with John Hunter that life is the cause and not the consequence of organization, and with Spenser that the body takes form of the soul; if also we hold the doctrine of evolution to be true in the main, we must believe that, in the humble beginnings of our evolution, there lay a prospective possibility of seeing antecedent to the development of the organs of seeing. In other words, each step towards the perfecting of eyes was possible because of a need anticipating the possibility of its gratification. Necessity was always the mother of invention. The suggestions of the environment concerning new pastures, new safeguards, new pleasures that might be attained with better means, have always awakened in the individuals subject to such suggestions a creative power within them, so to adapt and perfect their different organs as to make attainment of the hitherto but dimly understood objects more possible.* Even in

* Such an assertion is, of course, unadulterated Lamarckism, and will be set aside by many as begging the whole question of the principle behind evolution. But to myself it appears that evidences overwhelmingly support the great French biologist, and that the law he defined goes inevitably with the truth enunciated by John Hunter.

humblest creatures, on the Hunterian hypothesis, imagination must have been the inspiration of attainment.

The process of the evolution of the sense-organs has been but a process of the specializing of function. And it is because of the perfection we have thus attained that man is become what he is. Not the less has he won with his privileges the possibility of misconstruing them: he comes to believe that he exists because he has a body, rather than that he has a body because he exists. Acting upon such faith, even the earnest teacher is in danger of training the child to the service of one or other faculty instead of teaching him to find his inheritance. So it seems well to discuss the office and meaning of the five senses with their special organs, in order that as the chief instruments of education we may use them aright. For while they are essential to the self-life in its offices of work, growth, and the production of other selves, they are obviously the chief means of attaining the privileges of communal life and the mental enlargement that comes therefrom. Without them neither mind nor devotion could have been developed.

But, beyond even the education in communal duty and happiness, the senses must be regarded as the ministers of that more perfect understanding which is so often not realized because so seldom allowed its imaginative power of developing the mind and reason. It is this transcendental power to which the child, eager for all news from the wonder-land, bears witness. It is this power that bids eyes and ears, hand and voice, carry to and fro his citadel the word of his desires whereby he may barter his physical energies for things he secretly hungers after. "What, after all, does the practicalness of life amount to?" exclaimed Thoreau—

> "Then idle time ran gadding by
> And left me with eternity alone;
> I hear beyond the range of sound,
> I see beyond the range of sight.

"I see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our maker, our abode, our destiny, our very Selves; the one historic truth, the most remarkable fact which can become the distinct and uninvited subject of our thought, the actual glory of the Universe, the only fact which a human being cannot avoid recognizing." *

"Happy those early days when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white Celestial thought.

. . . . .

When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

. . . . .

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness." †

The Evolution of the Sense-organs.

In the lowest animals of all, which lack definite organs of sense or function, some faculty of each sense must reside in the general surface of the creature, though in such a rudimentary degree that we can scarcely speak of it as possessing senses. Yet there is evidence enough of the single-cell animal, such as the amœba or the protomyxa, possessing all the senses, even memory, and knowing well how to make all its gifts subordinate to the duties of life. ‡

As we ascend the scale and the co-operative sense is developed, the individuals constituting the commonwealth, although they do not grow more complex in

* *A Week on the Concord*, Scott's Library, p. 148.

† Henry Vaughan, *The Retreat*.

‡ For evidence of this claim see Romanes's *Animal Intelligence*, Int. Science Series, 1898, p. 19.

function, learn to specialize the needs of the community. Thus in the sponges, as was briefly told in Chapter II., while all must be inspired to their work by a common sense of a corporate aim, certain individuals drive the streams of food-bearing water into the deep parts; others build the complicated system of walls and channels, themselves indeed being sacrificed to make stones and cement (Fig. 17); some devote themselves to breeding, others to the duties of scavengers; while, finally, certain individuals, because of their similarity to the nerve-cells of higher organizations, are presumed to devote their lives to the reception of outside news, through warmth and sound and light, and thus convey it to the workers and direct them in their particular offices. These cells must be the earliest indications of definite sense-organs.

As soon as we get higher in our evolutional ascent, and the individual has discovered, as it were, the advantage of keeping to its own uses the many subdivisions of the self, which subdivisions in single-celled creatures go to the creating of as many new individuals, it is then constructed, as has also been related, of a surface and an interior alike made up of many unit cells. While the interior cells are elaborated into organs devoted to the processes of digestion and nutrition, the exterior are specialized into producing (1) all sorts of protective armour such as hard skin, horny or chalky shells, feathers, fur, and so on; and (2) such modifications of the surface cells as shall render them increasingly sensitive to the reception of informings from the outside world. Not only are the sense-organs thus developed, alike in the race (or phyletic evolution as it is called) and in the embryonic upbuilding of the individual (ontogenetic evolution); but the nerves, the nerve-centres, and the brain itself also owe their origin to the outer layer of cells. Metaphysically it is interesting to note the fact that

FIG. 17 (p. 178).—Various kinds of Hooks and Tying Pins found in the Glass Sponges. Some (*e.g.* No. 13) show the protoplasmic substance in which the glass is deposited to the destruction of the living material.

the very system which makes protection possible against attack also provides that this armour shall not render more difficult the means of communication between one being and another. On the contrary, we may assert that the sense of externalness, so to speak, embraces two ideas in its operations—ideas which are at once antithetic to and protective against one another. This sense of externalness is so just a sense that it can weigh in one consciousness the dangers and privileges that lie in each pan of the scale, and specialize without fear of disaster the means of communication and the means of obviating its risks. In its very earliest beginnings, we may say, life must realize that obeying the laws of its own needs should strengthen its charity.

But to return to the process of evolution. As we ascend higher in the scale of development, certain regions of this general sensory surface of the animal become set apart for the more special duties and needs of one sense alone. Such regions become distinct from the general surface, specialize their work and grow expert in seeing, hearing, tasting, as the case may be; and thus are developed the eyes, ears, nose, and so forth. Yet, even when fully developed, they still serve the same ideas of existence, growth and propagation; but their higher specialization and increasing perfection have grown in equal step with augmentation of their mental equivalents. Thus the sense-organs in their perfection imply an environment that extends altogether beyond the needs of mere existence, growth and propagation. In the higher animals, where imagination and will-power, which are twin-born in mutual dependence and mutual uplifting, alter the whole aspect of the senses, and in such wise that they ultimately acquire a power of perceiving beauty and even of understanding it. To the mere worldling, existing because he may, performing his functions because he must, who has not risen from the

ranks of life, the senses bring messages from no land but that trodden by feet. Their possessor is but a straw whose highest office is to tell which way the wind blows him. The senses are precisely what our need of them has made and will make of them. And from the lowliest of them, concerned in the meanest necessaries of life, to the highest concerned in the enlarging of the ideal environment in which we live, and into which through their kind informings we extend our consciousness, they give us wisdom, in so far as we are capable of wisdom, in so far as we can see that beauty is not a passive pleasure but a revelation of uplifted duty.

The single sense of the lowly amœba sufficed, therefore, although utterly limited in its range of function, for all the animal's needs; while each of the highly specialized senses in man awakens the need and desire for using its fellow-senses to assist in carrying information, whether utilitarian or transcendental. Yet for the bare necessities of life, the relative importance of the different senses varies in different species. In the dog, information of warning is first conveyed to the nose, in the eagle to the eye, and in the horse to the ear. Similarly news concerning the whereabouts of food is differently perceived. Yet no sooner is each outpost-sense aroused than the others are in varying degree brought into play. In man, likewise, who, we may suppose, alone possesses the faculty of receiving transcendental messages through his senses, the capacity for receiving such impressions varies in the individual senses of different people. In some the sweetness of a rose will more than any awaken a feeling of beyondness; in some the tender touches of mother and child, more surely reveal the inexpressible; in some grace in form and harmony in colour are readiest with the essential light; and in yet others the ears admit in music news of a world beyond the dimensions of

fact, the meaning of which cannot be translated into terms of the other senses or of intellectual equivalents.

And as in different men the faculty of perception varies in degree, so is the gift of interpreting or conveying to others the high messages variously distributed. The faculty of perceiving in a certain degree, and through one or other sense, is almost universal; but the gift of conveying such impressions and translating the wisdom of the untold ages into the sense-equivalents is less common. Indeed, so great is the feeling for the necessity of specialization of function, that society has, though perhaps unconscious of a higher purpose than money-making, designed ploughs to do the slower work of spades, that some may be partly freed from toil in order to cultivate their gifts of music or painting, for the comfort and inspiration of the toilers. When one of such is gifted with an insight beyond the physical informings of the sense he has specialized, when he comes to labour in the greater unseen world, we know him for genius and prophet.

Now, because our senses are so much matters of everyday use, so essential to our being that we cannot, as we think, exist without their constant ministrations, we are apt to think they may be left to take care of themselves in the process of education. We think if we give our minds food enough we can trust to the development of our sense-organs, though we are careful to educate them mechanically when their special gifts point the road to a technical profession for our children. We think the ears can be educated by a teacher of singing and the laws of harmony taught by a professor of counterpoint. We think the eyes can be trained by studying drawing at South Kensington, and the laws of perspective understood from a textbook of geometrical diagrams. But the fact remains that almost as soon as we come into our inheritance of perfect organs, we learn their

misuse, because it is not easy for us to discover our consciousness in the laws that have evolved those same sense-organs. If we grant that the eternal law which has evolved eyes out of the general sentient surface because of an eternal need of seeing; then it is surely a misuse of those eyes that they should be taught to make us believe in the three dimensions for what they are not worth. On the other hand, they should help ever "to search out what we know not by what we know"—unless indeed we imagine that our evolution is accomplished and our eyes have got their desire. In one word, it is the office of education to see that the sense-organs shall never stand in the way of the higher education of that soul-energy which evolved the organs. We must learn to see through and not merely with the eye.

So that, if only to show that some evidence of high ideal is found in the senses themselves, evidence that has commonly been overlooked, it will prove worth while to consider separately the five senses, as commonly enumerated. The supreme sense, which includes and controls the lesser five, will be discussed in a separate chapter.

(a) *The Tongue and Tasting.*

The tongue-taste is commonly spoken of as the palate. Physiologically it comprises only the perception of acid, bitter, sweet and salt. Flavours depend upon the nose for their perception. The tongue-taste is concerned solely with the acceptance or refusal of the food taken into the mouth; it proclaims it good or bad—in limited degree—to the individual. The sense can be shared with no other person. This is the point which throws it into sharp contrast with the other senses, and justifies our claiming it to be purely personal in its aims. To it we attach no idea

of a higher feeling than that of satisfying hunger. The other four have definite social and ideal purposes in addition to the personal.

(b) *The Nose and Smelling.*

A consideration of the sense of smell will make the point clearer. Much of what is described as the taste of our food is perceived only in virtue of our having a function of smell. When this is in abeyance—for instance, with a cold in the head—we still taste with the tongue, salt, sweet, bitter, acid; but our food is otherwise altogether tasteless—a fact which will make quite clear the physiological distinction. Yet we involuntarily draw a very sharp distinction between the gratification given us by a perfectly cooked meal and the pleasure afforded by the sweetness of flowers. The one we should naturally, without the promptings of philosophy, call gross, and the other refined. Yet if the sense is the same in each case, why this distinction? It lies not merely in the different flavours themselves, because they are often identical; food flavoured with the scents of flowers awakens in our minds none of the feeling aroused by inhaling the odour of the flowers themselves. Why, then, do we draw such distinctions? Simply because, in the case of food, the gratification of the sense is purely selfish and cannot be shared with others. But with the scent of the flowers, of the meadows, of the pine woods, which we all, man and child, cultured and ignorant, instinctively and without our reason's aid, idealize, it is quite different. Who would dream of associating such tender feelings with those of the gourmet? Yet the physiological function is the same. And the difference in the physical facts of the two aspects of this sense of smell lies in this: the diner dines chiefly for his own pleasure and needs, his enjoyment

sometimes even necessitating the deprivation of others, while his consumption of the food certainly leads to abolition of its pleasure; but the gatherer of flowers exults in their sweetness, not only for his own gratification, but chiefly that he may share it with others. By smelling and enjoying the rose its sweetness is not lessened; by sharing it with others, as is the instinctive desire of one who truly loves it, the quantity of its goodness is not diminished. Because one takes his fill of it another is not poorer for lack of it, the enjoyment being intensified tenfold from the fact that it is for all men. The gourmet, I suspect, who has brought the art of dining to its highest perfection, is happier alone with himself, or in the company of others whose discourse will not distract attention from the dishes, than when practising a fine hospitality. But the grower of roses would care little for his flowers if he could not share their sweetness. The plate of meat is for one, the bunch of roses is for all. Thus one aspect of the sense of smell says *take*, the other says *give*. The child finding a ripe apple may hide himself to enjoy it, but when gathering a primrose, runs to his mother that she may share its sweetness with him. The beauty of the apple is utilitarian, and appeals to the needs of the body; the beauty of the primrose is ideal, and appeals to the mutual dependence of one upon another for that which is not food.

Nevertheless, the office of smelling may of course be either raised or lowered from its instinctive beginnings, according to its possessor's ethical sense and education. The true host would not be content with merely giving dinners to those in need of food; he feels he must share the meal and its delicacies with his guests. Naturally the more such a spirit prevails in serving the animal needs, the more spiritual do they become. So when the true relation of food to

man is realized, every meal becomes a sacrament, a symbol that man does not live by bread alone.

Similarly, the love of flowers may be degraded by the sensualist who sees in them nothing but the pleasure afforded to his nostrils, or by the decoration of his puffy person. He may even cultivate his garden for none but himself—or, if for others, that it may proclaim to them his wealth, his good taste, his love of the beautiful: yet he cannot withhold his roses' fragrance from the winds; they scatter them broadcast, and symbolize the truth that the winds blow and the flowers bloom in virtue of some beatific law.

The subtle memories that are evoked by the smell of flowers seem to uprise from another world than that of mere utility. They recall short moments big with promise, generally belonging to childhood or youth, when feasts of imaginative enrichment have added to our satisfaction with life. At such times a particular flower has been associated with some revelation of love or of beauty or of worship; and, be it a year or a lifetime afterwards, the same tender scent will re-open the eyes once more, not merely to the contributory and attendant events such as are recalled by ordinary facts of memory, but to the spiritual truth of the great good which had at that distant time befallen. All men and women should know such mystic touches of the flowers' sweetness. Yet none ever find like rememberings yoked to the odour of a dinner.

Consequently we may with justice affirm that the organ of smell, which is also the organ of taste, fulfils definitely three offices: it tells us what is fit for food; it proclaims a need of joy in things which are not to our body's grosser advantage, and of sharing with others such joy to the increase of its sum and capacity; it awakens us—in those rare moments when

the veil of the temple is rent—to memories of things that are above the man, supreme to his needs—to his duty even—and to the feeling, most sacred, of a mystic realism in absolute truth.

We trust the sense altogether so far as it informs us of the quality of our food: should we trust it in less degree because it tells of truth in those higher needs of dependence upon others and of sharing our joy with them? In breathing—together with the air, without which we die—the scent of the garden's loveliness, we find some touch of faith in things beyond those for which we labour with our hand, for which we fight and kill and enslave. We inhale with the earthly atmosphere not only the feeling of our harmony with nature, but, I think, at times, feel that the rose and the violet, through all their fleshly dress, are truly "bright shoots of Everlastingness."

(c) *The Skin and Touch.*

The sense of touch, the organ of which is the whole surface of the body, varying in intensity and kind in different regions, serves primarily the purpose of communicating to the animal possessing it the fact of the palpable proximity of objects external to itself. From their hardness or softness, their size or temperature, it realizes in part whether they are fit for food. Thus it serves, in conjunction with the sense of tongue-taste, the two fundamental ideas of life, existence and growth, enabling the individual to assume material fit for the manifestation of its energy.

But this sense takes us a step further in the evolution of function and structure. It is the first sense which brings the life-unit into necessary knowledge of its fellows, which makes it understand a need beyond its own dimensions, and thus breaks down its inexpansible self-containedness. Quite low down on the

stairways of evolution self-sufficiency ceases to be commensurate with the needs of propagation, and we find both vegetables and animals dividing into two kinds, each necessary to the other for the realization of this instinctive obligation. For now creative sense takes the individual out of itself and makes it feel, in its most rudimentary imaginings, its need in one being other than the self. Here we may, and not irreligiously, surmise that in the lowly beginnings of individual life is discovered some dim, unself-consciously perceived, sense of love; yet not to be distinguished from the sense of mutual dependence and need. That it is not an irreligious assumption may well be granted when we see that this elemental love is awakened by the desire for kindling, ever onwards and upwards through the coming ages, the creative lamp of life.

The misunderstanding of this wholly miraculous law is responsible, many must believe, for much that is wrong in the teaching of the child, much that is worse in the conduct of the man. The racial purpose involved in the setting apart from individual necessities of the service to futurity is, at least from the standpoint of the individual's personal advantage, non-utilitarian, howsoever horribly he may prostitute the sense in the seeking of pleasure. It is the law, and one most plainly spoken, that no individual shall remain self-sufficient if he would share in transmitting the gift of life. I believe that, in this seeking of another self in order that hand in hand the two may fulfil the divine intent, we may most reverently discover the first uplifting of the life out of and beyond itself—indeed the beginning of the everlasting giving; and even more reverently may we give to the desire of Adam and Eve the name of God: which is Love.

This sense of mutual dependence, this sense of a

desire to go out of self and seek communion with another like self for the realization of an idea, more exalted than the instincts of self-protection and self-feeding, has necessarily developed a means for its perception and expression, a means of knowing when it has reached that other object it was needing and seeking. This means lies elementally in the sense of touch.

Touch is fundamental in the education of the individual and the evolution of the race. In its very beginnings it compels us to realize that with the teaching of the barest facts of life there goes hand in hand some informings of spiritual truth, though it is so commonly forgotten in the schools for children, in the arts that should proclaim the grace and colour of life, in the homes of us all. But what is the truth proclaimed so plainly by this elemental sense of touch, alike so necessary to our own needs, and carrying with it a memory of inheritance and a desire in racial immortality? It is but this: that each lowly as well as lofty living thing exists not for itself alone, but for the sake of a revelation whose glimmerings the child and the poet, the strong and the sorrowful, the faithful and the hopeless, may feel when they lift their eyes to the mountains; the truth that life is not limited by the dimensions of its environment, but that it exists at once in its inheritance and its destined purpose no less than its present conflict. Past, future, present are all held together in every thing living, each a star, a seed, a spark of eternity.

The sense of touch as developed in man—with its wonderful organization of nerve-terminals which alone can receive the impressions of touch, with its nerves, which are insensitive themselves to such impressions and merely convey the messages sent by their terminals to the brain of perception—is in its simple physical function two-fold; it conveys to us

the pleasure of contact with desirable objects, whether living or lifeless, and it conveys the sense of pain when contact is too forcible for our physical endurance.

Joy and Sorrow are twin sisters; and similarly their physical aspects—pleasure and pain—are the fellow offspring of touch. As, moreover, the sisters, Joy and Sorrow, have specialized their duties and learned to live apart, often indeed interfering with each other's office, so do we seem to distinguish touch and pain as separate feelings. It is possible that one sort of nerve-terminal is specialized for the perception of touch while another is designed for pain. Yet it is commonly held that pain is due to excessive stimulation of the touch-sense.

Touch is the one sense of all the five without which existence would appear to be impossible. Hearing denied or lost, the eyes take upon them more than their normal duties and become the means through which language is transmitted. Seeing withheld or destroyed, the power of feeling becomes so highly developed that the blind know things by touch in a manner incredible to the seeing, and even, it is said, detect colours with their fingers. Smell lost, the eyes also probably take other duties upon them, the quality of food being judged by keener inspection, and the flowers' scent replaced by a finer sense of their form and colour. But the tongue-taste is in this vicarious function curiously different; for never originally defective and rarely lost, it cannot be supplemented by the other senses, seeing that, ministering only to the most elementary self-utilitarian need, it is of but smallest educational value. Touch is so elemental, so susceptible of exalted mental correspondence, that, even without seeing and hearing, a person may be educated to a high point of intellectual and imaginative perception. Witness the wonderful

story of Helen Keller, who, quite blind and deaf since three years old, has told us of heights and deeps in human feeling such as are very commonly hidden from all but the poets by the very gift of perfect sense-organs.*

Not only may the sense of touch take the place of other senses lost, but without its elemental and educational service the function of sight at any rate had never been developed. The baby had never learned the use of focussing the eyes without touch to teach distance, nor without the handling of shapes would the stereoscopic vision have been evolved.

So that the gift of touch must not be undervalued. Besides its bare utility and influence in social and transcendental functions, it gives individual news of the beautiful, and awakens memories or warnings of joy and sorrow. We love the warm west wind blowing upon us after the easterly blasts of winter are gone, for it recalls the joys of spring. We love the cool wind of the north in the summer, because it braces us and gives us more vigour; we love the

* *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, 1907. Even more interesting, from the purely physiological point of view, is the account of the boy James Mitchell, born in 1795, blind and deaf, who yet educated his senses of touch and smell to so high a perfection that he acquired considerable intelligence. Like Helen Keller, he was subject to fits of passionate temper. The case is reported in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. My friend, the Rev. Thomas G. Longley, Vicar of St. Paul's, Lambeth, tells me of the trouble he has with his young people, more particularly factory girls, in the springtime, when, he declares, there is a quickening, alike in the animal and vegetable worlds, of all vital energy. The girls then become ungentle and boisterous, and their tempers uncontrollable, although at other seasons they may be gentle enough. Poor starved and imprisoned children! longing for they know not what—be it the wildness of the woods and their fairy land, the freedom of the hills and their gracious discipline, or the secret, undreamed joy of motherhood craving for some outlet. Starved and imprisoned as truly as Helen Keller or James Mitchell, and, like these, wrecking the divine energy in insane temper against their walls! "Better murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires!" exclaimed Blake, who puts to us the question, "Are such things done on Albion's shore?" Yes, indeed, are they done; and quite justifiably in the interests of that Industrialism which is become our god because it has doubled our wealth and tenfolded our slaves.

fireside because it draws our blood to the surface and quickens our sense of well-being. Then from the altruistic standpoint, that is from the point of view of man's need of his fellow-man—his need to go out of his own self-containedness and do for others what they cannot do for themselves—touch is of large importance. This desire of fellowship is everywhere associated with the gratification of the sense of touch in lower animals as with man; and it is the one essential means of expressing love from the coldest handshake of the passing acquaintance to the embraces of mother and children, of brother and sister, of husband and wife. The lioness with her cubs, the hen with her chickens, love the contact of their offspring as the sign of their dependence and need of warmth. Perhaps this love of touch is no more than the love of warmth, we may say, and has nothing in it beyond self-interest. Yet even so, it does not explain the preference of the ewe for its own lamb, the hen for her own chickens, the skylark for its own mate. Snakes, though colder-blooded than mammals and birds, love warmth and seek comfort in mutual proximity; but fishes, still colder, would appear to have little sense of reciprocal obligation and need, to judge from the heartless manner in which they forsake their broods to forage and fight for themselves, and serve as food for their enemies.*

By this time we should be persuaded that the humble beginning of any phenomenon is no argument against a prospective nobility; and that a function seemingly but utilitarian in its origin may possess an exalted inheritance in its still older conception, and may grow to a noble stature conformable with the idea of its parentage. Let us admit, if we choose,

* This needs some qualification, seeing that in a few species of fish the males build nests for the protection of the females and their eggs. *Industries of Animals*, by F. Houssay, 1893, p. 184, *et seq.*

that the sentiment of love began in the pleasure of contact, and that this was discovered from the need of warmth to the persistence of life; but it does not despiritualize the nobility of love, nor ridicule the idea that it has grown from a little seed bursting into evolutional life because of the mighty idea conceived in its tiny entombment. Or who shall say, "This man can be no leader of men, for I knew him when a helpless baby"? The informing Idea it is that fills the seed with possibilities. However much the law of heredity and evolution takes us back and ever back to simpler forms with smaller individual aims, yet, even when we arrive at the primordial particle of life and hail that as the absolute beginning, we must also admit that this seed is somehow pregnant with the uttermost destiny of evolution. As the essential fact concerning any given cell of protoplasm is its function in purpose and not its chemical composition, so the energy of all life is accounted for only in its creative power. From whatever standpoint we investigate life and its manifestations, whether beautiful or ugly, noble or despairing, this is the only faith to satisfy alike intellect and imagination; it alone can stimulate our evolution, so mighty in the past, still to work mightily in an increase of purpose. It is the only faith for our little spark of truth which is revealed in increasing simplicity as the shadows fall away. It is the only faith that knows no despair at the smallness of the light that is within us, which gives hope for the ultimate victory of the feeble spark over the shadows which destroy.

In the subsequent narration of the meanings involved in the senses of seeing and hearing, it will become quite clear that the senses, while giving us invitation to and means of accepting our inheritance —the real aim of education—bring us, if we follow their leadings, up to a certain limit of our corporeal

life from which we are compelled to look upon the beyond. They educate a Queen-sense—to be discussed at length hereafter—which includes or is supreme to the five or more senses that have their definite organs. They educate too our consciousness of life's inseparability from love, will, growth : all of which properties partake of beyondness. The particular sense of touch perhaps does not bring us news of the transcendental world as surely as sight and hearing, though in pain it brings us very sharp information of impending disaster.

This pain do we rightly fear because it is no property of life. In pain we have news of an inevitable consequence if we do not overcome that which is assailing the life. So dire a thing is pain that perforce the threatened being cries out that all may know and some may perchance help. All disease, as all wounding, is the attack of death ; and the cry is made to those who have abundance of love to bring their life, their help, to the rescue. In the daily dangers which assail us our vital energy is strong enough to overcome ; we repair our wounds and are cured of our diseases in virtue of that energy and the understanding it possesses—all unconsciously to ourselves—of how repair is to be effected. Every attack upon our well-being, upon our health, is the attack of death ; and every overcoming and recovering is a resurrection from the death which in small or large degree is come into us. Pain is the most beneficent warning of Death's premature claim upon the body's life ; and it is as foolish to deny the reality of physical pain as it is to deny the reality of physical joy. This joy comes to us in large measure through sense of touch, telling us of our well-being because those whom we love and upon whom our better life depends for sustenance, are close at hand. Pain and grief come to us as warnings of an undoing in those bonds of life that mean everything in well-being.

As the body is the outward sign and craft of the soul, so are all these physical senses manifestations of the spiritual powers. As manifestations of the spiritual, the senses alone can give us, when working as obedient children of the Queen-sense, news of the soul's beyondness. Thus touch takes its share in transcendental meaning, not only in racial but in personal needs.

(d) *The Eyes and Seeing.*

In the eye we find developed means for the concentration of visual impressions upon a circumscribed surface where the general sense of touch has been specialized for the perception of those ethereal vibrations which are the physical basis of light and colour. The retina, as this surface is called, has distributed over it multitudinous nerve-filaments, each of which terminates in a microscopical agent whose duty it is to pick up each vibration falling upon it and to convey its message to the deeper conscious sense. This sense translates the infinitely numerous and simple impressions of detail into a single idea of the thing perceived. Such impressions, however, must be arranged upon the surface of the retina in the same order and form as those in which they left the distant object. To effect this, certain structures have been designed akin to the optical instrument known as the *camera obscura*, upon the principles of which photography depends. The lens in each case is similar; the ground glass or sensitized plate upon which the object is focussed in the camera corresponds with the retina; and the diaphragm, the changeable aperture which regulates the brilliancy of the object conveyed to the plate, is the *iris*, in which we find the proper colour of the eyes. But the mechanism of focussing differs in camera and eye; for in the former the sharpness of the image projected on to the ground glass is regulated

by the distance of the lens from it, while in the eye definition is ensured by a muscle embracing the edge of the lens and altering its curvature. The lens, though as transparent as glass, is composed of a multitude of superimposed and specialized skin-cells, so homogeneous that their structure is invisible except by special preparation. The tightening or slackening of the focussing muscle is controlled by messages from the central station in accordance with information conveyed to such station from the retina itself as to the obscurity or clearness of the impressions it receives. Now the nerve-endings of the retina, something akin to the nerve-endings of the other senses, are found in two forms, distinguished as *rods* and *cones*; and, although their structure can be accurately described, it does not convey to us any idea of their respective functions, any more than a physical examination will acquaint us with the different duties of an amœba, a sponge-sarcode, or a human white blood-corpuscle. Yet the different structure of the rods and cones justifies the supposition of a different function. The rods may possibly be concerned in the sense of pure light, and thus also in the mechanism of regulating this light by the iris, while the cones may be designed for the discrimination of colour.* Yet it has not been shown that the colour-blind are deficient in one or the other of the two kinds. Such conjectures, interesting enough in themselves, are not of any importance. The principles involved in telegraphy, though their study is matter of practical necessity and of high educational value, are not essential to those sending and receiving messages; the sole matter of importance to the users of the mechanism is the ability of the sender to give such expression to his thoughts as may be compatible with the means of transmission and the

* In nocturnal creatures, as the owl and bat, there are either no cones or only imperfect ones.

capacity of the receiver to understand accurately the messages conveyed by such means. Moreover, while all men's and all mammalians' and some lower creatures' eyes are constructed upon the same plan, and though impressions received by all are true in size, form, and colour to the objects seen, yet the degree of knowledge conveyed to the consciousness of the individual varies with the degree of intellectual impressionability. This impressionability, innate and proper to the individual, depends of course upon the degree to which it has been racially or personally educated.

So much for the facts and principles upon which the eyes are constructed. Some further words are called for on the faculty of seeing itself. Its ministration to the individual's body-needs, and its helpfulness in the exchange of labour between man and man are evidence enough of its educational value to the individual. In the evolution of the race, also, the protection the eyes afford from attack has largely obviated the need of skin-armour, while their education in the handicraft of making clothes may have helped in the supplanting of feather or fur.

But vision takes a higher place than even touch, and does more for the enlargement of the soul than we can realize. It takes us into a world within that which is beyond us; thereby to make the inwardness of other things part of ourselves. It gives us, in a word, apperception of meaning in form and colour: a sense that is not of mere fitness, but finds joy in its wings as they lift it above material advantage and educational utility and experimental proving.

It is peculiarly necessary to-day to insist upon the trustworthiness of the eyes and the sense they stand for, because of our new passion for intellectual precision. Science tells us, and with every right, that nothing must be accepted on any authority but experiment. It practically claims that instinctive knowledge cannot

have the authority given to experimental research, and it naturally supports the old cynicism which tells us beauty is but skin deep, that we must not judge by appearances. Weismannism and Mendelism, in formulating the laws of inheritance, do but belittle man's inheritance. Both forget that he comes into the world equipped with quite ancient and entirely scientific provings, seeing that his eyes and the mind they correspond with have been built up by a system of evolutional experiments entirely endorsed by the best of modern authorities. So that man is not unscientific in believing that a tree-trunk of certain appearance may be trusted as a bridge across the torrent. He knows that he has nothing else to judge by than those appearances, although a tree-trunk may be sometimes hollow with dry-rot.* He knows that the beautiful, even though the scientific people have not justified either the aboriginal belief in it or the cynic's contempt for it, must be trusted, notwithstanding Dead-Sea apples or the long-eye-lashed and pearly-toothed chorus girl. Just as the value of the eyes is not really questioned in matters of daily life, so must they be trusted in the joy they bring to us with news of the beautiful. But we seek to justify the mere utilitarian service of the senses because we can experiment with it and educate it to quite marvellous doings; while most illogically we discredit, because unprovable and unconvertible into the things of Cæsar's, the more kindly informings of the imagination concerning beauty and righteousness and faith. Practically our sense in the vision of beauty refuses to accept any of the theories offered us concerning the origin and meaning of colour.† In a word, it brings delight

* Indeed, the scientific authorities are often something absurd. While perhaps rightly claiming that a bridge must not be trusted till it is safely crossed, they are apt to forget that a physiological fact in daily evidence may be accredited even before it is authenticated by the dissection of a living dog.

† "Pigments of many kinds are physiologically regarded as of the nature

to the heart; and possibly for the very reason that it reminds an unself-conscious self in us that there are glories in creation that altogether transcend utility. That the forces of evolution have resulted in the colours of flowers and insects, preserving the gay for some special fitness their colour brings them, in no way explains our own delight in their beauty. Moreover, the fact that bees and butterflies know by the colour of flowers where the best honey is made, and that the colours of plants are thus of direct use to insects, affords no explanation whatever of the production of such colour, unless we admit, as I think we are compelled to do, a creative sense, wider than our minds can compass, of the need of one species to another.*

Indeed, the flower and insect-world between them have woven a wonderful web, for which their own needs were unconsciously spinning the threads; threads

of waste products. . . . Abundance of such pigments, and richness of variety in related series, point to pre-eminent activity of chemical processes in the animals which possess them. Technically expressed, abundant pigments are expressions of intense metabolism. . . . In a literal sense animals put on beauty for ashes, and the males more so because they are males, and not primarily for any other reason whatever. . . ." !—*The Evolution of Sex*, by Professor Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson, 1889, p. 23.

* The reciprocal need of flowers and insects, for the fertilization of the former and for the food of the latter, is one of the most remarkable facts in nature. Yet it is not because of this mutual dependence that admiration is awakened in our minds. The contrary is often the case. Thus the livid purples and red-browns of many flowers (Arums, Amorphophallus, Aristolochias, Stapelias, Rafflesia), with their disgusting smell, make them not unlike decaying flesh in appearance and odour; and such qualities attract flies that feed on carrion and to whom the gayer colour and sweeter scent of other blossoms are not enticing. But for the scattering of the pollen induced by easily deceived intruders it would never reach the stigmas, and the species could not be perpetuated. Yet, although this is a quite utilitarian and harmonious arrangement between flies and certain flowers, both the insects and the flowers excite feelings the reverse of beautiful. It is by colour doubtless that the insects know the flowers they love best; and it is very probable that, by a long series of evolutionary changes in the degrees of mutual dependence between, say, the red clover and the humble bee, those varieties have been produced that, associating certain colour with certain flavour of honey, best attract the bee, which in its turn barters pollen for the honey and thus favours cross-breeding.

moreover which, in the course of time, discover that mutual dependence which becomes essential to their very spinning. And although the threads are thus spun and woven for one another's advantage, they yet weave a cloth of gold essential to the higher life of nobler creatures than themselves, who can open their eyes and make use of its transcendental beauty. As the sponge-citizen, unconscious of the palace its destiny compels it to build, works in other obedience than that of its personal needs, so the flower and insect-world have been by mutual service educated into ever refining varieties, these in their turn into stereotyped species; all, maybe, for aught that is known to the contrary, directed to express in terms of beauty a universal purpose larger in scope than any particular species' need. We may well imagine that the co-operation of the flowers and insects has given each some of the properties peculiar to the others; that the butterflies have learned in their desire for the flowers' honey the faculty of beauty in their colour.* What insect is brighter than the butterfly and more intimate with and dependent upon the gay-decked flowers? The bee, it is true, is as busy with the honey yet is less beautiful. Its purpose is more clearly utilitarian; so that if there be any truth in beauty, we may well think the butterfly with its ephemeral life shines in some transcendental meaning. On the other hand, the flowers in one or two orders, functionally surpassing their kingdom, have learned the love of flesh from their commercial friends, and prey upon, eat, and digest the insects whom they entice into their clutches. Perhaps there be some flaws in the woven web. The power of imitation and adaptation are strong enough in the insect-world to account for their creational art

* In certain flowers cross fertilization is secured by birds in sipping the flowers' nectar. Thus the *datura sarguinea* is visited by the gay-plumaged, sword-bearing humming-bird (*Docimastes ensiferus*) with intent commercially identical with that of the butterflies.

being alike used for expressing here the joy, there the depravity of life.

Yet we always hark back to the utility theory, and rightly; for it is inconceivable that anything in limb or sense could have survived through long ages when it has served no purpose.* Nevertheless a purpose in transcendental service beyond mere racial needs might well favour survival. For the butterfly to find protection in the colour and form through which the creative power producing it made manifest the joy of life, hardly accounts for the beauty upon a utilitarian hypothesis. The fact that colours are the principle upon which railway signalling is worked, does not quite upset a belief that man's delight in colour is transcendental in its origin and significance. The great difficulty in all studies of history, whether political or biological, is to determine whether the cart or the wheels start the movement: and only too often the war of conflicting theory wages merely because neither disputant is wise enough to see the horse in the shafts. Let me again quote here the word of Huxley—that genius in the fearless valuation of fact and scorner of superstition—when speaking of the foraminifera: "That this particle of jelly is capable of guiding physical forces in such a manner as to give rise to those exquisite and almost mathematically arranged structures . . . is to my mind a fact of the profoundest significance."† Utility and teleology will ever strive for the first place until each recognizes that there must be a motive power behind them both, whichever claims the victory. And this motive power we may call the spiritual grace which inspires all life with a need of uprising and resurrection.

Thus does Mother Cybele sit at the loom weaving

* *Vide Darwin and After Darwin*, vol. ii., Appendix II., for a full discussion of this point.

† *Vide antea*, p. 35.

while her maidens spin the threads for her toil. Roses and thistles, butterflies and bees, are the names by which she knows her shuttles. She casts them to and fro in obedience to her warp's inexorable purpose which runs to eternity. Still in obedience to this unknown destiny, she chooses gay colours, and so glorifies the grimly utilitarian that her web proclaims a truth deeper than its surface, stronger than its own resistance. Or shall we say the quality and texture of the fabric are all that concern us? Shall we say that the enrichment is superfluous, that only visionaries, poets and babies find any reason in its beauty? Take it as we will, from the blind all things are hidden and words will not give them sight. To some the flowers mean the rending of the veil. The decoration of the created web of life with colours to entice the eyes, and designs of enrichment to awaken questions, is proof to some of the very depth of the infinity from which the web has been evolved: for the web carries on its face the visible sign of a hidden truth. The face of the living earth is the manifestation of the eternal truth. But not only do fair creatures such as sponges, flowers, insects, birds,

> "Glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
> Who do thy work and know it not,"

sing and shine with the inspiration of a mystic meaning, but ichthyosaurs and unkind men who have denied their more righteous inheritance must leave sorrowful impress on the face of the earth, and proclaim the divine sacrifice throughout all evolution.

Beauty is all it seems and says, or it is nothing but a vain imagining of man's illusioned brain. If it be hard to determine which alternative we should choose, let us remember that belief in beauty is a cardinal point in the faith of all the greatest men and women, of all those who have stirred humanity to

greater deeds. Or how can man, child of that very nature which led him forth the chaotic pit of formless possibilities into the living day, imagine something greater than that nature contains? Man had never evolved from the seed of his beginning unless a greater power than his highest imaginings had foreshadowed such process of evolution. Beauty is the shining of the everlasting. Every lamp that carries the light is a symbol, an outward visible sign, of the truth.

Beauty shines most brilliant wherever the energy of life is best proclaimed. The best of life's manifestations lies in the generation of new life, with its steady augmentation in ebb and flow, of its quantity and quality. Nowhere in nature is the wonder of beauty greater than in the service of the self to unborn selves, who in their turn shall shine and manifest the deathless light.

The one paramount passion, whether in the animal or the vegetable kingdom, is this passion for reproduction. To its operations must be ascribed the fighting, bloodshed, destruction, by which the fittest has survived and been enabled to seize the most fit as its mate and transmit the torch to its offspring. Urged by this passion's undenying sway, all that is saddest and most degrading in man asserts its power in furtherance of the passion's will; he denies, for its sake, alike his social obligations and his ideals which transcend them; he wrongs himself, he drags his mate in the dirt, he runs counter to the will which inspires the springs of mercy and purity within him, and indeed this very passion for taking his share in the building of the temple which his eyes have not vision to behold. And yet, despite its glaring prostitution, the gift itself is sublime to sin, cruelty, failure; and abundantly so.

The whole kindliness of the Earth's strong grain,

warm roots and gracious fruits depends on the dominance of her passion. The beauty of the garden lies in the flowers' desire for racial service, a desire which carpets the land with gay endeavours and fills the air with sweet odours. The flowers' beauty comes of the deep-moving, unconscious effort to give utterance to the highest duty of life. And such joy lies in the spirit of this high service that its manifestation is a revel, lavish, improvident, exulting, in the uplifting and scattering of its incarnations. Not one in a million grains of the fertilizing pollen ever reaches the end of the journey on which it was sent; not one in a thousand of the patient ovules awaiting the gift of fertility receives the pollen which would make active the slumbering possibilities; yet the flowers fling up their arms in rejoicing and scatter their beauty to the winds. Even when fertilization is accomplished, not one in a thousand acorns ever thrusts cotyledons beyond its husk; not one in a thousand sprouting acorns thrusts its green life upwards in hope of the light, the wind, the rain, and wins from his hopes the strength to live; not one in a thousand of such upliftings of life grows into the sapling, and not one in a hundred saplings discovers its might in the oak, grown old in the glory of acorns. Many are called, but few chosen. It is as if all the blossoms exclaimed: "Even if we are not needed for this great work, let us dance and shine, and rejoice that the power is in our kind, that the living grace shines through our lanterns." Some flowers even, as the garden-rose, cultivated in the art of demonstrating this beauty to the highest degree, have relinquished the faculty of reproducing their kind. Their stamens of transcendental utility have changed into petals of beauty; and in full content, they sing their songs the more sweetly that their energies are not required for the duties of mating or the privilege of sheltering the

feeble seeds. We can in no wise explain on utilitarian hypotheses the joy which the flowers give to that aspect of our nature which is but emotional; yet which, belonging whether to what the psychologist calls the subconscious strata of our minds or to the vital power in us, is rather above all consciousness than beneath, is superior to all will and reason, and gives that strange deep desire for what we cannot tell in words.

> "Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." *

Does not such beauty awaken in all who trust it a consciousness that can be no other than an inheritance from the Origin of life older than the ages and the ages' nurturing of that life? Does it not awaken a feeling of the oneness of all life, and a need for the water of life, whether in wells potential with the peace that passes understanding, or running in brooks that exult in the joy of their seeking? The beauty shining in the flowers' harmonies tells of a loving kindness in Nature which transcends material needs; it tells of lavished treasure, common as the air, choicer than the buried gems, wherever the creative power has full sway untrammelled by disobedience and self-worship. It is in forms of beauty that we find symbols of higher educational value than libraries, laboratories, or schools can ever purchase or bestow.

(c) *The Ears and Hearing.*

To many, the faculty of hearing may seem to rank lower, so far as its intimations of truth transcending mundane advantage are concerned, than the faculty of seeing. As a matter of fact, the relative

* Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

value of the different senses varies not only in different animals but in individual men. Probably among simple people—whom industrialism and school-learning have not driven into specialism, to whom all handicraft is art, and who, when the heart is impelled to rejoice in life itself apart from its work, change footsteps into dance and speech into song—the understanding of transcendental revelation is more equally distributed among the senses. But among ourselves, one man may care but little for music yet rejoice in harmonies of colour and form, while a musician may hardly understand the inspiration of the painter. If we compare the personal qualities of musician and artist, we are compelled to believe that delight in visual beauty is more ennobling than devotion to music. It would indeed appear that specialism is more dangerous in sound than in colour, and that technical perfection more readily turns a singer, say, into a mere musical instrument than it transforms a lover of nature into a mere draughtsman. Yet it does not therefore follow that music is of lower transcendental worth than visual beauty; for we may take it as a fundamental law in ethics than the more exalted is any particular function, the more disastrous becomes the putting of that function to other use than the highest. So that, because a musician becomes more readily sensual than a painter, we must not surmise that music is not as strong-winged a messenger in carrying news of the beyond.

It will have been observed before this that the higher we advance in considering the function of the senses, the more does their lower grade of service become merged in the higher. When, therefore, we ask in what the simple utilitarian office of the ears consists, we immediately, without pausing for reflection, find that it lies in the means offered for exchange of idea, for mental intercourse between man and man.

With the lower mammals the ears serve much more definitely the individual's personal needs, as distinguished from those which he holds in common and in exchange with his fellows. The horse and dog and all quadrupeds have movable appendages to their ears which can be pointed in various directions so as to ascertain whence news of prey or warnings of danger proceed, and thus emphasize a self-utilitarian function. In man, of course, like purpose is served by the ears, although, depending more upon the eyes, and perhaps upon the general intelligence gained by piecing together the information collected from all the senses, he has lost the privilege of pointing the ears. Indeed, as has been already remarked, one point in man's excelling of the beasts is that he is less of a specialist than any.

In their social aspect the ears hold possibly a more exalted place than the other senses. Man without language is inconceivable as an intellectual agent, and speech is the highest outcome of the function of hearing. Language is the first means by which man gives what is best in him to others in need of help higher in service than physical food; it is the means by which he, often not the less in need of help himself that he has the wherewithal to give, asks for and accepts like help from his fellows. Without the faculty of hearing, language, as we know it, were impossible. So that of all sense-functions the ears have had most to do with the intellectual and moral education of man.

The first step in the formation of language must have been found in the asking for food, thus very early declaring the dependence of offspring upon parents and of the weak upon the strong. Simultaneously would have arisen means of conveying by some special sound or word news of a creature's own whereabouts and of the presence of food; nor is such

altruistic beginning of language denied if it be shown that an animal first devours all he can before advising his comrades that they may feed also.* In the discovery of pleasure in charity and the exercise of the parental or social instinct, the gain is in no way lessened by the fact that mere personal advantage is also increased. Yet when the altruistic virtues are used solely as means to personal advantage, the evolving man is receding from the privilege of his education and prostituting his power. That language is used as a means not of helping or being helped by others, but to deceive, whereby one may gain what another shall lose, is no argument against the altruistic intent of language. One giving his last crust to a fellow shamming sick is not the less charitable that his love is misplaced. The starving man accepting help in spite of his pride may be fulfilling the law of his humanity none the less that the one from whom he accepts gives only for the sake of reward. Were there no buying, all commerce would be charity; all buyers and sellers would in turn be recipients and bestowers of the outward and visible signs of the most educating of all influences, namely, mutual affection.

Thus does the utilitarian service of hearing become merged in the social, and this, in its turn, gives sign of its real dependence upon the transcendental. Indeed, if "of the soul the body form doth take," then the transcendental necessarily accounts alike for the utilitarianism of social converse and self-needs. The higher

* Prince Kropotkin tells us on the authority of Kolben, that the Hottentot, however hungry he may be, can never eat alone, but calls a passer-by to share his food with him. This, however, is curiously at variance with their starving their old parents to death in times of famine, and suggests that their hospitality is not altogether altruistic, is perhaps less altruistic than crafty. Kropotkin also tells us, on the authority—and I think incorrectly—of Darwin, that the same sort of virtue prevails among the Fuegians. Yet the latter not only starve their parents in times of famine, but even kill and eat them.—*Mutual Aid*, by Prince Kropotkin, p. 90.

will thus account for the lower, rather than the material evolve the spiritual. Thus is our evolution a resurrection from the grave in virtue of that life-energy seeking the light from which it is come. Though we began our lessons in race-evolution or personal life by discovering our own needs, we have ever reached beyond them; and in this reaching we have discovered means of touching the souls of other men, and perhaps are now beginning, as man has ever begun, to reach after God. To repeat the idea suggested in the chapter on *The World Within*, we may well surmise that our evolution has consisted in the building up of structures and sense-organs, not so much to give better chances in the contest for survival, as to give means for realizing the wealth of our inheritance. We cannot perhaps even imagine what such wealth means, for our education is but beginning. That our senses bring us more than body-needs; that their tidings of comfort and joy inspire us to more active doings, more patient self-denyings, must to us be at present sufficient. That we can but feel the knowledge which they bring and cannot yet understand the feelings they inspire, need not concern us;—unless, indeed, we believe that Intellect comprises the universe, instead of seeing that Truth holds in her maternal arms infant manifestations of love and purpose, imagination and destiny, which are ever growing in stature, ever revealing in beauty their unknown meaning.

The power of hearing brings us, even in its humble beginnings, very near to seeing how it ministers to the understanding of those essentials that are not merely useful. The whole history of the evolution of language is that of a continuous and increasingly strong need to express ideas not compassed by the possibilities of mere words. Because words representing facts are insufficient to convey thought as soon as thought goes beyond physical facts, the imagination, which is the creating

power, is brought into use, and words are straightway made to serve for the expression of things that are not Cæsar's. So words are given form in similes and symbols, metaphors and allegories, as incarnations of the soul's imaginative needs. Indeed, words thus embodied cease to be accurate in the conveying of fact, though thus alone can they express thought that transcends fact. The stones shaped originally for building houses are used to build churches: words designed for the exchange of commodities are put into forms of beauty, as in literature and poetry, for the higher converse of spiritual increase and religious aspiration.

So far the function of hearing walks side by side with that of seeing, literature and art being sisters with one purpose to serve. But harmony and measure in sound, for those to whom music is a ministration beyond meaningless pleasure, bring news of the help from beyond the hills more surely than does the tenderness of the flowers' exultation. Music, indeed, carries us where language cannot follow. So that no one dare say what music means. All attempts at explaining in terms of known facts the effect of music upon the mind fall wingless. Those who love it agree as to some identity of feeling produced by it on their individual perceptions; yet no analysis by laws of harmony or the science of acoustics brings them nearer its translation into terms either of the other senses or of the intellect. We may agree as to the impression of sadness and submission imparted by the change from major to minor key, and the awakening of desire for action aroused by return to the major. We may even agree as to the meaning of martial strains, of pastoral melodies, of stately dance, of bacchanalian revel; we shall agree as to the enervating insipidity of mere prettiness in music, having a surface appearance of beauty but lacking depth of truth. Beyond all doubt, moreover, we shall denounce the music-hall

songs which, coarse in their mockery of the very music they pretend to use as a means of expression, degrade the sentiments they should awaken: they jeer at love, ridicule maternity, and extol a patriotism little nobler than glory in bloodshed. That the nobility of language can be degraded is no argument against its high office; and that music can be similarly misused—that it may in its profanation even contribute to the undoing of the weakling—is no argument against the high office of its purpose. Yet with all such agreement we cannot say what message it is that music makes us feel.

We may surmise that man has learned from the birds how to divide tone into measured intervals of pitch and to string them together in varied alternations of definite metre. Their delight in the coming of spring, their joy in anticipating the beauty of summer, and all that these glad seasons mean of happy matings, of patient waiting upon their eggs full of life a-coming into its inheritance, of feeding and teaching the callow chicks—all these emotions lying deep in the meaning of life are shared by man. Man seeing this identity of joy in life between himself and the birds could not but copy their ways of proclaiming this joy; and we may well believe that our music was awakened in us by the birds, that they have taught us certain joys of their inheritance in order that we may utter our own. Here once more, we had learned nothing of the birds' music unless music had ever been essential in our own human nature. We become what we behold, only so far as that is in us which is like unto things beheld.* Then, having learned this much of the birds, perhaps would come deeper understandings from an imaginative use of wings themselves as symbols of joy. The birds' privileges which man cannot share make him alive

* *Vi le antea*, p. 68.

to his deficiencies. Even if he cannot be uplifted on wings, he can yet find in the lark's flight, as in its song, a symbol of upliftedness. He can feel that as the bird's wings bid it scorn the dull law of gravity, so may he believe that life transcends physical law, beauty utility, and the soul of man his chaining to the galleys of labour. Or is this too improbable a conception? Is it assuming too fine a degree of poetical instinct in the aboriginal man? Let us remember that in all means of expression, some deep unconscious sense of need exceeding present means seems to have preceded the invention of such means. Music is but a manner of expression, designed for the communication of such high feelings as hope, aspiration, love, desire, sympathy. These are by music not only conveyed in a truer intensity than by mere language, even when put to its highest office by the poet, but are through its quickening awakened in the suffering man, thereby bringing to him strength and peace. Man must suffer in victory no less than in defeat, lest in his living and dying he become less than his humanity; and he is ever in need of help to uphold the suffering life. Whether it be that birds sing in the major key, and cows, for instance, cry for their stolen calves in the minor, may not have been demonstrated. But certain it is that musical strains are uttered by the lower animals in such wise that we know the emotions which they express, and that there is a communion of nature between us and them. We have learned from them their modes of expression and have amplified them beyond easy recognition; yet the beginnings must imply a creative energy seeking expression. The aboriginal man was as much impelled to realize the need of expression, was as much imbued with the practical sense of how this need could be fulfilled, as any Shakespeare, Dürer or Beethoven among us. And as we still learn, in spite of our learning, from the

bird's song and the flower's grace, so must the simple-minded man who lacked books and pictures and oratorios have learned truth and its expression from the world of life around him.

Music is a means of expressing somewhat; and the ears convey to our deeper understanding that which can be transmitted only through its means. For, to those who understand it, it is the outward and audible sign of the grace which inspires the lark with his joyous flight and uplifting song, the cow with her despairing sorrow and piteous cry. To such as do not understand, all expression is vain. Through music's means we may look into the deeps of the eternal emotion, Love; which has aroused creation from its seed of hidden possibilities, and may yet awaken man from his grave in a great resurrectional song. While colour in form recalls to our eyes the tenderness of God in giving us such tokens of His truth, music presents us with a feeling of the grandeur, serenity and unalterable determination of His Law: wherein, too, we find grace for submission, passion for uprising. Colour gives us news of our oneness and sympathy in office with the flowers, music makes us know that creation itself is mighty within us. For not only does music make us feel: it inspires us to do our work, to relinquish our desires, to forego our own enlargement that others may enlarge, to sacrifice self, children, and, if need be, country, in the faith that God's love is indivisible from man's life. The tiger purrs to her cubs and the mother sings to her baby; the cow wails for her lost calf, and the lark sings of his findings in the blue abyss; and all bring to our ears life's meaning in major joy, or minor sadness, or discordant wail and throbbing. These emotions all originate in lowly beginnings, and are perfected in their human outpourings, because of the eternal creative Energy—whether in its need for mating, its hope in rearing, or

its sorrow in losing the fruition of its desires. Music, even when it often does no more than proclaim, in city-bred poverty of feeling, man's acquired vulgarity, nevertheless lets him declare something of the high destiny of his essential manhood; still it is the means whereby he expresses his unconscious sense of dependence on the divine, whether he sings songs of love, dirges of sorrow, marches of ongoing, or hymns of supplication. Music is the greatest of the messages brought to the soul's citadel by its five senses; for more than the others does it lift man out of himself into the beyond where intellectual explainings do no longer avail. Colour and form bring messages of joy and fulfilment and hope to one who loves life as it should be loved, and finds faith in that very life's goodness. But music, to those who have heart to hear beyond what their ears can tell, brings awakenings to knowledge of life's everlastingness: it springs from the never beginning and rises into the never ended. And the message of music is quite individual to those from whom joy in the world's beauty is taken away. It is the message of a living beyondness not to be told in words. It is brought us in songs of the lapping waves as they beat on the shore of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE QUEEN-SENSE AND IMMORTALITY.

THE foregoing chapter on the Five Senses, each of which has its particular organ, will have paved the way for the recognition of a higher sense that embraces all these five in a wide comprehension. For as each of the organed senses is but a special development of the one original sense that pervades the elemental creature's consciousness and has for its organ the general surface of the body, so the setting on one side of certain regions, to be specialized for the apperception of more delicate impressions such as light and sound, has resulted in a correspondingly amplified power of the general perceptive sense. We have already come to the conclusion that it must have been the prospective needs of this elemental sense which created the sense-organs in the slow process of evolution. We have agreed that the organs have not given the faculties, but rather that the life has built up the body. If this be granted, we cannot doubt that the *original general sense of being* is not so much split up into divers functions as it is served and enhanced by them. The five senses, then, are offspring of a mother-sense, which, thanks to the responsibilities she gives them, reaps greater freedom for mental enlargement. This inclusive and controlling sense I propose calling hereafter the *Queen-sense.*

As all gifts bring with them a possibility of misuse, there comes to man, along with the privilege of his

amplified life, a certain danger. This danger lies in the possibility of allowing the queen-sense in devoting itself to the service of one or two, or perhaps of all, its special senses, to forget its own essential need. It is in this way that the soul loses sight of a need transcending the senses' service. This high-commanding, all-embracing sense of life still may do what it has been doing throughout the evolutional ascent of man; it may "still be seeking what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it; this is the golden rule" * of life. But even while thus pursuing her high destiny, the soul will not escape the world's reproach. On the other hand, when she is content to accept, without directing or commanding the senses' services, she invites the heavens' condemnation.

Now the dangers of misuse are twofold. The first comes because we do not accredit the queen-sense with its full virtue, and the second because we have lazily acquiesced in the professions' claims to cultivate it for us. In so doing we think to spare our energy for mundane uses, and give any and every authority a right to discipline our aspirations.

In realizing the first danger, we may observe that the power of simple feeling—which I am calling the queen-sense, and which, when inspired, may acquire the nobility of passion and vision—has never been given its due by educationists and psychologists. It is commonly ignored by these, or if they admit its importunity, they give it a lower place than intellect.

> "Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,
> That givest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion, not in vain
> By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human soul." †

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* Milton, *Areopagitica*.

† Wordsworth, *Prelude*, I. l. 402.

But the poet's constant plea has been for the recognition and higher education of this very queen-sense. It is faith in its essential reason and power that has made them cry aloud in the deserts and sing in the meadows. The poet's work, moreover, has been nothing if not a warfare against the second danger, the relegation of the office of feeling to the specialists and professions. For to this is due alike the enslaving of those who have not energy to feel deeply, and the stupefying of the musicians and painters themselves who, in such specialized devotion, lose sense of their gift's right use.

For the accentuation of this blundering, religion and intellect are mainly responsible. Except in the use of ritual in worship, the priesthoods, Romanist and Protestant alike, have more or less judged feeling and the gifts of sense to be untrustworthy, chiefly perhaps because of their common misuse, but largely also because, when uplifted into passion, they become violent protests, no longer to be controlled, against tyranny and spiritual starvation. The ascetic, disgusted at the gluttony around him, looks upon sweet food as a temptation to depravity, and the kindly fruits of the earth become to him the serpent's wiles. The celibate, because quite ordinarily he sees the noblest instinct of man's body vilely degraded, acquiesces, but only with unqualified protest, in the assumption that the divine will has intentionally given to man the glad wonder in the instinct's fulfilling. The older Puritans—because they saw the arts of life misused to the glory of sin, or because, imagining that God rewards the elect with prosperity, they saw how music and colour would entice men from industry in city gloom to a freer life in sunny poverty —would condemn all the autochthonous joys as forbidden fruit. Even as the prostitution of gifts leads alike to their variously qualified condemnation by

ascetics, monks, and Puritans, so the misuse of the queen-sense has similarly led to a condemnation of feeling in general by the intellectual and educational professions. When, too, upon great occasions, inspiration claims a right to overrule logic and prudence and self-preservation, it is but natural that intellect should assert her power and authority. Misunderstanding of the soul's simple dues can arise only from the starvation of the intellect in its finest meaning; although the professions seem so anxious to teach hungry children and men that they can live only by that bread whose composition can be recorded in equivalents of three dimensions. If we have any faith whatever in life's supremacy to its functions we need have no fear of feeling's inspiration, so long as it is not divorced from highest reason.

The dangers too of misusing the supreme queen-sense, whether from failure to appreciate or from starvation of the people's souls by professional stupidities, should be easily guarded against by right use of the offspring senses. For the right use of the mystic senses with their wonderful organs is to supply the needs of the queen-sense, the all-embracing, all-producing, most ancient inheritance of man's being. It is this sense, be it repeated, which has created or evolved the sense-organs—not merely for narrower intellectual purpose, but for that enrichment of all understanding wherein lies the *real* joy of life. It is not difficult to realize that the ordinary ideas as to what is valuable in life, with the ordinary sacrifices of inspiration and imagination made to secure such value, hardly ever result in the fulfilling of life with joy. The accredited rewards of work, whether in commerce or scholarship, can hardly be won without the reiterated nailing of the Word, the Logos, upon the cross, whenever it seeks incarnation in the heart of man. For the Light that lightens every man is spiritual joy

in this queen-sense, giving to the soul power to work faithfully and to profit by all it does.

This queen-sense is so supreme to the offices of all her children-senses, that not one nor other nor all together can compass her power. Her offspring are many other senses than the mere five whose organs are outposts of the citadel. Thus one humble child holds an innermost home and presides over the body's equilibrium, while her eldest is called memory and scatters wide, throughout the citadel of the mind, grain for her threshing-floors and barns. Memory waits upon and feeds intellect; but intellect, when divorced from imagination, becomes a poor bejewelled idol, which all the children-senses in turn fawn upon and worship and call their father. Sometimes they kill themselves to please it. Even intellect cannot live by its wealth alone, but, like the senses themselves, must be continually fed by the imaginative feeling of the queen-sense. The soul dare no more specialize her intellect than her feeling, lest she become

> "Lost in a gloom of uninspired research."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Shall men for whom our age
> Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
> To explore the world without and world within,
> Be joyless as the blind?"*

Perhaps it is the most illogical error of our day—this worship of intellect. Intellect has achieved so much in the extension of our horizon; has won so many new friends for the encouragement of our finer energies; has brought such utterly valuable understanding of the dominion of law over unliving as well as living nature; that our gratitude overwhelms our true balance of thought. We have come to look upon intellect as supreme to the ancient sense of soul, that

* Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Bk. IV. l. 626, and l. 944.

had energy, resource, imagination enough to build up, out of everlasting laws, the very principles of understanding; and all for the supplying of its own needs.* Flushed as it were with the realization of her works' wonder, triumphing in her own victories over physical forces and all they bring of material wealth, the soul lets herself dwell upon her new acquisitions and forgets her eternal traditions of love and its powers, energy and its joy, imaginative seeing and its impulse to creative work. That ancient inheritance, she claims, is but a gift of the Gods which has lived and grown and triumphed through the chaos of ages. But these works of intellect are her own doing, mean victory within her own citadel's walls, and count for extension of her three dimensions. She is full of self-glorying, but has lost the mystic sense of *being greater than she knows.* Amid her wealth she is starving because she has forgotten the saving prayer—

> "Dà oggi a noi la cotidiana manna
> senza la qual per questo aspro diserto
> a retro va chi piu di gir s'affanna." †

This queen-sense it is which, born afresh in each baby who comes with its clouds of glory, is first to claim the things that life needs. This it is which, in the first sign of the understanding awakening from its creational sleep, declares in no uncertain voice that the little one will not live by milk alone, nor grow in stature by physical law, nor become a man by

* Evolution at least is greater than intellect, for evolution has brought it to pass. Unless we be teleologists, we cannot attribute evolution to an intellectual understanding of vital law. For intellect, as understood by the rigid intellectuals, must have discovered itself only during comparatively modern ages.

† Dante, *Purgatorio*, XI. 13.

> "Give unto us this day our daily manna
> Without which in this rough wilderness
> Backward goes he who toils most to advance."
>
> Longfellow's translation.

conforming with educational standards, nor grow wise by consuming forbidden fruit, nor get rich by accepting all the kingdoms of the earth offered in a desert where no water is.

This avowedly mystic understanding of the senses and their significance; this endeavour to exalt their special virtues no less than to obviate the danger of regarding them solely as factors in the production of mind; may seem scarcely illuminating of the Child's Inheritance, but rather piles one paradox upon another. Nevertheless the argument throughout has but one purpose, that of simplification; and simplification for the sake of seeing what thing is life, or what measure of life is the soul of a man. All who desire better things than material success for their children will teach them as best they may, that they have souls as well as bodies and minds. The idea should be quite simple alike for man and child. Yet such are the bewilderments heaped about us by intellectuals who discount the aboriginal power of feeling, that some simplification is necessary. For simplification is as essential to sane living of the spirit as it is to the healthy upkeep of the body. Yet, as in our present-day life it is hardly possible to get at the simple needs of food without acquiescing in the terrible artificialism in which we must bide or starve, so it seems that the soul must accept the complex teaching of the schools if it would realize its own simplicity. But just as sometimes the body will not recover health till it appropriates the advice of a certain physician who used to bid his fat patients live upon a shilling a day and earn it, so

> ". . . the individual Mind, that keeps her own
> Inviolate retirement,"*

cannot find its faith until it realizes the futility of all

* Wordsworth's Preface to *The Excursion*.

the learned provings of its own entity, and trusts again its divinely aboriginal promptings. For this "individual mind" is no other than the soul of man; and the concept of soul is really quite simple and indeed the only significant thing about life. By the soul we should mean the very life itself and all that it stands for.

(i.) *The Jewish and Christian Concept of Soul.*

It almost looks as though the Jews failed to get fine hold of the significance in the idea of Immortality and the spiritual meaning of life because their ethical code was so superbly intellectual. Their faith lacked precisely the quality of illogical love which is essential in Christ's teaching of forgiveness. Indeed the Gospel, we can well believe, first came to that people, not because they were bad, but because they were intellectual and boasted a morality founded upon a basis of reason. They kept the commandments largely because the advantage to man in so doing was admitted and obvious; their ethics and faith alike were utilitarian. They believed unquestioningly in the soul as supreme to life; but the faith was so limited that the soul's significance was balanced by their conception of Sheol—"a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness." * "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in Sheol, whither thou goest." † They believed in charity and practised it; but the quality of their charity made it impossible for them to understand the woman with the alabaster box of very precious ointment. Judging from the Decalogue, the religion of the Jews was for the most part ethical and intellectual, rather than

* Job x. 22. † Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

aspirational; its purpose was the holding together of the family and the national life in their finest integrity. The ten commandments insisted upon the natural laws of heredity, the visiting of the sins of the fathers upon the children, and the wiping off the earth of those who forgot the honour of father and mother. The Jews understood that success in the world could not come to those who thought natural law might be abused with impunity; but, as a people, they had not quite risen above their science of ethics into the religion of faith, notwithstanding the prophets' impassioned thirst after the living God. The captivity, it is supposed, did much to shake their worship of national success and pride in tradition, thus inaugurating a new mystic sense of individual responsibility and of individual worth to God.

We find in the Old Testament of course frequent aspiration after a spiritual faith: "Their beauty shall consume in Sheol from their dwelling, but God will redeem my soul from the power of Sheol; for He shall receive me," * cried David; or again, "I will ransom them from the power of Sheol; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plague; O Sheol, I will be thy destruction." † Nevertheless, the Jewish faith was bound up in the Decalogue; it lacked the Christian concept of Spirit; the πνευμα of St. Paul—that sublime quality which lifted soul and body up to God. The natural law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, justified by the law of Cain and the evolutionists, could not be denied save by the miraculous forgiveness that comes of Faith.

"Jehovah's fingers wrote the law:
He wept; then rose in zeal and awe,
And in the midst of Sinai's heat
Hid it beneath His Mercy seat.
O Christians! Christians! tell me why,
You rear it on your altars high!" ‡

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* Psalm xlix. 15. † Hosea xiii. 14.
‡ W. Blake, *Gates of Paradise.*

The religion of Moses was become a code, the songs of David and the preaching of Isaiah a literary pride. Jerusalem as she daily stoned her prophets thought she was glorifying them. In that day she needed the message of the Carpenter's Son perhaps more even than did the outcast and the sinners, because it was harder for her to grasp how truly God is spirit and love.

(ii.) *The Child's Concept of Soul.*

The same difficulty besets us and besets our children if we would realize and have them realize the full meaning of the queen-sense that holds in round embrace feeling, intellect and all the serving faculties such as logic and memory, proportion and so forth. We anxiously teach the little ones that they *have* souls —greatly to our own embarrassment and often to their terror. For the soul as we conceive it is a commodity at once inconvenient and unreal. We look upon it perhaps as a surviving appendage, perhaps as an embryo—to be amplified and continued in some vague other life. But we are by no means sure, even upon the latter hypothesis, that anything so visionary is necessary. Practically children very easily dismiss as much as they can the unpleasant notion of possessing something, which, in spite of its general vagueness and unsubstantialness, must nevertheless be cultivated.

Helen Keller—whose optimism of thought and simplicity of imagination were perhaps greater than in most children because her faculty of perception had to be directly built up by her mind rather than automatically stimulated by the flooding of her senses with over-abundant impressions—was much distressed, during the earlier attempts to convey to her the conventions of religion, because none could tell her

what thing the soul was.* All children indeed have wondered, many have asked, "What is the shape of a soul?" And probably they are told that, no one ever having seen a soul, its shape cannot be described. Nor are they helped when it is also confessed that we cannot say precisely what part of the brain or body it occupies. They are told that man possesses a heart; it may be hard or soft, light or heavy; and they are at no great loss to accept it as an abstraction, partly, perhaps, because it has an outward and visible symbol, but more likely, because it has definite attributes, and is said to lie within the bosom. With such statements they may carry in their minds a more concrete notion of what the heart implies than if it had no such definite qualities. But the soul has no symbol and no attributes or sure habitation by which we may assume its realness; on the contrary, all teaching suggests that only after death does it take form, and then but in a vaporous substance of Spirit. *To the average person the Soul thus means precisely what is left of the creature when bereft of every quality which made it a living thing.* The soul comes to be very nearly synonymous with death; and as Death, having no traffic with life but the threat of undoing, is the inspiration of all fear, so the soul seems a fearful and formless thing that escapes from the dear body of life when all its joys and sorrows are done with.

All ancient religions have regarded the soul as a sad lost thing. The Homeric dead were but mournful and purposeless things, and the Vedic hopes rose no higher. The Buddhists indeed were taught to look upon their repeated incarnations as misfortunes for the most part, and desirable only when fitting them for that merging with the Divine Nirvana which involved loss of personality. The Stoics came very near the Oriental in their belief that as all things have

* *The Religious Education of Helen Keller*, Fifield, 1905.

emanated from God so to Him they must return. On the other hand, the ancient Egyptians appear to have exalted the soul's importance to a strange and most unimaginative pitch of materialism in their colossal tombs and elaborate buryings. It may well be supposed that Moses, in his desire that the Jews should relinquish for ever the Egyptians' multiplicity of deities, rejected as idolatrous all the complex symbolism of immortality, and deliberately excluded from the ethical creed of the Decalogue the intuitive belief in the soul's survival of death. This worship of the soul appears to have made the Egyptians devote their finest energies to the contemplation of death rather than to the fulfilling of life with deeds of love and duty.

Among the old Celts the souls of the dead perhaps came nearer actual realization; for they found in the storms and the torrents, the colours of the sky and the wailing winds, incarnations of the beloved dead to whom also they attributed the typically Celtic properties of passionate affection and ruthless revenge. According to Ossian the Spirits do not abide even in the Limbo of Dante, where "*Senza speme vivemo in disio*;" * nor in the Sheol of the Jews. Even less are they absorbed into the being of God. Their *virtù formativa*—as Dante expresses the life that is the cause not the consequence of organization †—creates for them no bodies out of air, though they retain their faculties. The Celtic soul is still of the earth, if no longer earthly. It is not so much disembodied as living triumphantly in whatsoever natural manifestations it pleases. Thus, while the hero is always accompanied by the spirits of his ancestors, who do not interfere in affairs but inspire with hope and strength on every occasion of danger, who mourn with him and comfort or warn of impending danger, there is no feeling of dread or dismay produced by their presence.

* *Inferno*, IV. 42. † *Purgatorio*, XXV. 88.

But they are sublime to matter, for, says Ossian,* "the stars shine through their forms," and we are reminded of the Spirits' surprise that Dante's shadow is earthly enough to break the light.† But Ossian's Spirits have less definite form; they "ride the horses of the whirlwind" or "rouse the waves of the raging sea."

> "When glory wakes your sons anew,
> On the wind shall shine the arm-renowned." ‡

The inevitable consequence of such habits of regarding spirits is this, that all nature is spiritualized, rather than spirit materialized. Matter is naught except it be manifest in beauty by spiritual agency; and the spirit-world is not conceived of except as it makes itself known in visions of natural power and supremacy over the mere things of the world. In such views we are brought back to the animism of the Greeks, whose Dryads and Naiads witness to the universal inspiration of nature. But the Greeks did not let this faith in fairyland illuminate their Hades. It is perhaps only in Wordsworth and his school that Fairyland and the Kingdom of Heaven are found to be co-terminous. Wordsworth can never get away from the spiritual significance of all life's manifestations. In every living thing of beauty there is to him

> "A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man." §

But such elevation of feeling concerning the mind and soul of man is rarely found. In the Celestial Hierarchy of the Christians some attempt appears to

* *The Poems of Ossian*, Rev. A. Clark's translation, 1870, vol. i. p. lxiv.
† *Purgatorio*, Canto V. l. 4, and XXVI. l. 22.
‡ *Loc. cit.* vol. i. p. 265. § *Tintern Abbey.*

give spirit definite substance; and in the graduated status of heavenly beings we may suspect a wish to restore to soul the privileges of real individuality and character. Yet it is all curiously unimaginative. The common idea of the Kingdom of Heaven giving no other occupation to the saved than wing-waving and harp-twanging is distinctly unattractive to the child, however much his parents acquiesce in the insipidities of their Sunday-school instruction. So far as the conventional teaching on such matters is concerned, children are in their hearts agnostics: they have too keen a faith to be otherwise.

> "When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
> To do the like." *

Children do not in their hearts pretend to believe in that of which they have no sort of imaginative vision. Instinctively knowing the limits of what their mere eyes tell them, they are correspondingly not to be fooled concerning matters of which their mystic perception gives them no news. They do not believe in the soul of man in the same positive way in which they believe in fairies and goblins; and the idea of God as a spirit is fearful precisely because to them He has no form. The whole point of imaginative power is vision of the unseen in terms of form, no less than the perception in form of its inspiration. Not even the imagination of the child can take into himself, can make part of his understanding, that which has no manifestation. Thus, as regards the soul of Man and the notion of God, the really imaginative child, however deep his perception of the significance of facts, remains practically a disbeliever. And in such disbelief he reveals a very significant power of believing in spirit as sublime. In spite of Christianity, the religious upbringing of children is terribly heathenish,

* H. Vaughan, *Rules and Reasons.*

the more so because it regards the natural Pan-worship of the young at once as unpractical and unchristian. In a word, we do our best to make them forget—

> "The primal sympathy
> Which having been must ever be,"—

a primal sympathy that is love of life and hope in the meaning of life, a primal sympathy that is the very basis of faith, of helpfulness, of forgiveness. More even than these, this primal sympathy is a belief in life as the power of doing, as the cause rather than the consequence of form in its myriad manifestations of beauty. But in our teaching that the soul must be saved and the body condemned, we try to make the child grasp an idea which is robbed of that by which alone he can take hold; we bid him say he believes in that which his own experience—the experience that is, of an evolutional inheritance—tells him is quite stupid and therefore not true.

So that when a child, athirst for understanding, asks what shape the soul has, and we tell him it has no shape, or that it is impossible to say because no man has seen a soul, we are answering as infidels who have never heard the story of the Crucifixion and the rising from the dead. For the whole good tidings of Christianity and Man's immortality lie in the penultimate clause of the Apostles' Creed, Science and graveyards notwithstanding. *The shape of the soul is no other than the meaning of man.*

And then if the little ones ask us what is this *meaning of man*, we have our way clear, and our eyes will open to what we may see as we lead the children where they should go. We may well tell them the shape of the soul is the meaning of man, for though we are therein offering no concrete semblance, no visual symbol which their mere intelligence can grasp, they will yet know they are answered. For with them

the imagination is untutored, unspoiled by the senses' tyranny.

More than this, such answer will not only suffice their needs but will give our own parental minds the "confidence of reason." For what is truly imagined—what, in other words, is a light that opens the sleeping mind's eyes to the truth that dreamlands are part of man's kingdom—cannot be shaken by thought. Many who are learned in laws and evidences still can see a light when it shines, even though they cannot pigeonhole the law which makes it shine from the soul of a child. For these it will suffice that such "bright shoots of everlastingness" can have no provings from the things of this world except in so far as they may have lit things into shining.

So with the child we need have no fear that the shape of the soul told in a metaphor of yet another abstraction will fail in its object. For to the child the forms of the fairies are no other than the meaning of the flowers. But for this instinctive sense that even the beauties of the living earth cannot tell all that lies within it, the Greek of old had found no use for his spirits of the trees and winds and the fountains. But for it, the child had found no need to discover beneficent brownies who secretly serve and gay mad sprites who laugh at man's solemn discrediting of joy's mission.

Indeed the only way to measure the soul's form is by the measure of the Self. So soon as this measure is lost, the meaning of Man becomes obscure. Behmen used to teach that the soul is to the body what the red heat is to the iron fresh from the forge. We may go further and declare the soul to be that radiant flame which influences the man's whole world, shining forth beyond his own confines right into all he does and loves and hopes. The trend of education, whether of the schools or of the markets, is to the utter disintegrating and dispersing of the Self; and until we

see at least some possibility of finding it again, with the light yet burning in its holy of holies, we shall not measure the meaning of man, nor help the child to see the heart of the flower, the soul of his mother, or the truth of God.

Nevertheless *the meaning of man is* indeed a phrase concrete enough to give us understanding of the Soul's most secret as well as most manifest form. Yet the Soul cannot be circumscribed except in so far as the fourth dimension, *the faith of life*, holds in its control just as much as it needs of the other three. The soul of man is not comprised in the body of him : the child and poet had no need to find fairies and dryads if flowers and trees meant no more than the dimensions of their physical properties. The form of the mother's soul is all that the mother means to the boy—the love that shines from her eyes, the service that is the inspiration of her hands, the patience with his sins that is the power of her faith :—all abstractions yet again. The form of the maid's sweet soul is all these again to the youth in whom the ancient passion is new awakened ; and he measures her soul by his own power of vision, his own means of realizing the meaning of flowers and birds and woman kind. To him the meaning is richness of inheritance, richness of power to become. In the loved one's soul he finds the meaning of eternity become time. He holds in his arms the whole meaning of what has gone in the ages, the whole hope of what betterment is yet to come, crystallized into an inexplicable sense of present joy. Her soul is, indeed, a bright shoot of everlastingness. To the ageing man, yet again, who sees beyond the joy of youthful life, the meaning of the woman's soul is still that of mother and maid ; for, though her physical beauty wane, the shining of her life grows stronger. She is become a presence that, amidst all the disappointments and failures and poignant griefs of the

world, disturbs him "with the joy of elevated thoughts." Her soul's form is no longer, if ever it was, measured in the body's beauty. For her life is gone forth and is become the world she has made her own. Her *virtù formativa* is the ever-growing power within her. Her life is the cause and not the consequence of the world she lives in. If we would know the shape of her soul, we must study the souls of "young-eyed cherubim" and behold the light in little children's faces as she loves them. We must measure her meaning by the upreaching of her soul into the world she has made and lives in. Wherever her love and her faith are felt, there is the meaning of the woman; there do we find the shape of her soul; there is revealed the soul her life was to find, and to find it only by the losing of itself.

Man will measure the world, and indeed the mother, the maid, the wife, either by the pint-pot of his own soul's dimensions, or by the meaning of God that is infinite. He will know by his own life which is the true way; he will know how best he may let his child see the shape of his mother's soul in her life's serving.

"When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

"Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest
And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who henceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams."*

If we cannot see the form of the soul in the meaning of man whom our eyes have beheld, how

* Milton, Sonnet XIV.

shall we believe in the wonder of God whom our eyes have not looked upon ?

(iii.) *The Resurrection of the Body.*

We may see very plainly how necessary it is in the child's faith to hold on to the belief in a resurrection of the body. For it is only in some such concrete notions of what the soul means that we can imagine a continuation of life, when the soul is freed from "the body of this death." Even if the Fathers and early Christians believed in a literal rehabilitation of the old corpse, in face of an absurdity quite sufficient without the laws of chemistry, that in no way need make us question the necessity of the doctrine to our creed. The actual material elements are of no account. Probably not one particle of my body's material components ten years ago remains to me now ; and yet it is the same body. Its form, or its substance as they would have put it in the middle ages, remains the same. Consequently we have no difficulty in declaring that though

> "Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

the substance of him, that *virtù formativa* which was the cause of his organization, can no more die than can the energy of the wind, raising up waves which ever pass onwards in successively changing portions of water, be destroyed when they break upon the shore. The wave is not the water ; it is the form embracing successive wavefuls of water for its manifestation and work. And the material components of the body are not the body even while it lives ; still less in death are they the substance of the man.

Life is not conceivable without body, without means of manifestation, means of expression, means of

work. It is useless to teach child or man that he *possesses* a soul. It is little more profitable to encourage the idea that he possesses a body, unless, at the same time it be made clear to him that such possession is of the same sort as the possession in triunity of eyes, the faculty of creating them and the power to profit by them. Man is inconceivable as such without his faculties and their organs. So true is this that Helen Keller, lacking eyes while yet possessing the full meaning and potency of vision, was able, thanks to the quite divine love of her teacher, Miss Sullivan, to train her other sense-faculties to serve most faithfully her sense of seeing; and we can but marvel at the strength of her *virtù formativa*, even if, during this world's time, it cannot yet re-create eyes for her.

It is only by belief in the resurrection of the body that we can realize even a desire for immortality. It is useless to teach what cannot be believed; but it is quite possible and necessary to teach that what we can believe has infinitely greater meaning than our limitations suppose. Meaning must expand with increase of light; and we need have no fear that we shall lessen a child's sense of what the soul is by teaching him that the way to win life that outlives decay is to glorify the body and the power it stands for in perfect obedience to eternal law (Frontispiece).

(iv.) *The Queen-sense in Purpose.*

Having now got some clearer notion of how we had best regard the idea of Soul, how best indeed let the child understand that it has no fellowship with death, we may return to our starting-point; there to find that, believing better in our mortality, we shall have less fear of impiety in honouring the soul's feeling, or—as I have called it for the sake of pointing

at once its mastery and inclusiveness—the great Queen-sense. Like everything that lives, whether an individual being or a mere component structure of the body, humble or exalted in function, this Queen-sense is what it is, in virtue of a purpose to be somewhat or to do somewhat. Its desire is always for becoming that towards which it aspires. Its work is the making possible of the Kingdom of Heaven. It knows that this kingdom is of no hereafter whatever, unless it is in the first place of our present here-below. Its purpose in the life and work of every human soul, be it of pint-pot size or full-faith meaning, is neither more nor less than the winning of life's joy. How this joy can be won; on what material the *virtù formativa* shall work; how the spirit shall find the true self that can enjoy;—these are the questions. In their answers we find the eternal differences between good and evil, between securing, that is, real joy and its hellish counterpart. For, taught Behmen, "man in this world is already in Heaven or Hell. If his spirit is in harmony with God, he is then spiritually in Heaven. If he dwells here in the Wrath, he is already in Hell, and in company of all the evil spirits." Man even in his substantial successes is more soul of life than body of death; he has more desire than instinct, more imagination than intellect, more freedom than chains.

The whole labour of man, indeed, is the securing of joy—and a joy, though he but very dimly recognizes the truth of it, that means harmony with the meaning of things.

> "All I could never be
> All men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God whose wheel the pitcher shaped." *

This tells of the meaning of man and his unknown worth to play some destined part in the eternal music.

* Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Every note therein has its place, its service, even though ignored or impossible to be realized. Misplaced, each note is "out of tune and harsh," and working against that harmony which means our joy. It is the Queen-sense that tells the Soul of her need and place in this harmony; and the soul's feeling after righteousness is but the thirst for what is eternally meant. The disharmony spells human anguish and divine grief. The truly living soul, in whom the Queen-sense reigns supreme, knows—if not in intellectual form—the meaning of man, and that this meaning is no other than the unwearied ordering of things to their right purpose. Even in the terrible battling against the disharmonies of hell in this world, I have seen the faces of the saints all shining. Though they spend their lives amidst depravity which boldly declares to those, who do not live with it to fight it, that there can be no God, the light is, often in some, always in others, present in their eyes. It is a light that knows its own joy even when the body is in chains. The Queen-sense of the soul sees even then the paradise which claims the sinner as having some worth to God.

"Per quel singular grado,
Che tu dei a colui, che sì nasconde
Lo suo primo perchè, che non gli è guado." *

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* "By that especial grace
Which thou owest to Him who so hideth
His primal purpose that there is no ford to it."
Purgatorio, VIII. 67.

CHAPTER IX.

FAITH AND RECREATION.

THE story of the Garden of Eden is that of the elemental strife of survival—not that later strife, when the Snake had hypnotized man into believing that the victory of brute strength over gentleness was the law of progress, and that, to climb out of the hell he makes, he must thrust his neighbour into it;—the real elemental strife was that between the spirit's and the body's dues. When Man and Woman were at last made and saw one another as inheritors of a world within themselves of living gifts; when their world without was full of beauty, because all creation shone from within; when the Spirit moving upon the abyss of formlessness had divided light from darkness, day from night, fertile earth from drowning waters, and knew it all to be good; then the human Children must learn by their own choosing how to share in the elemental strife for spiritual survival. This elemental strife began beneath the Tree in the midst of the Garden. The fruit of it was so beautiful to behold that Adam and Eve both saw its goodness and could not but desire it. Indeed their hearts had been something ill-created had they not so desired it. Yet to love the meaning of it more was to desire the flesh of it less. For the Tree was called that of knowledge of Good and Evil, good being that which is won through obedience, evil being that sort of profit which comes through disobedience. The understanding of the good and the evil could be gained only by mistrust of the Tree's true meaning and the misuse

of its fruit; for otherwise evil had no meaning. The materialistic use of the Tree's fruit was forbidden; to eat it was to disbelieve that man had other obligation than the upkeep of his body's strength and delight. The fruit's beauty symbolized the ideal truth that the soul's life must not be confounded with the body's nutrition. As a symbol the apple was sacred, even though it could in disobedience be eaten, and even though the eating of it might give Adam new knowledge of things. To eat of this tree's fruit is the sin, as a matter of fact, against which all spiritual teaching has ever been directed. It is the hoarding of the manna, the rendering unto Cæsar the things of God, the selling of the precious ointment to feed the poor, the putting works before faith, utility before worship. The initial lesson to be learned was simply this, that not even in the Garden of Eden can man live by bread alone. Until that lesson was learned Man's life would be but a compromise with Death.

The Snake knew well how the Spirit, breathed into Adam's nostrils, could be exploited for the advancement of bodily welfare. It knew how the life learns to desire sweetness that is unearned and unpurposed; how the soul may use its wings only to discover the garden's shadiest bowers, its coolest brooks, and may be tempted to rest rather than to higher soaring. It knew, too, how the far-seeing eye of imagination can be belittled into the invention of evil things that spare man the labour of living. The Snake knew that the eating of the fruit would give to the man and woman understanding of how to live quite happily by bread alone; even more, of how the things of God can be sacrificed to those of Cæsar and compelled to enhance their particular glory. And it knew that, as soon as Adam and Eve should look upon the fruit to lust after it, its beauty, its symbolic truth, must become changed in accord with the sort of greed that filled their eyes. Thus even in this

age does the apple change into many things—all those indeed that can be bought at the price of the life itself.*

So the Snake, having permission to creep up into that Tree alone of all in the Garden, found power to harm its meaning. It spat upon its handy claws, climbed into the Tree and laughed at God. The woman, because of the grace of her dormant motherhood, had the finer sense of the divine love; and, this sense in her being finer, its misuse would be the more potent.† The symbol of the forbidden fruit made quicker appeal to her understanding, and she lent a readier ear to a suggestion of good to be won for Adam and herself from eating of it. Thereupon Adam, always seeing beauty aglow in her more than in all other things in the Garden, knew not how to refuse her desires.‡ So they both ate of the fruit; therein making sacrifice not of the bread which lets man die at the last, but of the spirit in submission to the Snake's teaching of common prudence.

All evil things thus came to humanity from claiming the right and possibility of living by bread alone. Thenceforward the human race reverted to the elemental warfare for the survival of the unfit, of those indeed who, because proud of their vast estates, could not inherit the earth. Man learned to disparage the true meaning of Life. Nor would he understand that the Snake's law of survival was horrible, until he could repudiate that success which the world calls victory, and accept its logical alternative.

* Nothing created is evil until man lusts after it with greed, when for him it becomes what the Snake beholds in it. If the thing is possessed by one who beholds evil in it and the thing is living, it follows that itself is in sore danger of becoming evil also. All men both possess and are possessed; they work righteousness and inequity by the law of assimilation. The *mortal mind* of the sect calling themselves Christian Scientists is a real and deadly fact; but the evil it works is not lessened by denying the reality of flesh, sin, and disease.

† *Vide antea*, pp. 205, 210.

‡ *Vide* Milton's *Paradise Lost*, X. 137–143.

The truth of this parable is not the less absolute even if another sort of moral had possessed the mind of the poet-prophet who first imagined it. For the truth is this, that, quite elemental and sublime in man's unspoiled nature, lives the knowledge of spiritual supremacy over the things that are seen. This is Faith. It is more distinctly a quality of the child's inheritance than a consequence of intellectual training. While less susceptible of development by instruction than is reasoning power, it is more easily damaged by conventional guidance. Nevertheless, anxious lest the child should lack religion, we take pains—dire pains—to ground him in the Articles of Faith. If he has arrived instinctively at a strong sense of life's spiritual meaning; if he, by the light that lighteth him, can refuse to eat of the forbidden fruit just because of its spiritual symbolic beauty, then possibly even the school's divinity lessons may give strength to his convictions. But there is some ground for suspecting that one of the Snake's vilest tricks is the transformation of the apple into a text-book so cunningly bound that it still keeps the form of the beautiful fruit. By the absorption of text-book information into the soul, knowledge devours rather than feeds the inborn flame. Hence we can well understand the child's refusal of the schoolmaster's subtle wiles. For the child, while still in Eden, knows that bread is poor feeding without love, that flowers without fairies are poor play.

> "Our childhood sits, our simple childhood sits upon a throne
> That hath more power than all the elements."*

All children, as we are agreed, have the imagination strongly developed, though not all have inherited the faculty of giving it expression. Indeed the poet

* Wordsworth, *Prelude*, V. l. 507.

is one in whom the youthful inspiration of his inheritance has not been crushed by "the world's coarse thumb." This imaginative quality is neither more nor less than the innate perception of spiritual significance. If, I repeat, this understanding is supreme, then the child perhaps may venture to pluck the fruit and play with it without harm to his soul. Nothing is more likely to damage this very tender and most precious gift than instruction in the articles of religion, if these are confounded with the faith itself. As the child hears too clearly the harmony in immortal souls to believe that the Catechism or even trumpets and harps count for anything in the Kingdom of Heaven, so instruction as to what he ought to believe concerning an all-powerful God who cannot be seen, and a black, tail-equipped creature who befriends naughty boys to their undoing, turns the imagination from faith to fear and ultimately to superstitious agnosticism. Indeed the child's faith will hardly bear defining, unless he is allowed some measure of Pan-worship, some freedom with his mystic sense. Even the Apostles' Creed, gloriously imaginative though it be, may hardly be taught until it be accepted rather as a grain of mustard-seed than as a measure of faith. It is in this way that the Churches, because of their lack of imagination, lack of belief in a grace overwhelmingly divine, are so busy in making what, from the standpoint of their definitions, are agnostics. This is true, notwithstand- the mighty work they have done throughout our centuries in proclaiming the Gospel.

It seems almost inevitable that any systematic teaching of religion, whether by Churches or schools, should largely fail in its object and even do harm. To teach is to define ; and in matters of fact, as distinguished from spiritual idea, no fault can be found in the inculcation of rule and precision. But, although in matters of faith we cannot do without similar means

of instruction, we dare not forget the danger of their usurping authority over the inborn spiritual virility. We cannot do without doctrines and dogmas, if only because we must use words to teach with. Words themselves are but rigid signs and symbols of ideas. They are the current coin of social intercourse, each a token, each but a dogmatic definition of face-value. Yet though a pennyworth of bread means nothing to one man, it may be the difference between life and death to another. Thus the dogmatic value of a penny is altogether stupid, judged from the idea it was originally intended to stand for. This misconception as to the value of a penny is as truly responsible for the fallacies of political economy as misconception in the Catechism is responsible for the fallacies of religious teaching. Yet for a man to repudiate the penny is to cut himself adrift from human intercourse; and to repudiate the dogmas which represent and declare the truths of religion is to reject the possibility of two or three gathering together in the common faith.

The fault in the teachers of religion lies in the fact that they use their doctrines and dogmas as prose equivalents, just as the lawyer seeks words that shall as far as possible have fixed equivalents, and deny on the face-value of them every indication and sign that the poet invented them all. It was the poet who first realized that somehow words must be made to give expression to idea, notwithstanding the dangers that must arise from theologians and lawyers and pedagogues robbing the words of their meaning. The teacher of religion, and perhaps of morals, dare not, unless he would drive children and poets from his church, use its articles of religion in any other sense than as pennies that shall, for purposes of temporary necessity, stand for an equivalent of bread, even though to one that bread is too cheap for a cultured digestion and to another besieged in his castle it is

worth all he owns. The true teacher will ever kneel before the sacred flame as he defines it. Thus only can he help it to arise. The inborn faith is the living oak-tree that will never more be shut up in the acorn, though the seed forever holds the mystery. Faith, before we dare dogmatize about it, must be seen as a living thing rooted in every aspect of our nature, in our cold-eyed intellect, in our sense's vision, in our passions, in our very fears and sins, if it is to gain strength to arise above the world and bring all discords into harmonious service.

The Child's faith is inborn—it is the very *vis insita*, the inborn fire which science and learning should feed. But to heap up the fuel so that the flame is quenched is to make first an agnostic of the child, and finally a sensualist, or mammon-worshipper, or what sort of atheist you will, when the flame is quite dead. One is indeed inclined to assert, judging from the life-story of many great men, that the devil himself is not so successful a destroyer of faith as is uninspired learning. This he knew, so climbed into the tree in the midst of the Garden, and spoke temptingly about knowledge, and disparagingly about obedience—which is kindling for the inborn flame.

(i.) *Faith Elemental in Life.*

Life we may affirm consists only in obedience to that which is not intellectually known or proved to the individual possessor of life. Life has learned to trust this obedience either through its unconscious inheritance of racial experience or through its personal provings. And yet life's faith is more than these; for it inherited at the very beginning that which has acquired power of evolution to the ultimate production of Man. The very beginning of life was the breath of the Spirit upon formlessness, in virtue of its eternal

power, and its faith therein, to do somewhat. Life has always in its work been prophetic, so far as advance upon conformity and imitation is manifest. That such evolutional advance was instigated by circumstance in no way detracts from its dependence upon faith in the power to overcome. Nor is the fact that those individuals less fitted for survival, less well adapted to the contest, go to the wall, evidence against reason and purpose in such adaptation. Faith in the power to do what must be done, under penalty of failure to live, is so elemental in life that life can no more be imagined without such faith-born purpose than matter can be conceived without gravity or any other of its essential properties. But the purpose in its most obvious and exalted import is often not comprised in consciousness.

But let us take the argument more concretely. Let us look yet once again at the sponges. Each individual inhabitant of the crystalline city that is a-building performs a very definite, and at each point different, bit of work; each is needed precisely at the point where it finds itself for realization of the preordained plan. Of this plan the creature has no consciousness, though the idea of the plan is its inspiration. It has neither seen the plan, nor ever will behold its fulfilment. Its life is given for a strand or bar or binding hook, and it will not even live to enjoy the perfect city it helps to build (Fig. 16). Yet it holds an inherited sense of work to be done, a sense of how it is to be done, a sense of what sacrifice is to be made before the shrine of the ideal purpose. We cannot say of these lowly things that they think or remember or feel pleasure in their labour and relinquishing of life. Yet as the essential life they represent is the same life as our own, as the law which brings a dead leaf to the ground is the same law that preserves the stars from wrong, so the sense of purpose in life, the dim

consciousness of an inheritance to fulfil, the something of feeling and devotion, are different from these gifts in ourselves only in degree ; yet vastly different. The law that all life is impelled to serve that which is beyond its understanding is the same law in the craftsmen who built, say, York Minster, and in the masons of the Euplectella (Fig. 5). The materialist may claim that the significance of what we sentimentally call obedience and what we without false sentiment call gravity is identical in each case, and is but submission to law. Yet the distinction between blind gravity in leaves or stars and faithful obedience in the builders of sponges and cathedrals, should be self-obvious. Gravity is of those dimensions to which life, with its faith of inspiration to obey, is supreme. Gravity knows no increase of function beyond increase of weight ; life's purpose in its evolution runs into consciousness, and can turn its vision inwards there to find some light of understanding. The meaning of gravity is unalterable throughout the changes of the physical world ; the meaning of purpose or obedience to inspiration has increased undeniably throughout the scale of evolution until it has reached the point where man not only must ask the eternal question, but, more remarkably, must admit that he can not yet hear the eternal answer.

It is in unconscious obedience to law not bound by physical dimensions that all life works. This obedience is not of understanding, but of faith. How else do the daisy's petals close at night, or when the shadow of the rain-cloud threatens? How have the long white florets of its aureole learned their gift of service, whereby, in renouncing their privilege to carry anthers and pollen for the perfecting of their seeds, they have gained power of service to become manifest in increase of beauty? How has the daisy's cousin, the blue cornflower, learned an even greater serviceableness and beauty in her blue outer florets? These are quite

sterile, but give the conspicuous beauty to the flower, rather than the lilac-hued central florets which are creationally perfect. The large blue trumpets proclaim the inherent dignity of service; and the surrender of personal privilege to make such service possible shines forth in beauty. The pot of very precious ointment is quite ordinary property to the lilies of the field, which, especially in so far as they do not toil and spin, eclipse in beauty the laboured self-conscious art of us Solomons. They also serve who only stand and wait, and they know not how the light within shines from their blind faces. The faith of the daisy and the cornflower and the wild guelder-rose is the faith of the Woman with the precious ointment. Such faith and its beauty are alike unselfconscious; but they are the very means of surviving the disaster which comes to a morality built upon utility and commerce and prudence.

Or how does the lark know with the first breath of Spring that he need no longer fear, but may rise into the empyrean and scatter his praise over the sleepy earth? What profits it him, beyond his new understanding of the faith which kept him alive through his tragic migrations? Now he can lavish the wealth of song, now he can sacrifice his physical strength fearlessly before his Maker! For has he not found love again and the service of his mate, and the sharing with her of hope? It is all faith; and a faith that must be glorified in prodigal song, despite the cost and the disappointments of wintry spring. What is it inspires the missel-thrush, as he swings on the leafless apple-tree, thrusting his open beak into the teeth of the sleet-laden north-east wind, and carols of the coming spring with all his mirth?

"'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy."*

* Tennyson, *The Throstle.*

Is not this, not a knowledge, but a feeling and faith in something beyond the bare physical needs of food and raiment? And must not his joy in the truth of it be proclaimed, even at the cost of his food, which he uses so happily to declare the joy in song? Each step we take in life, says the physiologist, is a nail in our coffin, and our senility begins at the moment of birth. But what if every bold step be into the teeth of a north-east wind, and we defy the promise of Death? What if, like the lark and the throstle, we have not eaten the forbidden fruit? or if, having eaten, we have learned that we cannot live without that which shall make us rise on the wing to some unknown purpose? Thus it is we defy all that makes life unworthy. Thus we find deliverance from the body of this Death. Thus we believe in the miracles of the mustard-seed, of the butterfly's larva, of the blackbird's eggs, of the saintly life; and indeed of resurrection. Whether common facts or mystic truths, they are all pronouncements of the eternal law, that life can never fulfil its destiny, its purpose, its faith, on bread alone.

Though less obedience is found in man than in flowers and birds and butterflies; and, with less obedience, less of the universal joy in life; we cannot believe, however deeply we are steeped in physiological experiment and socialistic theories of betterment, that man has not risen somewhat higher than the blind obedience of lower creatures. All great deeds that show man uplifted into self-denial, into sharing his food with the weak and less worthy, into, in a word, love and forgiveness, are the inspiration of Faith. The fashionable club-man, whose only idea of love is to make cruel sport of woman's honour, or who despises a fellow-man for lightening the burdens of the poor, may yet upon occasion risk his life to save his servant's, or die for the honour of his regiment. Such has some

unconscious understanding of compulsion to obey the faith that is in him: he upholds, rotten though his mess-room professions be, the idea of man's meaning. He has something in common with the hungry woman who starves herself that her children may have bread, with the blackbird which finds worms for its callow nestlings before filling its own belly; with the skylark even—

> "That from heaven or near it
> Pourest thy full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."*

Courage indeed, its very self, is obedience to an urgent need for sacrificing bodily welfare to an ideal. Nor is this less true that elemental courage is not so much part of man's humanity as a property common to all flesh. Whether the courage is that of two dogs, intent upon proving at any cost which is fitter in the contest for survival, even though a bare bone be the actual fact of their dispute; or whether it is that manifest in the heroes of Rorke's Drift, where the nation's honour was the inspiration to die; in both cases the ultimate law of life rules supreme in the contest. This law is the sense of some higher aim in life than personal comfort; it is the sense that man and beast dare not live by bread and bone alone, but must risk life itself when the law demands its devotion, be the law that of racial evolution or ideal service. Though the dog risks life for his bone, the soldier for his country, the saint for the truth, each is giving evidence of a sense, evolutional in the one, national in the second, spiritual in the third, that life cannot subsist without submission to ideal law. And this is Faith. If courage is triumph of spiritual law over bodily comfort, then fear is temporizing with mortality in worship of the flesh. Courage is the soul's uplifting;

* Shelley, *Skylark.*

fear is her fall with broken or faithless wing. Courage is reaching up to life through death; fear is clinging to the body of this death for salvation. However depraved a man be himself, he knows which is admirable: he knows, in a word, that none lives nobly without something akin to faith.

We are greater than we know, and in the hopelessness of our weary striving to circumvent our faith and live without it, we might very plainly see that we cannot live upon bread, unless we give it away. Certainly we cannot die upon it,

> "When all that we know or feel or see
> Shall pass like an unreal mystery."*

(ii.) *The Symbols of Faith.*

How then may we say that this universal Faith is declared? When Nature seems in these latter years to have busied herself chiefly with giving news to man of the laws which favour his racial evolution or which determine his personal dying, what, in a word, is that whereby she proclaims to the poet and child, if not to the manufacturer and physiologist, a law beyond evolution and stronger than death? How, if Faith play so essential a part in the upkeep of life, comes it that doubt is still left in us concerning its absoluteness?

The questions are not difficult to answer, so long as we remember that all abstract ideas are obscure to a mind quite devoid of imaginative perception. The lark's glad song carries no message to one lacking musical sense, and the glory of a rising sun is flameless to the colour-blind. Correspondingly, to one whose pity is destroyed by physiological experiments, love itself is quite satisfactorily explained on the utilitarian hypothesis; and when its power rises—like the hart's desire for the water-brooks—into a longing after the

* Shelley, *Death*.

transcendent Love itself, he who, because of his learning, has forgotten love, will call such exaltation of soul mere ecstasy of mental aberration. Wheaten bread we can believe in because the loaf is before us, and it satisfies our hunger. Presumably too the physiologist believes in that abstraction called pain, because its development is sometimes necessary to his experiments; and he can even believe in grief, as he must also induce it sometimes in his subjects to prove its influence upon physiological processes. Thus far he can doubtless go; but, inevitably, because for him further going is not possible, he accounts for pleasure and joy as mere expressions of physiological well-being, even though his vivisections most unscientifically ignore that aspect of living nature. Thus, for the unimaginative physiologist, joy and grief, love and the desire of life, are all summed up in his day-book, and "valued in a trice." No man can believe what his soul is too small to contain.

We can believe in all concrete things that are set before us, and we can believe in the laws that belong to concrete things, because they are constant and measurable in their potency. In a word, we have imagination enough to trust evidences, so long as they belong to, and can be mentally handled by, the law of three dimensions. We can even argue logically upon them; that is to say, we can so use these evidences that to no two minds, equally cultured, can they possibly have any different sort of use. But the evidences of abstract ideas are in themselves but ideal, and our only means of communicating our thoughts about them lie in the use of symbol and metaphor. Hence it is that the philosopher, seeking to be merely intellectual in his handling of abstract ideas, has had to invent a language of his own, devoid of imagination, and almost impossible to grasp by any save those whose natural mode of speech is similarly

starved.* His excuse for his mode is the need of precision. He would seek to treat of the soul of man, or of what the ordinary person and the poet mean by soul, in manner as precise as that of the mathematician. Because a watch is good only so far as precision has wrought it, he seeks to show that love and joy ought to be similarly handled, if we are to understand them and legitimate their use in human life. He would show how both love and grief have a place in the mental machinery, and thereby would hope to indicate that neither must take precedence of practical affairs. Likewise, he discards the lark's song, the daisy's service, the child's grief, as having too indefinite a meaning for logical thought and instruction. The philosopher rejects his inheritance, his natural mode of expression—just as his artificial life amidst the dust of laboratories has made him look upon his stomach as a useless survival, and hope for an ultimate physiological harmony that will rise above an aboriginal's digestion.†

The poet in a bright flash inspires one to the

* As an instance of the unimaginative stupidity of philosophical language, we must never forget Professor P. G. Tait's (author, with Balfour Stewart, of *The Unseen Universe*) translation into plain English of the following accepted definition of Evolution:—"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." The translation is this: "Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable, all-alikeness, to a somehowish and in-general-talkaboutable not-all-alikeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations."—Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, 1898, p. 565.

In this place we cannot, moreover, fail to remember Joubert's words: "One must never quit sight of realities, and one must employ one's expressions simply as media—as glasses through which one's thoughts can be best made evident. I know, by my own experience, how hard this rule is to follow; but I judge of its importance by the failure of every system of metaphysics. No one of them has succeeded: for the simple reason that in every one ciphers have been constantly used instead of values, artificial ideas instead of native ideas, jargon instead of idiom."—Quoted in Matthew Arnold's *Essay on Joubert*, Collected Works, vol. iii. p. 309.

† *Vide* Metchnikoff's *Nature of Man*, a work as remarkable for its physiological as for its philosophical shortsightedness and inaccuracy.

realization, say, of what joy means, where the physiologist writes pages of dull nonsense—nonsense because they seek to make us understand intellectually that which can be understood only by making ourselves share it. We must *feel* truth and duty, love and joy, faith and service, to the full of their meaning, before we dare think about *understanding* them.

Such abstract ideas, then, of intangible attributes can be expressed only in symbol—in form, that is, of some natural object which suggests, (*a*) because of its actually or seemingly possessing in some degree the notion in question, or (*b*) because by common agreement it is allowed to stand as token for that concept. The former we may style the Symbols of Kinship, the latter those of Convention.

(a) *Symbols of Kinship.*

We must consider more definitely man's natural use of the symbol. Man discovered power of speech, power of gesture, power of metaphor, idiom and parable, all because of his inherited sense to understand that things could most lawfully be put to other uses than those comprised in their three dimensions. That such mode of expression was indeed most lawful, he could not doubt, when he first instinctively perceived that Nature is at pains to declare the truth of Faith, whenever and wheresoever Beauty is manifest in life. For Beauty is the shining of that spiritual power of uplifting which transcends the utilitarian needs of survival. Every thing of beauty is a symbol of the divine; that is to say, it is a thing used for declaring the spiritual power that is not dimensioned in the thing's bare needs. Small wonder if the Tree in Eden's midst was the fairest

of all God's trees! The poet tells us that every bush is a burning bush, and lights the soul to like burning in all who can see the fire.* The psychologist says the bush is burning to such as are not quite sane, and fancy they see flames.

The Child is the aboriginal poet. To him everything that lives is joy and symbolizes his own delight in life. Therefore the flowers are symbols in kinship. To the child the daisy is spiritual life declared; it is accepted as a symbol of something supreme. So his imagination, having perceived that the symbol cannot tell all to those lacking imagination—like his elders for the most part—sets to find a fresh symbol to strengthen his own ideal vision, lest it be blunted by too much business with "things done that took the eye and had the price." He tells himself, or he is told by a wise mother or an authoritative tale, that the flowers are inhabited by fairies. These fairies are more intellectually tangible than is the inward and spiritual grace of which the flowers are outward and visible signs. He cannot grasp such abstractions; but he can believe in fairies, and understand the setting up of a symbol and a shrine before which he may dance and worship. The more he learns of the essential wonder behind the flower's aureoled glow, the more devoutly will he realize how necessary are fairies and how unnecessary are textbooks of botany. The child indeed,

> "Who with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn," †

will, as he grows in wisdom and in stature, find that scholarship is fuel to uplift the flame in its imaginative, its creative power.

* "The Bush hath been burning above five thousand years, and we never yet saw the ashes of this fire."—Samuel Rutherford, Letter cccxvii.

† Wordsworth, *The Happy Warrior.*

The symbol of kinship is the very means of our hold upon the faith that—

"Lo corpo, dentro al quale io facea ombra," *

that *the body from within which I made shadow*, is itself but the outward and visible manifestation, the symbol, illuminate from within of its inspiration—

"Pensive and faltering
The words, *the dead*, I write;
For living are the Dead;
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparation, I the Spectre)." †

Every symbol of beauty used by God Himself, whether in this Eden, or in this same accursed ground, is a pot of spikenard ointment; for the energy bestowed upon making things glorious might have been spent upon food for the hungry. But not even the hungry can live without some sense that the lilies outshine money. And every noble symbol created by man is a redemption from material tyranny.

Thus is the lark's lyric the symbol of an eternal joy, the actual inheritance of every child, woman and man, until or unless they have shut behind them the storehouse door and lost the key. Of this treasure not even

* Dante, *Purgatorio*, III. l. 26. Compare also—

"Ogni forma sustanzial, che setta
E da materia ed è con lei unita,
Specifica virtude ha in sè colletta,
La qual senza operar non è sentita,
Nè si dimostra ma' che per effetto,
Come per verdi fronde in pianta vita."
Dante, *Purgatorio*, XVIII. l. 49.

"Every substantial form, that segregate
From matter is and with it is united,
Specific power has in itself collected,
Which without act is not perceptible
Nor shows itself except by its effect,
As life does in a plant by the green leaves."
Longfellow's Translation.

† Walt Whitman, *Passage to India*, Washington, 1870, p. 70.

the world can rob them, though it hide the key in every dark pit it can find. Were they robbed of the possibility of ever finding their joy again, they would be robbed of hope, of faith. When, too, the irretrievable loss is accepted, after utter weariness in vain search for the key, and every hope lies lost in hell, then, and then only, do they fling away the life itself; but the Coroner's verdict should be, not that they were of unsound mind, but that they died bereft of hope. For joy is the essence of hope; hope of love; love of life. The lower things of life spontaneously find symbols to express their joy. But man, though often understanding more of his joy because of his sorrow, is an outcast in an accursed ground, and readily loses the instinctive sense of his life's meaning. Nevertheless whoever knows more than the birds and butterflies, seeks to tell what he knows, lest he and his fellows forget all but the sweat and the thorns. So he lifts up his head to find the lark's gladness that floods the sky and his own soul; and he makes of the bird a symbol of joy, even as the bird makes of its wings a triumph over its bodily weight, of its music a song of resurrection. Or he finds, as he digs, the rosy-tipped daisy at his feet, and feels it miraculously significant of some good he has forgotten, or has not yet found, but which is of his own very being. The lowly flower and the uplifted bird thenceforwards offer him, in place of sluggard peace, a vital joy. He gives up some of his hard labour for bread, that he may, even going hungry, do his bit of service. So did Shelley, the high-born, and Burns, the ploughman. They did more than their skylark or their daisy; they created new symbols, new forms of beauty, that had more power than all the elements. They truly found the way of lavish beauty, the way of love's creation.

(b) *Symbols of Convention.*

In man's elemental need to give expression to the life within him and all that he understands this life to mean, he is at times at a loss to find symbols of kinship that manifest naturally in themselves the feeling he would express. The nightingale will be his song of mating; the firefly his sign of those fitful illuminations that never stay long enough to give real light; the daisy his message of lowly ordered service, content that its petal tips may hold through a weeping day the crimson of the morning sun; the wild rose his news that manna from above is lavish and sweet, and cannot be hoarded. Though these feelings are all after righteousness and born of Faith, man does not find in these lowly things symbols large enough for the loftier emotions of his nature. He must invent more arbitrary symbols that, because unrestricted by their own life's significance, or by their own direct teachings of uniformity in life's heritage, shall give his feelings freer play. In nothing that represents man's triumph over the forces of nature is his inventive genius so triumphantly displayed as in this finding of symbols to represent what he means, and what, in lack of such symbols, would lack all language. "Love, hope, faith, fear, these make humanity" (Browning); and as the uplifting of man is more than the lark, with all his strength of wing, can ever compass, so the fear of death is more than any angel with flaming sword. In the need of expressing in symbolic tongue what he means by his humanity, man takes the common heart. Nor is it altogether arbitrary; for the heart keeps the life-blood moving. As sign of his eternity he invents the swastika; as sign of the upward moving, unending expanse of purpose and its converse, he makes the ascending spiral. So also in this wholly divine power of invention, and inwardly knowing his kinship in life with

God Himself, he must devise a symbol that shall stand for God's kinship with him in grief no less than in joy. As the outward and visible sign of the Love which is creation, and of the Grace which is service, he makes to him the symbol of the Cross. He creates out of its helplessness and terror a sign of faith and victory, so that each who beholds it may know that the tyranny of Cæsar over the things that are his can never kill what is God's.

(iii.) *On Recreation.*

It is thus that the symbols of the spiritual faith, which, we may well imagine, is ingrain in all manifestations of life, are means of re-creation, of restoring life to its simple meaning. It is when the mere things of life have made our souls weary with disbelief, that we instinctively know rejuvenation is needed. It is these symbols that are for ever reminding us of our inborn heritage of power in this very faith. For, whenever a flower blooms or a bird sings, we see the bounty of God. Whenever the poet arises among us, who feels that stirring within him which will not let him rest till he has uttered its truth in shapely obedient form like the daisy's, and yet flaming upward in triumph over conventions like the lark's song, then we see the tender power of God that He gives man understanding. In all these things the soul, when riven and bereft, is saved from the bitterness of its life, and, if not restored to full life, is made to believe again in what life means. For to many of us, perhaps to most of us, this must suffice, that we can believe unflinchingly in the meaning of life and the possibility of man's holding it. Joy may not be ours, for it lies buried; it may not be in us, because of our inheritance of sorrow; it may not uplift us, because no fairy prince has wakened the sleeping beauty hidden away in the thorn-barricaded

palace of our kingdom. But the spiritual symbols of beauty may give to the simple-hearted, just as the philosophic or religious symbols may give to the more scholarly, an understanding in the possibility of joy. This indeed is faith, and perhaps we dare ask no more; for it gives us means of creation and re-creation in those symbols God Himself loves into beauty, be they His birds and flowers, or the hearts of His human children.

The creation of symbols, we may affirm in entire reverence, is God's own play, even perhaps His rest on the seventh day. Nevertheless, in the sense that all His work is the moving of His Spirit upon the face of the waters, thus changing the formless into things of life and beauty, God knows no labour like man's, and all His work is good and joyful in the symbolic manifestation of its inspiration.

The striking virtue about child-principles is not so much that the child abstains from eating forbidden fruit, as that the serpent cannot tempt him. For the spiritual significance to him of all that is beautiful is quite as real as the food-value of apples. The child looks to the symbolic use of things to uplift his spirits when he is weary of material things. Indeed, the child's strength of life lies in his refusal to accept stern facts at their material valuation. To be compelled to sit still, to obey meaningless conventions, to read dull books of facts and calculations, are matters for grief and tears. But to upset and harness the chairs is to make of them winged dragons, symbolic of freedom and awful power; to clothe the dog as Henry the Fifth and the cat as his queen; to twist sums into nonsense; to refuse to do what must be done before the gift can be owned; these are to claim the child's inalienable right, distorted though it often is, to make things stand for other meaning than the obvious and utilitarian. The child finds spiritual

service in the nursery furniture, precisely as the poet hears sermons in stones; both know the need, lest they starve, of rising above the sordidness of things not of the spirit. They know too well the worth of the forbidden fruit to eat it! The child refuses to be taken always seriously. To him life is primarily joyful and its purpose creative. He shows his spiritual imaginative power, as does the poet in more deliberate intent, by changing miraculously his mere things into vehicles for fancy. While Adam and Eve were still childlike in the Garden, we may well believe they plucked the forbidden fruit bravely, and played ball with the shining apples: they knew better use for it than eating, and young angels took part in the game.

To take the child and his life too materialistically is to take them ominously and to give him fear. And fear stands only for the triumph of that which is not life; the triumph, that is, in the child's heart, of the utilitarian over the ideal and spiritual. Every one who understands children knows that the way to find their hearts on a first introduction, the way to banish the initial fear, is to talk nonsense to them. To twist a handkerchief into a rabbit and to make it jump; to change copybook paper into arrows and boats; to repeat the multiplication table outrageously wrong; to tell the thoughtful boy, what only philosophers believe, that everything we see is really upside down, and to tell it with such mock solemnity that he knows you are not fooling but engaging yourself in the holy office of upsetting absurd things with their own absurdity; such are all ways of letting the child see that you know how to create, how to put soul and meaning into things that are lifeless and even stupid when taken more seriously than they are worth. He will then trust you as a fellow-creature; for you can make game of things and tasks and hardships, and thus re-create in him glad sense of symbolic

meaning. So will a child realize that even an old man is a very sensible and understanding person not to be feared.

No word in our language proclaims the imaginative deeps, over which and in which we unconsciously have our being, more plainly than this word *recreation*. Its invention comes from no other understanding than that of our need of being uplifted into sense of life's sublimity. For a while, we say, let us forget these thorns and thistles against which we must battle or be choked and starved, to the fighting of which we must train our children lest they too earn no bread. Let us forgive them, or, better still, so use them that we can laugh at them and thus be reminded that a happy spirit counts for more in the meaning of life than the conquest of the accursed ground. Instead of digging with bowed head, slow step and weary arm, we will throw down the spade, trusty friend though it be; we will lift up the head, kick up the heels, and chuck stones into the tree-tops. More, we will order these joyous ways into metrical dance, as do the flowers when moved by the wind; we will deck our persons with bells like theirs, with gay ribbons like their prodigal petals. Thus shall we play with our physical energies and find therein recreation to our hearts, trust indeed in the faith that man must not, still less must his child, try to live by work and bread alone.

Surely there is deep significance in the meaning of play, something more than the explanations we find in the text-books of Psychology, where we may learn, if it please us, that the instinct of children to dance and run and shout for joy has no other source than their superabundance of physical energy. This must be like a bottomless spring, which not having yet found means of application to such prudent work as grinding corn or turning turbines for transmutation into power that shall bring tangible reward, must be wasted, lest, I

suppose, it overflow its pool and cause trouble to the parental estates! It is passing strange how the new-fashioned materialist belittles these aboriginal and most enlightening desires of life, just as the old-fashioned moralist regarded them as evidence of original sin to be disciplined into an unemotional virtue.* The desire for play is not different in the children and their parents, to whom the need of recreation would seemingly stand in direct proportion to the drudgery of their work, and is often greatest when the physical energy is at lowest ebb. Play by no means takes form of physical effort always, though children doubtless have a superabundance of energy which will find outlet in work or creative play or destructive vice. That it finds outlet more happily in imagining and pretending that the more joyful use of things lies in their actual misuse—in the ideal using of them to other purpose than those which any pedant can predicate—in no way accounts for the law of recreation. To ascribe all this law's varied manifestations to excess of physical energy, is as stupid as to declare that the child's thirst for knowledge, his tender sympathy with present sorrow, his passionate grief at the frustration of any desire, mean also nothing more than superabundant physical energy.

The child more readily wearies of his mere physical duties than does the man, who gladly accepts the easier paths of inevitableness, if in them he can earn food for his children; and correspondingly the child more earnestly claims the right of recreation. The growing child knows that the sort of growth his rich vitality claims is found in recreation—resurrection from the death of facts and the discipline that is so essential to the right ordering of his growth. He knows that his energy is spiritual in its essence and its desire, and that he dare not let it be crushed by terrors

* *Vide* Appendix J. on the Scientific Explanations of Play.

such as multiplication tables and irregular verbs, which, in all conscience, give field enough for the absorption of any superabundance of physical energy! On the other hand give his spirit free play in stories of mystery and adventure, in studies of nature and friendships with animals, in creative education of his hands and eyes, and his best work will be his best recreation. To accept the scientific explanation of play is to justify the eighteenth-century condemnation of enthusiasm; it is to justify what long ago seemed to be the Scotch Calvinist's idea as to the need of mental and moral training, namely to cure the hart of its longing desire for water-brooks.

As a fact, our daily play—and indeed we ought ever to pray for gladness of heart to make it—is not by any means related always to physical excess of zeal. Wherever we find it, it is the same thing—the symbolic use of the things of Cæsar to make them stand for the things that never can be Cæsar's. In the fine arts we find the highest creational use of man's superabundant spiritual energy, especially when the sense of noble service is the inspiration of these arts. Play is the lavish giving, the happy sacrificing of powers that could be used for physical needs, in order that these same powers may serve otherwise—and re-create. The burning of God's gifts—be they the meat offerings of old or the candles of to-day—on His high altars is a recreation in ritual, the principle of which is the putting useful things to symbolic service.

And here again, we see how the misuse of spiritual gifts has led to the condemnation of those gifts as though they were of the devil. For the boy may play when he should be working; the man may spend his life searching for recreation that can never be rightly desired or rightly taken until it is earned; the priest may make vain sacrifice and perform dead ritual, because he has forgotten that repentance is the only

gateway to such recreation, and that idolatry is the very denial of inspiration. The pot of precious ointment may be wasted even though it be not sold for the poor: it may be used in the hope of pleasing or propitiating God, rather than as sign that man must ceaselessly correct his distorted valuation of earthly things.

To some it must seem a strange perversion, if not a sacrilege, to put under the same Law of Recreation the expression of our religious obligations and that of our delight in the essential and superabundant joy of life. But the meek inherit the Earth and every good means she gives of living. This inheritance is joy in life and in worship. This inheritance it is, moreover, that brings back to us a sense of its worth through repentance and fear when, in our sinning, we lose sight of the eternal Light. In the expression both of our superabundant joy and of our hunger for the joy we have flung away, we are guided by the same law of symbolic expression. In the one case we call it play, and fling away a symbolic ball for the pleasure of seeking and bringing it back again post haste; while in the other we fall upon knees in symbolic gift to God of this body we have ourselves enslaved, and in confession of our helplessness to find, without miracle, the recreation we so sorely need. We dare hardly think this delight in life, and the expression of its joy in play, are other than the finding of the Kingdom of Heaven within us.

(iv.) *Love and Ritual.*

Except by those quite devoid of imagination, it is not questioned that the essential point about the emotion called Love is that it nests in the tree-tops rather than burrows among the roots; that it uplifts the mind of man into that soul of him which cannot

live by bread alone; that its life is dependent upon spiritual converse rather than upon earthly success. For love, whether of child, of lover, of parent, or of God, means nothing but the will to relinquish things in support of that which transcends present needs and happiness. Thus love, in all its manifestations, is close akin to religion; indeed it is inseparable from it without disaster to both.

Love and Religion both have their labour and sorrow, their recreation and their rejoicing. It is because we are an idolatrous, courage-lacking people that we dare hardly occupy our religion in joy. So that we rather talk to our children about God seeing them in the darkness and taking note of all the little sins they commit, than let them realize that the flower is beautiful because God rejoices, that the mother cuddles her little one and laughs with his baby delights only because God loves in that way also.

And yet all religion, which is the love Godwards, makes joy for itself in ritual; and ritual is poetic play. It takes the things of the earth to use them as symbols of that which is the inspiration of the earth. As the child creates out of his wheel-barrow a Pegasus to carry him into some beyond, so the happy worshipper of God drills sound into music for praise. He paints bare walls of mere shelter till they are radiant with pictures, and the barn is glorified into a church. As feathers make wings, so his words make songs to uplift the soul above its body's bare duties.

That this old-fashioned joy in worship is so little understood and that some fear it as dangerous, have come to pass from two causes: (*a*) man's inalienable tendency to sloth and idolatry, and (*b*) fear of the spirit's spontaneity making it rebellious to authoritative conformity. We must consider these causes separately.

(*a*) Because of our slothfulness of imagination the mere forms of symbolic expression are accepted as the

equivalent of the spirit that should spontaneously utter them whether in song or dance or decoration or poem. Here the law of prostitution is found often triumphant. Which law, be it remembered, is this, that *the more uplifted is any particular attribute of life, the deeper and more disastrous will be its fall.** It was as surely in fear of this prostitution that the Reformation robbed religious ardour of its expression in ritual, as it was the prostitution of its magnificent imagery that degraded the Roman Church into a mechanical phantasy. It is this same fear of freedom in symbolic ritual—or, shall we boldly say, the fear of joyful play before God—that has made our Anglican Church content with sterile forms and observances which, in spite of its noble and simple liturgy, have, being no longer vital, become tinctured with idolatry. Idolatry is not other than the unspiritual, unliving use of material things to stand for spiritual ideas. To erect shrine and crucifix on the wayside, to paint the wall of a church with a picture of the Resurrection, are putting things to spiritual service: they are divine play. But to think the Cross itself will help us; to find greater merit in gold than in wood for its material; to go to Church even because we think to do so is divine service; these are the prostitution of the child's idea that to dance and sing before the Lord rejoices His heart, and of the man's that kneeling before the Crucifix, as the symbol of the divine suffering with and for us in our sins, helps us to arise and try again.

(*b*) The second reason for mistrust of the joy in worship lies in our anxiety lest the spirit's spontaneity may overstep the bounds of authority. It is answered easily by all who believe in the Child's Inheritance of joy, in the rich significance of the World Within, and in that something we call imagination, whose office it is to rise above circumstance while yet accepting its inevitability. Play in worship is but incarnation of

* *Vide* p. 205.

spiritual passion. The imagination is the property and need of all, though religious instruction seeks to drill the spiritual passion into such stereotyped forms as the priest-pedants approve. To prohibit expression of life's profoundest significance in any way but devitalized sentimentalisms and mechanically correct paintings; or to reject because unscholarly all art hallowed in archaic spontaneity; is to crush the inalienable need and right of the spiritual life—which spiritual life, if strong and happy, is for ever feeling and imagining beyond the possibility of expression in authorized manners.

Pure play is always recreation. The right use of the symbol, as token that we do not think the living flame of our life is but the consequence of physiological laws, will always give us increase of belief in the power of that flame over those laws. This is to strengthen the life itself, to recreate it. Thus is all symbolic worship recreative; it re-makes the good in the man. The more the spirit has free play to find new modes of worship—whether in erecting shrines for the footsore or in wasting precious ointment upon the beautiful Feet, or in forgiving, or in leading forlorn hopes for the Truth's sake—the more does such worshipping recreate the man in the strengthening of his Faith. The saints always find their recreation in rejoicing with those who rejoice no less than in weeping with those who weep. Laughter and tears are themselves perhaps but instinctive symbolic expressions of joy and grief, though their evolutionary origin is quite obscure.

The same argument holds true for that wonderful love which draws young man and maiden together. If their hearts are simply obedient to the law of their nature, the joy in finding each other seeks expression in song, poetry, dancing and worship. So deeply do they instinctively understand the need of playful expression to their love, so truly do they realize its need

of growth and strength, that their poetry and music give them what they need, recreating the spirit's desire and purpose. Their freedom is indeed so true a thing that, with gentle wit and subtle fun, they jest with one another about this sacred joy which is come to them. And their parents, if their own love is good and pure, and knowing this new-found faith to be too tender and holy a thing to speak of in common words, will playfully twit them with their devotion that they may help them, as it were, to stand before the whole world proud of all their love stands for.

Yet here again, the prostitution of the play and ritual, as the prostitution of the gift itself, may be quite terrible. For the method of the symbol's use is often inverted. Instead of using things to stand for ideas, we find merry-making with the spirit's dues, as if thereby to forget obligation. Nowhere is this so clearly seen as in the ribald jokes of the degenerate concerning the racial office of love. Every man and woman nobly in love—nobly inspired by belief in one another's right to obey the instinct of creation—knows the uplifting of heart into some spiritual understanding which comes with the passion. Nor is this less true that, so often, the passion proves to have been ill-placed, and the beloved one but a puppet decked in bright garlands and ribbons by an over-trusting imagination. It is not less true, even though the error is discovered too late to be remedied, and the two parents of a family learn perhaps to scoff at their boy-and-girl raptures, and to speak cynically of the love they have debased. That so many people learn to jest at the religion in love, at the joys in maternity, at bonds which are so easily broken, is but evidence of the facile prostitution of the holiest things, of the rendering not to Cæsar, but to the devil, the things that are God's.

While writing of the illumination which comes to

so many when the lovelight in their nature is first revealed, it must be noted that the chief means of expression is found in poetry. This poetry does not consist solely in the discovery of word-symbols and the creation of mere language, but rather in the subduing of emancipated thought into measure and law. A noble thought is always a breaking-forth from one's own restrictions. But this imaginative freedom cannot be used with truest sense of its purpose to express the otherwise unknown, until it again be brought under the dominance of law. Only thus can beauty declare the truth. Only in the true marriage of heaven and hell, in Blake's meaning—only, that is, in the divinely natural union of energy with law in the desire of production—can the true imagination become manifest. As the profligate joy of the primrose carpets the wintry woods with uprisen beauty, because of the obedience of each individual flower to a disciplined symmetry, so does the poet instinctively understand, when the love-sense flushes his consciousness, that the beauty of love can be told only in some flower-form. His thoughts and symbols he orders into metre and rhyme, and he produces a flower-song to lay at his beloved's feet.

(v.) *Wit and Humour.*

If the argument be thus far allowed, wit and humour, when used delightfully for the uplifting of social intercourse above the unleavened dough of the self-satisfied Philistines, must make God glad for His creatures. Yet, here again, because the one is so often used for unkindness and the other dragged into vulgarity, we have lost our understanding that in the Kingdom of Heaven wit and humour take high place in its festivities.

To fetch himself out of the dead hell of things, into

which he so readily slips, up to the Heaven which is within him whenever he will, Man makes merriment. As his boy plays with chairs and his girl dresses her doll, so his wit bids him pitch together rebellious reasons that pull two ways, or put the garment of logic upon an impossible argument. Thus does his tired soul find wise rejuvenation in laughter; in the flagrant disregard of the precision belonging inalienably to things and dimensions which, when man yields to them, become the lifeless inhabitants of his Hell, he lifts up his head once more. It is a wise man who can find godly device in wit and fun. It is an even wiser who also knows that to pack vast issues into narrow dimensions is to become that most awful travesty of man, the solemn fool—be he priest with his faith tight sealed in the nutshell of a creed, or biologist who imagines the living cell is a machine and its life no more than the work it effects. It is the wit and the humourist, the great philosopher and the true poet, who know, even better than the scientist and theologian, the full value of fact. William Blake, daringly outspoken and fearlessly philosophical, while pleading for the freedom of imagination's energy, declared, be it quoted yet again, that "the outward circumference of energy is reason," that "Truth has bounds, Error none." Yet no less he ceaselessly would urge that the soul's bondage is its body's limitations. The true poet and true wit are always crying, *Get out of your prison, man, and at any cost, for the door stands wide open. But think not you will find freedom without, when it always lives within somewhat.* The "unchartered Freedom tires" the living souls more than any drudgery of the body, and is more disastrous. The poet who does nothing in the world but concoct sweet fancies, and the wit who turns everything into ridicule, do not inspire but emasculate. As Freedom deprived of labour becomes license, as Art deprived of

purpose becomes dilettantism, as poetry deprived of humanity becomes pretence, so wit deprived of illumination becomes buffoonery. All these, because their meaning is essentially a declaration of that which is supreme to facts and dimensions, can readily be put to misuse by those incapable of understanding them. Because such misuse is harmful to soul and body alike, the solemn fools among priests, pedagogues, pedants, find in freedom of thought, in joy of mind, in prodigal art, in mirth of soul, things to be feared. They cannot see themselves are unprofitable servants just because they have done no more than it was their duty to do.*

Imaginative perception necessarily goes hand-in-hand with the gift of imagery, the power, that is, of conveying to others by means of symbolic representation the idea perceived. This same power of imagery is found also in the wit and humourist; and, although these are not always accredited with imaginative gift and power of poetical description, they in their best art touch the profound and give one news of its realness.

The accepted distinction between the offices of wit and humour fully bear out the claim that both recognize—even if they do not know it—the spiritual factor in every mundane affair. The humourist, as it were, makes it his constant concern that mere things and words, and the processes of their use to prove the domination of logic and physical law, shall not be allowed more than their due. Using them, as only the imagination has right to do, he compels us to laugh at the quite tragic solemnity of mere evidences, and thus robs us of the spiritual fear which all such tyranny excites. We can well imagine that, when Charles Lamb stopped the porter carrying the dead hare and portentiously asked him whether it was his own hare or a wig, he was impelled to his joke by a

* Luke xvii. 10.

sudden and quite inspired perception that the man was carrying both his own life and the hare's dead body altogether too gravely. Or shall we quote his quite magnificent rejoinder to the pedant, who, arguing that social position was necessary to the begetting of genius, reminded his hearers that Byron was a Harrow boy? "Oh yes," stammered Lamb, "and Burns was a Plough-boy." This was pure fun glorified by a touch of finest wit, making a fact, illogically used, look, in a flash of illumination, unutterably foolish.

But the finest humour touches—perhaps makes easier to understand and to bear—the depths of pathos. At Copenhagen, Nelson, having undertaken the almost impossible and losing at the very outset a fourth of his strength, was signalled, while still in the thick of the fight, by his chief, Sir Hyde Parker, to retire. "Damn me if I do!" Nelson exclaimed to Foley. "You know, Foley, I have only one eye, and I have a right to be blind sometimes." Then, putting his telescope to his blind eye, he added, "I really do not see the signal." The brave Danes yielded their ships one by one. Nelson was victorious; but not sure, he said, that he would not be court-martialled and hanged for his insubordination. Here we have the clear imaginative insight which made the man what he was, made him dare to obey this insight rather than those dimensioned laws of discipline, without which no army or navy was ever strong. For such insubordination Nelson could find no quick justification. The truth was higher than its own philosophy. But the jest of a mock excuse, made at the expense of his personal misfortune, stood for a symbol, and perhaps made the heart lighter by its semblance of support. He who can play with a chief's decree when his country's honour is at stake may well understand the play upon words and bodily misfortunes. Blind with an eye perhaps, but seeing further than all the eyes of the navy and Admiralty

conspiring together! Neither the insubordination nor the humour had been possible to one less gifted with imagination and the power of turning its insight into action and symbol.

But wit takes a higher place than humour. If the latter makes fun of facts and laws, because it sees their absurdity in trying to dominate the life that, in using and understanding, is supreme to them, wit goes deeper and higher: it plays with those follies and vanities, conventions and philosophies of man, which, no less absurdly and more unpardonably, take precedence in conduct over the ancient inheritances. Nelson's humour at Copenhagen bordered perhaps on wit; for in a flash he saw philosophically how it was wholly wrong that the laws of discipline should give the lie to what he in his heart, then grandly blind to everything but the passion of victory, knew to be right. Yet the purpose of his imagery, his play with facts, was not so much the pointing of vain-glorious folly as a playful self-defence that should stand for the justification which he knew he did not need. As instance of realler wit we may remember the story of Talleyrand. Some one asked him how best the New Religion, which was to supersede Christianity, could be fairly started and then kept going. "That's easily done," Talleyrand replied. "You, as the leader, need only be crucified for your faith; and then," he added, "rise again from the dead." This is not humour. The intent is too profound for a jesting symbol or a play with words and laws. It is wit; its purpose is not to excite a happy sense of man's inalienable right upon occasion to do what he will with words and figures and the laws that control them, but to make man see in a flash, in a brilliant symbolic antithesis, the hugeness of his personal vanity and the smallness of his understanding of what religion means. Wit must always perhaps touch upon satire—and rightly, so

long as its purpose is not to hurt the fool in any way beyond letting him see himself precisely as he stands.

(vi.) *Conclusion.*

All of which may seem to have small bearing upon our main thesis; that the means and purpose of education are to bring into germination, flowering and fruit-bearing the child's sleeping inheritance. Yet this reiterated insistence upon the high office of play is purposed to show how it takes share in the child's faith; how it must be used freely, if we would keep the child fearless of such things as, wrongly appraised, bring fear and misery into life. But, more even than these abstract ideas, it is necessary that we understand the need of recreation and play in the daily life of child and man alike, if we would avoid the ever-present and blinding dangers of their misuse.

The meaning of work and play must be kept as distinct in the child's and in the man's life as the meaning of service and freedom, discipline and liberty, obedience and growth; and this not the less that though antithetic they are essential to one another. The distinction is between the things of Cæsar's and the things of God's: Cæsar's things may be created into tokens or symbols of God's; God's notions must be put into Cæsar's things, if for these we are to find justification. Nevertheless, the things of Cæsar must never be mistaken for those of God, to both of whom their own must be rendered. To make of play a distasteful labour is to rob it of its recreative power; to make it mere means of physical exercise, when such exercise might be used for the doing of work, is to destroy its meaning and to waste good energy. Boys should at least have choice between the carpenter's

shop and the cricket field; and it would be far more salutary and scientific to find recreation for them in compulsory ploughing, mowing, planing, carving, than in compulsory football and gymnastics. The young, perhaps, even more than the old, instinctively love to realize the worth of their labour. It may be because of the waste of his physical strength that so many a boy comes to hate the playground's rigorous games even more than his schoolroom's peremptory tasks. The true meaning of play should be understood alongside the need of discipline; the cultivation of an elevated *esprit de corps*, along with the essential good of hard work. Upon the basis of such better understanding a wiser, no less beneficial use might be made of the *vis insita* and all it stands for in manliness and spiritual growth.

Conversely great care is exercised by wise teachers in all attempts at exploiting the spiritual sense of play for facilitating the acquisition of mere knowledge. Such attempts are made only with younger children, who are quick enough to detect the serpent's wiles in the tempting fruit and to refuse it. Work must be work and play, play; though the labour of carving a bowl may go along with the hand's higher education in adorning it with design. Labour may be spiritualized, and the things of Cæsar may be rendered to that potentate in such spirit that they are glorified beyond his understanding; a quite different aim from that of exploiting play to sugar duty. We must give the child sense of discipline and unquestioning duty in the planing and sawing of the wood before he can make it serviceable and beautiful, though this sense may be happy enough if the hard work also is inspired by the idea of the thing's use and meaning. To make something for the sake of adorning it, to learn lessons for the sake of a prize, to play games for the sake of beating the other school, these are to lose sense of purpose

in work and play alike. They strive to exploit an ideal to lower intent.

It is finally because of the danger of separating the meaning of work from the meaning of recreation; because of the *impasse* erected when the body is divorced from the soul; because of the danger of thinking either can be advantageously used for other purpose than its own—the danger, that is, of working for the sake of play, or playing for the sake of making work easy; it is for these reasons that it seems quite essential to understand the near relation of faith and recreation in the upholding of the mind with art and in the uplifting of the soul with ardour.

CHAPTER X.

THE INHERITANCE OF SORROW AND PENALTY.

The Child's Inheritance has in the foregoing pages been discussed in a spirit of optimistic faith, because in no other can the education of young or old be profitable. To believe in life is to imagine and believe in its best possible.

Nevertheless this spirit of optimism is far different from that which would make children happy by concealing the bitter facts that do prevail outside their little lives. We cannot hide always from them the misery that waits upon life when it is wronged; indeed, we hardly dare do so, lest we unfit them for facing the anguish which any day may overwhelm them. As sure and as soon as we teach the child that God is good and made all things good, must we make him hold his face and soul to certain laws no less eternal than God Himself; even if, because of those laws, penalty has laid its hand upon the innocent unto the third and fourth generation. It is necessary to insist upon the reality of evil and the inevitableness of penalty, more in this day, perhaps, than it was in any gone before, because of the sentimental laxness of many troubled souls who, unable to bear the idea that the weak must suffer, find solace in one of two ways; either in denying the reality of disease and pain, or, if they are more logical than this, in denying the existence alike of God and the devil.

It is now proposed—and quite deliberately at the cost of some repetition—to consider the terrible in life; thereby more easily to realize that wrong-doing and its natural penalties cannot be obviated by restriction, and that true education seeks to cultivate sympathy with suffering. Suffering, though mostly the penalty paid by others than those who sin, is as necessary as joy itself to the fulfilling of life. Sympathy is but the imaginative perception of that which is beyond actual sense. Suffering in others makes claim upon that in us which is not bound by the dimensions of prudence; it bids us get out of our comfortable selves and weep. In like manner joy in others bids us bring gifts to the strengthening of that joy.

These main propositions, more particularly as regards the law of Penalty, will be set forth by dividing the substance of this final chapter under these headings: (i.) The Dangers of Restriction; (ii.) The Theological Concept of Retribution; (iii.) The Natural Law of Penalty; (iv.) The Knowledge of Good and Evil; (v.) Responsibility and Penalty; (vi.) The Fellowship in Grief.

(i.) *The Dangers of Restriction.*

If we believe that life is supreme to its manifestations, we seek to arouse all that is noble in the child's inheritance for the development of his life. This, indeed, is never doubted so far as it implies the need of discipline. Discipline is but control of the self in such wise that the meaning of life is found even in its loftiest passion. The ardour of the lark's wing surely means more than something to be overcome; even though men might, with seeming impunity, dispense with the bird's hosannah. Yet, having paid homage to his lordship the sun, the lark must find worms for the chicks. To make go in fellowship the passion of

life and the control of its eager will, so that child, no less than lark, may in sanest purpose use his own, is to understand William Blake's law that *Energy is eternal delight with Reason as its bounds.* Energy is imaginating growth, with Reason right ordering it but never restricting.

> "Imagination . . . is left free
> And puissant to range the solemn walks
> Of time and nature, girded by a zone
> That, while it binds, invigorates and supports." *

In such understanding, Freedom is the very essence of life, and restriction can never help forwards its purpose. Having harnessed my horse and put him in the shafts, it is one thing to direct his energy so that he serves my needs, and another thing to hold him with cruel curb lest, in letting him go, he bolt and destroy us both. Yet some think the dangers of going to market behind a strong horse are so great that it is wiser to keep the beast in his stable and starve him—even if his master must starve also. All disaster begins in virtue losing sense of its energy's purpose—in the horse's master falling asleep and forgetting the market. In restraining the energy we may perhaps prevent sin, but only at the cost of the virtue. Better run the risk of the life being misused than destroy it. There is no sin but the misuse of virtue.

To account for what he cannot understand, the vulgar mind invents a foolish platitude. He declares that excess of any good thing works evil, and that moderation is the supreme law. He prefers the starved and broken-kneed horse to Pegasus. Nothing more quenching to the divine fire can be imagined than distrust of it. Having no sense of the absolute good, distrust favours indeed that compromise with morality which aims at eating every forbidden fruit offered by

* Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Bk. IV. l. 819.

the snake, so long as digestion is not seriously disturbed. It is the easy, middle way, that where contentment takes place of uplifting desire and aspirational conflict. It is the way which teaches us that extremes meet; that excess of love leads to license; that Christianity carried to its logical conclusions must entail prudential disaster; and so forth. Right discipline never makes for the damping of energy, but for its right aiming; and confidence in aim is encouragement to the eye that sees, the hand that does, the heart that desires.

Those who would restrain a child's essential energy teach him not to love or give or hope or trust too much, lest he get harm. If on the contrary we would teach him the real worth of life, he should be told that these powers are the manifestations of the very life itself, and that in their exercise alone is it possible to profit by the daily bread and all the world offers. Without troubling him with theoretical concepts—which he will devise best for himself according to his needs—we may help him to understand, by simple word or parable or precept, that only in their discipline by reason can love, charity, hope, fortitude, bring delight out of energy. Purpose, he will readily see, is the essential reason of every deed, every instinct, every passion. In loving there need be no bounds, if its purpose is increase and it finds means for service. Giving can never be imprudent, so long as its reason is feeding of the hungry birds or fellow-child, so long as it finds right means of providing what is needed. We dare put no restraint upon hope, so long as the hope is high purpose and becomes incarnate in the daily work. Nor will faith ever merge into superstition if we realize that its reason is not so much the saving of the soul hereafter as the inspiration of the daily life; if, in a word, faith always take precedence of works. It is suchlike philosophy that is

understood by the babes, while the wise men stand disputing.

Blake—a child in simplicity of thought, a poet in wealth of expression, a seer in passionate fellowship with suffering—meant by the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* a union of faith with works, imagination with reason, soul with body.* This union implies no compromise between ideals, no mutual relinquishment of desires for the establishing of a peaceful *modus vivendi*. Marriage meant not the restriction but the freeing of both subscribers to the bond. Whereas each in divorce would work in opposition to the good for which they were made, they would each, in perfect union, inevitably find its meaning in making possible the delight of the other and bringing vigour to the generation of life.

The story of Helen Keller † is full of illumination for any one who would get at the truth of inheritance. In those earliest years before the light had begun to dawn upon her soul, she would fall into terrible and futile passions whenever, in her attempts to make people understand what she wanted, she was beaten back into her prison by her total blindness and deafness. This child-soul was one of exceptional energy, with vital rights and longings bequeathed by her ancestry for the power that lay in them. After what water-brooks the thirsty creature longed, she knew not. Her passion was almost all she had of herself; a passion to express the life in loving and learning, in serving and growing—but a passion restricted. When, in her pitiful limitation of signs, she found it impossible to express to her mother what she wanted, her energy would wreck itself

* To those who are not familiar with Blake, may I venture to suggest their reading an address I gave before the Ruskin Union? It was subsequently published under the title of *The Sanity of William Blake*.

† *The World I Live In* and *The Story of my Life* are both written by herself. See also *The Religious Education of Helen Keller* (Fifield).

in hopeless crash upon the forbidding rocks of her inexpressible desire. This energy, this passion of her life, this imaginating of something inherited which was yet not hers, could not be curbed. Deny it right use, deny it power of creating, and it would turn upon its own soul in destructive rage. But the energy, the passion itself was all noble, all gift of the everlasting Life which had loved it into being. One of the most luminous of Blake's classic *Proverbs of Hell* is this: "Better murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires." Some of his lovers, unable to come near his great utterances, have constituted themselves his apologists; and believing that this and certain other of the Proverbs are arguments for license, they proceed to justify it. But these words, as in those other proverbs where he pleads for the essential holiness of all energy, simply assert the truth, so plainly illustrated in Helen Keller's story, that the curbing of the divine fire involves dangers so awful that it were almost better that even the infant had a millstone about its neck and were drowned than its life should be injured by nursing its unacted desires. The noble energy must be strengthened by discipline and guided by reason, rather than crushed by cold prohibitions. The wages of sin are always just penalty; they are earned, however, oftenest by those who forbid, though paid to the children who claim their just inheritance.

Quite early in his life will the thoughtful child begin to feel this eternal question, if not to ask it; should he be anything of a poet he will spend his life in answering it. It is the question of inspiration as against logic; of how it is that the good life can ever go wrong; of how the loving God, all powerful, all knowing, came to make a being whom He knew would one day change into Satan; or how He could permit sin and disease, penalty and hell. Such questions must be boldly faced. To shirk them, or to claim that they deal with premises

of whose truth we have no proof, is but to deny the ignorance we so often tacitly confess when the child puts his questions.

But although, perhaps, the child must suffer a little—and therein find some use in thought before his childish questions take the form in which his primeval honesty fashions them—he may be greatly strengthened to wait patiently for the answers if he find a steadfastness in his parents' attitude towards these questions. If he do but observe that they look with fortitude upon those mysteries, and that for them love and courage increasingly confirm a belief that behind the veil lies revelation, he too will be content to wait. Here surely restriction of thought will never obviate the intellectual absurdity of attributing folly to God or unmeaningness to natural law.

Every question which the Sphinx asks of man and child must be somehow answered rather than forbidden. She begins putting her questions the moment the infant finds parental prohibition confronting his rights to the use of his life: directly, that is, he finds penalty attached to the pursuit of his own quite normal desires. When older he even learns that sometimes, in spite of the suffering he must bear, he dare not do otherwise than disobey. The Sphinx puts her questions with no other purpose than to make the child understand his obligation to life—as something to be fulfilled only by aiming beyond what is possible to be done. She puts them to the parent that he may inspire the child with purpose and meaning as the only way to make him realize his power of growth. Well she knows that to educate by restriction must prostitute the energy of life to the service of the Self. All man's sin and suffering have come through false restriction, as distinguished from right discipline, of the *vis insita*, the inborn fire of life.

(ii.) *The Theological Concept of Retribution.*

Nevertheless the difficulty of grasping the meaning of life in its apparent paradoxes is so great that to speak strongly about the danger of restriction is to most people tantamount to advocating license. Of this, I repeat, Blake is often accused. He himself took Behmen as his master; whose teachings give us such simple understanding of these seeming paradoxes, that they are worth the educationist's attention. Though mystic rather than naturalist, he makes the acceptance of the theological doctrines of reward and punishment seem quite compatible with philosophic interpretation.

Jacob Behmen, an orthodox Lutheran, jealous for all the dogmas of his Church and the teachings of the New Testament, dared tell us that he found no paradox in the wrath and love of God, in Heaven and Hell, in destiny and free will. His method is provokingly obscure because in his humility he felt compelled, being but an ignorant cobbler, to accept the learned astrologers and alchemists as unquestionable authority in natural law, no less than St. Paul and St. Augustine as guides in things concerning the soul. Nevertheless the simplicity of his views is so remarkable that the unlearned can welcome them as at once consistent and orthodox; and so illuminating that the paradoxes of religious teaching become unities and necessary each to the other's meaning.

To Behmen God was one—the oneness being all the word Creator means to us of power and justice, mercy and love, retribution and inspiration, just because of the inseparable, co-equality in Him of such properties. Only when these properties become disunited are they antithetic. Only then does love become weakness, justice cruelty. Only by man, who even while in Hell cannot live outside of God, are these attributes separable.

Being of God, man has Will; created that he may become divine in the perfecting of his life-energy, this Will must be free. Because of man's freedom to choose, he, not yet come into grace of the atonement, may find himself living in the fire of God's wrath, seeking his own way and slothful pleasures, wilfully ignoring the *love-light* of God's shining beauty. Thus to such a man, though he never gets away from God, his life may be Hell, whether he be still living in the flesh or has passed beyond its ministrations. When a man dies, he continues the state in which he lived—in the wrath or the love of God; that is to say, in Hell or Heaven. Yet this eternal fire of God's nature is the meaning of His power, of His creating glory. In man himself, too, being of God, this fire of creation, this power of imagination, is regnant. It may mean, however, that he lives in Hell. Or it may mean that, using this power with sure sense of the meaning of love—which, as God Himself, became flesh and dwelt among men—he relinquishes his own desires, takes the cross of humanity upon himself because of his love to his brother; and that thus, be he suffering or rejoicing, be he martyr or king, he may be living in the love-light of Heaven itself. Adam fell because, seeking the energy of his own desires rather than God's will, he sank down beneath the creating power of his fire, down into its *dark roots* where damnation is eternal. Yet still, nor Adam nor any of his blood, ever get outside God and all that God's nature means. The rule of the jungle with its tooth and claw as the final appeal, no less than the radiant crops with love and service as the inspiration to labour, lie within the meaning and power of God. The jungle is the primeval nature in which man finds means and need to overcome. The smiling pastures are the victory and reward. That the jungle holds in its dark fire terrors and cruelties; that the gentle creatures in it become victims of the ungentle; that pain and anguish seem to

reign as the outcome, if not as the purpose, of the law; need not shake our faith. For if the beagles and their masters find cruel delight in hell, neither the teeth of the dogs nor the scream of the hare can exist outside of God. Though He wills it not that the bird have its flight in the love-light arrested by a broken wing, yet not a sparrow falls without Him. Even man's most exalted labour with the Kingdom of Heaven within him is not without sorrow and anguish; for the jungle is all about him, and the beasts are not tamed. To God, every created thing is Himself and cannot die. Disaster is not God's will: it is the law of the jungle divorced from the law of devotion. Yet is His will supreme; and, whether anguish come to leaping hare or sitting thrush or passionate maiden, the love is everywhere, and finds means at last to bring joy out of Hell itself. Thus, it must be, Behmen would have put the truth in this day's terms of thought, though to us his words read quaintly. Fallen man, whether suffering for his own or his ancestral sins, must suffer so that his new birth becomes possible; for he is redeemed by the eternal love, by the suffering of that love which includes his damnation as its own. "For in love and meekness we become new-born out of the anger of God. In love and meekness we must strive and fight in the Devil's Thorny Path in this world against him. For love is his poison, it is a fire of terror to him wherein he cannot stay." * "Darkness consisteth in the harbouring and cherishing *Self-desire*, and light consisteth in willing the same with God. In which Willing the love of God readily and gladly worketh; but in the receiving and entertaining *Self* in the willing of the Soul, God's will worketh in pain and becometh a Darkness that the Light may be known. Thus Heaven and Hell are nothing else but a

* *The Becoming Man*, 1659, Part II. p. 171.

Manifestation of the Divine Will, either in Light or Darkness, according to the properties of the Spiritual World." * "All the works of man that he has wrought without the will of God, shall be burnt up in the last fire of God and given to the wrath of God; that is, to the pit of darkness, to recreate itself withal." †

Yet with all Behmen's meek acceptance of learning and unquestioning adherence to the Lutheran Confession, his breadth of mind and toleration of interpretations that differed from his own, form a chief ground of appeal to his modern disciples. "One always understandeth otherwise than another, all according as everyone is indued with the wisdom. . . . Everyone will not understand my writings according to my meaning and sense, indeed it may be not one; but everyone according to his gifts for his bettering, one more than another, according as the spirit hath its property in him. For the spirit of God is often subject to the spirits of men (1 Cor. xiv. 32), if they will that which is good or well, and seeth or looketh after what man willeth. . . ." "As everyone is called, so let him see. And so let him walk or converse. For we manage not at all one and the same conversation, but everyone according to his gift and calling to serve God's honour and wonders.

"The Spirit of God suffereth not of itself to be tied or bound up as outward reason supposeth with its decrees, Canons and Councils. Thus men will judge above God's Spirit and maintain their obscurities or opinion to be God's covenant. As if God were not at home in this world! or as if they were Gods upon earth! Is not this a work of folly, to bind up and tie the Holy Spirit with His Gifts of wonder to an Oath. . . . God's Spirit on the contrary is unbound. He goeth not into Covenant of Bond, but appeareth

* *Of the Supersensual Life*, 1775, p. 212.
† *Of True Resignation*, 1769, p. 88.

freely to the seeking humble and lowly mind according to His gift." *

All of which mode of thought is curiously modern in its passion and freedom, curiously old-fashioned in its meekness and orthodoxy. Our own day's intellectual honesty demands that a faith shall be simple, bolstered up by no quibbling, nor shut away from those mental compartments where logic and reason must reign supreme. It is of those bygone days no less, when Luther, who—with the intellectual courage of a Titan though in body but a starved and ragged monk—dared stand before the pomp and wealth of Christendom and deny the pope's authority, yet believed in a personal devil that condescended to play pranks upon his person and with which he must contend in the flesh. Astrology and alchemy were as well approved in those days as are biology and chemistry now. In those days as now, science was not feared by the believer because it could not touch the things that are not seen. "Thus, thou blind world," exclaims the seer, "know wherewith we seek when we speak and write of God, and let thy false judging alone. See thou with thy eyes, and let God's children see with their eyes!" †

It is strictly in accordance with Behmen's teaching to declare that the rule of reason divorced from the rights of inspiration becomes the rule of the world and all this stands for as hell. For, being the antithesis to imagination, the rule of reason, when daring to assume the office of prohibiting the ancient *vis insita* with its power over life and conduct, means the submission to the law of contest for survival; the finding of justice in the barter of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; the acclaiming of good which can be bought with money rather than service, of the sword

* *Of the Becoming Man*, 1659, Chap. VII. 56 *et seq.*, p. 173.
† *Ibid.* p. 172.

as the arbiter of right; the hiding away from our consciousness of the ugly, lest our open enjoyment of it contaminate society. These ways are all of reason and of the world—of which they make hot hell. Yet reason turns good into evil only when reason is divorced from inspiration, imagination, passion, "which itself is highest reason in a soul sublime." To live in a world of bare reason robbed of its right illumination is, in Behmen's language, living in the dark fire of God's wrath. So much that is acclaimed as intellectualism in this our day is but cold hell. "I do not say," writes Behmen, "that a man should search and learn nothing in natural arts and science; no, for it is profitable for him; but a man must not begin with his own reason. Man ought not only to govern his life by the light of outward reason which is good in itself, but he must sink with that light into the deepest humility before God, and set the Spirit and Will of God first in all his searching, so that the light of reason may see by means of the light of God. . . . For the more reason sinks itself down into simple humility in the light of God . . . the more it dies from self-desire and the more the spirit of God pierces through it and brings it into the highest knowledge; so that it may behold the great wonders of God." *

On the other hand, the rule of the spirit, even though it be the love-light—Behmen's antithesis and complement to the dark fire—divorced from the discipline of purpose and the means for effecting purpose, becomes the rule of a meaningless nowhere heaven, emasculated, unsubstantial. It gives man unfaith because it teaches of a soul made perfect only when robbed of all things that make life what it should be, to wit, eternally delightful. It pictures Heaven as a haven of rest, though the healthy soul in the hearty

* *Of True Resignation*, p. 84.

body longs for contest eternally, and a victory that shall be something more of oneness with the Divine power than mere psalm-singing can ever mean. And the child, because he has fresher power of imaginative insight, because the clouds of glory are still kept about him in the whirlwind of his joyous life, rightly fears, as soon as he comes to accept it intellectually, the notion of Heaven even more perhaps than that of Hell; for in Hell there will at least be flames to fight, fire to play with—in Heaven nothing in the world to do but that dullest of all occupations, being good. The partial divorce, the warfare of one against the other—not the warfare of one striving to uplift the other—brings into being that prostitution of sacred things which ends in their destruction.

For prostitution is but idolatry. Things of the Spirit no less than those of mammon may be misused. Idolatry comes only from the divorce of life from purpose, of the means of work from inspiration, of joy from ministration, of service from love. Hence it comes that whenever the great prophets have sought to inspire the people with an understanding of Faith as the very life of the spirit, they have never separated such teaching from the counter law that the wages of sin is death. One aspect of the truth can never be true. The husband without the wife can never be faithful to the ideal of marriage. The spirit without body is powerless, the body without spirit must crumble and stink. So Faith without works is meaningless, and works without Faith are impotent. Faith is increase of Life. Without Faith, life, which is the only real good, becomes sin; sin being that wrongness which becomes manifest in the process of death. Hence Faith cannot be taught without pointing the terrors of sin and Hell, nor Light understood by one who knows not its meaning.

(iii.) *Natural Law of Penalty.*

It is not necessary to devote much thought to the meaning of penalty in Natural Law. The utilitarian aspect of sin holds the field because it is obvious that, if we transgress the law of gravity, we hurt ourselves; that if we wrong a neighbour he will hit us back; that if we are dishonest we shall be found out and lose our credit. Nor is it at all undesirable that the child should understand this. Nothing need be hid from him. He will one day find out everything for himself if we seek to hide. Yet we may help him to search out everything with the love-light which is true, or with conventional rush-lights which are false, or with the hell-torch which discovers only prostitution. He must learn—it is his very first lesson indeed—that prudence and obedience make him comfortable while folly and rebellion bring inevitable punishment.

To some of course the natural wages of wrong-doing comprise the whole of the ethical theory. Consistently, as it is man's highest function to rise superior to the rulings of his environment, to dodge the small-pox by vaccination, or to circumvent the laws of gravity by inventing aeroplanes, so he will find justification in out-bargaining the wages of sin by wit and circumspection. To the naturalists, yet again, high endeavour must look almost ridiculous when the physiology and pathology of vice are contemplated: when, for instance, they see right instincts irresistibly compelling obedience, despite the social disaster that comes wherever they are unrestrained; or when they contemplate the destruction wrought by alcohol among the wonderful cells composing the grey matter of the brain with the loss of character and will which follows. Nevertheless, however real such facts may be, we need never forget that, as life is the cause and

not the consequence of organization, so character—be it inheritance or acquisition—does mould and make the means of work. To admit that the tyranny of instinct is insuperable, or that damage to an organ prohibits all remedy, or that utility is the basis of morality, is to deprive ourselves of the possibility of educating the child's moral sense. Our only means of doing this—and of bringing therewith peace and joy into the life despite the dire penalties that humanity is paying with its very life—is to hold on for all we are worth to our faith in the Absolute, as against the prudent and utilitarian. That we can but yet touch the hem of the Absolute must be our very incentive to reach higher, our very incentive to life. If we ourselves believe nothing beyond what our eyes can lay hold of, however sincerely we desire the best possible for the child, we shall but educate him to the highest point attainable in physical evolution—that of an entirely perfect rascal.

It is claimed in the earlier chapters that the evolution of our complex functions must be largely inspired by the purpose, not only of mastering the environment but of understanding, accepting, and profiting by things which transcend mundane utility. Such a view implies a continual unfolding of outlook into the spiritual significance of life. With such ever-enlarging grasp, the sense of duty necessarily becomes changed; so that an instinct of imperative right in a lowlier state, before the higher significance could be understood, becomes in its relation to such higher significance changed. Yet the instinct may still be essential to mere physiological needs. For instance, hunger is good, and a dog, if the stronger of two, may be right in robbing his friend of a bone. Yet to man, though hunger is still good and to be obeyed, occasion may arise, because his evolution has brought him sense that his friend stands for something divine in life,

where this good instinct must be looked upon as evil and thrust behind him.

As soon as the child comes to realize his relation to natural law, be it physical or ethical, he will readily understand that penalty for misuse of gifts is but natural law, and that it can no more be obviated than can the laws of attraction and repulsion. The fact of penalty as law, one would imagine, emphasizes strongly enough the truth that man has will. To no other than man comes sin and the penalty of sin, because only he can misuse his inheritance; which misuse is to act in opposition to law. Our dog steals its friend's bone, and contest follows. If the thief triumph, then does the stronger dog survive; if it be worsted, then is the law still fulfilled and the weaker acquiesces in the lesson learned that craft must for him in future take precedence of brute-force. Thus will his penalty be profitable alike to himself and his race in the development of mind; thus will arrive the setting up of prudence, as well as strength, as a standard of excellence, by which dogs shall be judged in the evolutional contest. Dogs obey the laws of reason in learning the offices of force and prudence. But though such natural laws may be God's laws, they belong to the dark aspect of creation, the untilled jungle; and for man, who has will and understanding, force and prudence are put to wrong use as soon as they are divorced from the law of service which belongs to the bright spiritual aspect of created things. This, at least, is the way Behem would have put the modern question with latter-day facts before him. The penalty of so misusing the law of survival that it forbids the law of service is this; that man himself becomes divorced from the *love-light*, and thus finds himself in Hell paying its penalties, even though, as yet, Hell may seem the best of possible places in a best of possible worlds.

(iv.) *The Knowledge of Good and Evil.*

Seeing that the forbidden fruit was actually devoured by our first parents, and seeing that the benefits and penalties accruing from that act have become an integral part of the Child's Inheritance, it becomes quite as necessary to understand how things are gone wrong as to learn how they may be put right. Knowledge of evil does not imply familiarity with iniquity. The good cannot be taught and made desirable without at the same time teaching where and how the evil may be turned into good; how it can be robbed of all harm by making it the servant of the soul's high desires.

Or are we afraid that, if he learns too young how prevalent evil is, the child will doubt the loving kindness of God or say He is not omnipotent? On the contrary, it is doubtful if he can begin too young to conquer any faults in himself. This much will be allowed; although our very endeavours not to spoil the child must teach him that God has not made him altogether good, he being not yet really made, and that he must help God in the shaping of him. The very beginnings of education, even in the baby, are based upon our acceptation of the truth of free will, however stoutly our uninspired and elderly reason may deny it.* In helping the little child to choose, we are teaching him how to co-operate with the Supreme Power that is teaching him to grow; we are teaching him to resist instinctive rights of self-assertion in brute energy.

But more than this. It should not be hard to make the child see that every evil desire or act in himself, as in all others, is but a good desire wrongly used. Even cruelty is no more than a desire for the

* Vide *The Foundations of Belief*, by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, 2nd Ed., p. 21.

display of energy; but the desire being unpurposed to the service or the increase of life, it becomes licentious and incarnate in cruelty. Lying also arises from a lowly prudential virtue, namely the instinct to find shelter and hiding from the storm. Now the wish for shelter is justifiable when the life needs protection or rest so that it may gain strength for its further journey. But the shelter underneath lies has for purpose a cowardly refusal to face the natural consequences of unkindness or folly, and, like all other parasitic or prostituted virtues, it breeds an evil progeny. The seeking of shelter for the saving of energy, lest the fatigue of facing the storm lessen the vigour available for ascending the mountain, is virtue put to right purpose; and the shelter is right means. On the other hand, the seeking of protection in fear of the storm, in distrust of that energy which should know no fear, is putting a just instinct to base use, with the finding of means in lies or cruel usurpations.

To the thoughtful child, as to the thoughtful man boasting no diploma of learning, imaginative interpretation of phenomena is quite natural; and the wise parents, who have not lost their own inheritance amidst the rush of the world, will find for every question the child can ask an answer which he will know to be quite true, even if it be mystic rather than of reason. For the child will make both question and answer grow. We dare almost assert that the fact of a child asking big questions implies his need for their answers and his capacity for understanding them. We dare almost assert that the teacher, who is satisfied to answer a child by telling him he is not old enough to understand, is a wastrel in the intellectual and moral commonwealth; and, because he has ceased to ask questions himself, has fitted his neck for the millstone. As a fact, the very earliest among the child's questions are those that the philosophers have ever been disputing

about—the meaning of right and wrong, the meaning of life and death.

Of uttermost importance is it also that the child should realize this law of penalty as fundamental in the nature of things. Just as much as we would have him realize how his own serviceableness and gentleness and bravery in right ways will bring the kingdom of heaven into his home, so he must understand that wrong-doing brings hell into his soul as penalty. As, moreover, we can make him see that his rewards can be rich to him only so far as they bring happiness to those he loves, so must he realize that his private penalties inevitably bring misery to others. Every mood has its atmosphere which enfolds all things in gloom or radiancy by extending what is in themselves of such gloom and radiancy. So comes it that, while we ourselves do mostly suffer from or rejoice in such atmosphere, the things and persons we enfold in it must suffer or rejoice likewise. Thus also do we see how man lives not by bread alone but by every ray of the light that shines from a spiritual service; thus do we see how we may cast those whom we love into Hell, even though we feast them every day.

Nor will the child learn this fundamental truth about good and evil if he be saved from paying the price of his weakness or viciousness. On the contrary the wise mother, whether human or brute, instinctively perceiving the importance of penalty in education, anticipates nature's slower ways of retribution and inflicts condign punishment—perhaps because she is brought into dark wrath by her child's attraction to brute ways, or perhaps because, in entire love, she must not only punish the child but must even add to his grief by letting him see that she also suffers for his sin. It is the foolish mother—she in whom love and tenderness are not properly married to reason and prudence—who leaves to natural law its own mode of

punishment, who will let the child come to manhood before he understands what sort of wages he has earned.

It often strikes those who must teach as somewhat unfortunate that children are the offspring of their own parents, though the arrangement doubtless has its advantages. If the rhea and cuckoo have not yet obviated the inconveniences attendant upon laying their own eggs, it is perhaps in wisdom that the former lays hers in a neighbouring rhea's nest, while that neighbour finds safety for her own in yet another's; or that the cuckoo repudiates all obligation alike to her own and other's offspring. Nevertheless there lies an advantage in the human arrangement in this that the child being flesh and bone and soul of his parents, they ought to understand his nature and needs better than any one who may perhaps be wiser. The advantages are not to be questioned in simple communities where life has its obvious meaning. Here the practical bent of a father's thought and the ideal leanings of a mother's hope—especially when each makes the understanding and serving of one another the first purpose in their lives—will find a corresponding place in the child's young passion of life. They will understand his ways and his failings, and know how best to answer his questions, or indeed how best to set him asking them. But in the complex walks of city life, where parents' ways are different from the children's, it is perhaps not undesirable that the children should have their milk and their sunshine provided by nurses and schoolmasters. How often does one see little boys and girls clothed in radiant possibilities, but with parents whose nakedness makes the heart weep to remember it is the world's if not nature's decree that the little ones also shall one day be stripped of their beauty! Must it be that the laughing maid of four short years, whose face is her mother's but clothed as

yet in love's weavings, shall grow into fat and sensual womanhood, decked in the dead beauty of furry beasts and singing birds, as if in futile effort to hide her own essential nakedness? Must the generous boy's face be one day graven deep with those cruel lines which, despite the father's success, tell all he would not have known of how that success was won? The world and the hirelings are to-day kinder than parents and may save the child; for though the bad father will not live for the child, he will pay much money to save his little one from becoming the woman he has made her mother. Paid work renders honester service than indolent love. Teachers and nurses, being poor, discover wealth in honesty, love in patience, pride in leading forth young creatures to find their inheritance. Yet no schoolmaster can understand as a father might; no nurse can offer the forgiveness that comes of a mother's faith in her child. To come back to the question of penalty, only a father or mother ought to forestall nature's ways and, in the understanding of her dire exactions, mercifully give the punishment of love. But, alas, there are not many fathers and mothers to-day!

(v.) *Responsibility and Penalty.*

The knowledge of good and evil becomes more complicated as soon as we seek to determine the true relation of responsibility to penalty. For herein we surely see that the laws of logic, reason, justice, as we understand them, do not cover the strange life in our inheritance. Do we not pay for the sins of our fathers? Do we not reap the rewards of their virtues? The Jewish code recognized to the full the inexorableness of natural law and penalty. In its insistence that the sins of the father are visited upon the children, the Decalogue does but state a fact in the continuity of

life, or—as we now have it in our text-books—in the continuity of the germ-plasm. Herein the Jews are little more than utilitarian naturalists, just as, in claiming an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, they sought to justify the law of contest and their right to revenge. Nevertheless they had no more the courage of their wisdom in the matter of penalty than have we in this day. For, pretty universally in the Old Testament, misfortune is taken to be retribution, and success is acclaimed as evidence of virtue; even as to-day we tend to look upon a neighbour's disaster as somehow more due to him than it would have been to ourselves, and to consider any unexpected augmentation of our exchequer as evidence of divine clemency. Not even the Book of Job—with its magnificent lesson that real faith in God cannot, on the one hand, be generated from the natural rewards of right living, nor, on the other, be destroyed even though insensate Nature crush the virtuous—could eradicate the conviction that misfortune is always, if not a penalty for idolatry, yet certainly a consequence of divine displeasure.

The difficulty has ever been that of dissociating personal from racial responsibility. It is obviously true that if a man disobey the law of gravity he shall hurt himself. Here we see responsibility and penalty as naturally associated as are any cause and effect in physics; and when we see a man fall we rightly conclude him to be a sinner against the law of equilibrium. We are apt to forget, however, that an ancestor may have cast before the threshold of the house he bequeathed a stumbling-block whereon his offspring shall trip unto the third or fourth generation. Responsibility is thus modified. We do not find any sort of justice in the second commandment, especially when the price to be paid by us for our great-grandparents' sins often increases at a

rate of compound interest and is altogether in excess of the debt originally incurred. While we are willing enough to reap the benefits of our ancestors' industry, whether moral or commercial, we do not feel ourselves responsible for the wage of their shortcomings, even though the law is inexorable and the debts must be liquidated.

To the child who dares think for himself, this second commandment looks terribly like the ordinance of an unjust and foolishly angry God, even though the threat is accompanied by a promise of mercy. The law itself has probably been responsible for many a disappointed man's faithlessness; he feels he is at the mercy of the stars and must pay for their vagaries. Mendelism has now taken the place of astrology, and our morality is in greater danger than ever before in the world's history of being cast upon the scrap-heap of spent superstitions.

Nevertheless, in spite of Weismannism and Mendelism, Atavism and the Decalogue, it is of first importance in the education of child and race that the belief in man's individual power to mould his character and shape his environment should be upheld. This no practical educationalist has ever dared dispute. What, moreover, is found to be practically essential in any course of life can hardly be founded in fallacy. We must, let it be repeated yet again, hold on to freedom of will for all we and it are worth, if our children are to escape disaster. Though we admit the tyranny of our inheritance and an inevitable submission to the environment, we accept them only for what they are worth, though to the full teachings of their facts. Let us admit that there is in our inheritance a moral sense supreme to the immoralities of our ancestors, just as we recognize a depravity of taste in ourselves which is beneath the best traditions of our race. This moral sense is inseparable from will-

power; both, in so far as they depend upon an actual responsibility in the sins of three or four generations back, claim the need and right to liquidate ancestral debts. Such high feeling is really ingrain in our morality as truly as is the spiritual slothfulness which resents all obligations. The honour of father and mother held nearly as high a place in the Decalogue as the honouring of God, and certainly were more essential in the Jewish religion than belief in an individual immortality.

If we would have a child believe in his power to be good if he will, it should not be difficult to let him understand God's justice, as not only a fundamental law of Nature, like gravity, but as an actual token of the eternal love. Children are so essentially poetical if they are allowed to be, that to them it is not difficult to grasp the idea of God living in them and they in God; of God's need that the kingdom of Heaven be in them just because He lives in them; of God's suffering when the child makes a little hell of his own microcosm; of how the child is created out of his parents, and they out of their parents; of how he has in him all the things of Heaven that are bequeathed to him but many things of the dire place also which must be done away with; of how God in justice and love is always with him, whether the child moves in his heaven or sinks into the ugly place; and of how God needs the child to help Him so that Heaven shall be everywhere and all children quite loving and busily at work enlarging and beautifying the ancient garden. Such ways of looking at the obligation of life are not incompatible with the most modern text-books of evolution—even if these must be studied; such ways do but give the child courage in his conviction concerning the laws of inheritance and let him understand that all we have, however modified, however evolving, comes ultimately from God. The End

lies in the Beginning, as the middle ages' philosophers, such as Behmen and Van Helmont, were always insisting, though nowadays, seemingly, because the end seems so vast, many assume that the beginning was nothing at all.

In the feeling of co-operation with God, the child will lose all sense of injustice in divine power and purpose. For while the sense of his own individual importance will be enhanced, he will gain an inclusive feeling of life's meaning. And the understanding of inheritance will give him sense of his racial responsibility as well as of his duty towards his parents in being good. Such understanding of racial obligation to tackle the debts as well as to use profitably the treasures of inheritance, will do more to advance the principles of race-culture, we may well think, than bringing the lore of the stock-yard to mould the future of our kind. The old faith in will and spirit as the inspiration of life is so simple and so deeply rooted in all who desire to do their duty, whether children or men, that we need have no fear that either stern lawgivers or bad philosophers will greatly disturb the eternal foundations.

(vi.) *The Fellowship in Grief.*

If we do actually believe that joy is the intention of life and that to teach the Child to find himself in his inheritance is to bring this great worth of life to him, we have a wisdom in us that will not let the Child shirk the responsibilities of his sympathy. If he would become uplifted in joy, his life must be rooted in that which in our present knowledge we discover as sorrow. If the *intent* of life, the flower of growth, is to be so fruitful, then the *extent* must be wide-rooted in the far-spreading soil. That soil is the common home where all good souls interlive, serve, offend often, forgive

always, bear burdens not their own. Herein lies also the treasure unearned, the mystic gift which each finds for his neighbour, but never for himself. The gift is that miracle which triumphs over the just law of penalty. In the finding of this treasure—to the seeking of which we are all called by that very sorrow in which we suffer penalties not earned—comes the understanding of and resurrection from the body of our death. The saints go forth to seek this treasure. They find burdens of grief weighing down the souls of the beloved. They take upon themselves these burdens, as their very means of life in the common soil. The faces of the saints grow more beautiful to behold as they come nearer the grave.

In such mystic faith all paradox is understood; and miracle is seen as spiritual service supreme to natural law. Sympathy with pain as surely as with delight must have absolute freedom of play if the Child is to find his life: it must be free of all regulation by profit and loss. The child must willingly go forth to meet and to take the anguish of the world in his little hands, no less than the joy of birds and flowers in his little heart, if he would understand the eternal miracle. He can have but one Master; to follow whom means, not often death upon the tree, but always forgiving and still bearing others' grief, always the grave and the joy of resurrection.

Teaching the child that it is humanity in largest sense—all it has meant, all it will be—which must be saved from its weaknesses, will not lessen his hope of personal salvation, but widen his outlook. It will enhance his belief in the individual worth of man, and the individual need of him to God. It will give him power to realize the immanence of God in himself and his own need of the Kingdom.

More, perhaps, even than these, the understanding of racial continuity and soul-interweaving will save him

from the disaster to himself which comes of weighing his brother's degree of responsibility—a thing no mere man may ever judge. At the same time it will save him from the danger, nearly as great, lurking in that now fashionable sentimentalism which assumes that, because God is good and has created all things, there is no evil in the world. "For the land which hath drunk the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them for whose sake it is also tilled, receiveth blessing from God; but if it beareth thorns and thistles, it is rejected and nigh unto a curse; whose end is to be burned."* To deny evil is but sentimentalism—sentimentalism being a mild insanity which denies uncomfortable facts: it is disastrous to child's and man's sense of truth and of obligation. It is seeking to live, as Behmen again would put it, in the love-light alone, to the neglect of that vehement, creative fire of Jehovah, the dark world of sorrow where, in bearing it for one another, we find strength. Without this fire nothing is; although for man to choose to live in its full energy, and without the inspiration of love, is condemnation and burning. Imagination and love must be married to reason and faith; hope to practical works; soul to body; if the truth of man's nature and his vacillation between self and God may be understood. Although such thoughts carry us deep into the deepest mysteries, that they are not unintelligible to the eager young minds of boy and girl is implied in the questions these are for ever asking.

Open the child's heart to the harmony which reigns in the jubilation of spring, and his imagination will follow with understanding. He will see that the spirit underlying and inspiring all the world is creating in the hope of some ultimate good. He will see and

* Heb. vi. 7, 8.

understand the forgiveness which is the very power of the creating love. He will find everywhere the miracle of resurrection triumphant over the law of penalty. He will see that the vigour of spirit, the energy of life, is alive with creation, eager with craftsmanship, triumphant in victory over the lifeless matter and its laws. He will see how the birds and the flowers, the young leaves on the old trees, the promises of fledglings and kindly fruit, are all busy in obedience, busy in singing their own notes in the music of the spheres.

Are not the colour and scent of the flower, the wings and lyric of the bird purposed to take part, with all other children of glad feeling, in a full choir of song, each sharing in some measure a common Faith in the doing of its own particular work? Shall we deem the Imagination of God less powerful because of His creatures' sometime weakness or discordant utterance? Is He less omnipotent than the despot God we might prefer? one compelling faultless music through organ-pipes whose irresponsible perfection would exclude all possibility of freedom? Perfect oneness with the eternal Will can be reached only when every individual finds therein his own particular utterance. For this each must with imaginative ardour bring the discords into obedience with his inheritance and find his own self in the ever-evolving harmony.

"Here then we rest; not fearing to be left
In undisturbed possession of our creed
For aught that human reasoning can achieve
To unsettle or perplex us; yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In *all* . . . . . .
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,

Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer—
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience reverenced and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And His most perfect image in the world." *

* Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Edition of 1827, Bk. IV. l. 297, *et seq.*

APPENDIX A (for p. 7).

THE NEED OF DOCTRINE AND DOGMA.

PROBABLY one of the chief reasons why all reformers seek to state their views in the form of doctrine lies in the difficulty they experience, when putting a new aspect of a case, in making themselves understood. The fault lies not so much in themselves with their clearer vision, as in the people who have become so far accustomed to looking at only one side of a question that they cannot believe there is any other. It will always seem easier to understand the truth when it is crushed into a nutshell than to apprehend its germination. The demagogue is hailed when he shouts, "Down with the Lords!" but the true reformer is misunderstood, by rabble and aristocracy alike, when he tries to make every one see that the rights of the nobleman are precisely those of the working-man; and that the working-man, unless he be possessed by an unassailable sense of right, is in danger of serving the lords with as little justice as they in the past have served the common people. The Parisians could not understand the Girondists, notwithstanding the intellectualism of Brissot with the beauty and heroic devotion of Madame Roland, but gave the Jacobins, with their Robespierre, all they asked. It is largely to obviate this inevitable tendency of the people to misapprehend, that the prophet loses heart and takes the easier way of the doctrinaire and dogmatic. Nevertheless, definition becomes necessary in spite of its impossibility; while dogma is inevitable, though rather as protection against the enemy's stupidity than as statement of truth.

But with all his anxiety to obviate misapprehension, whether by intellectual argument or doctrinal definition, the true reformer will inevitably suffer from the darkness of language. Yet may he find comfort in the reflection that

one of the surest signs of the worth of any reformation lies in the fact that its spirit is always misunderstood by the average critics—which means, by the world at large. If it is true that most reform is appeal to the *law fundamental*, then it is equally certain that this appeal is called for just because the law is being denied by the people in some essential particular. When the prophets prophesied falsely and the priests bore rule by their means; when, moreover, the people loved to have it so; it is not much wonder that Jeremiah, who persistently and passionately appealed to the fundamental law, was cast into a "dungeon where there was no water, only mire," and ultimately stoned to death. The people could not understand the Truth. Perhaps the opposition to reform has as often been due to an almost insuperable misapprehension as to a vicious refusal of the truth.

The true reformer, who works for the recognition of his principles rather than of himself, may indeed welcome all the misunderstanding with which he is pelted as the best proof that he is doing work that needs to be done. Is not the world nearly as intent to-day as it was during the lifetime of Jesus Christ in misunderstanding Him? Do whatever the faithful will to set straight before the people every aspect of the truth, they will yet be mostly misunderstood. Misapprehension is the idle threat with which reformers are forever surrounded. Misunderstanding is the wage upon which the real prophet starves and thrives. It is paid him in proportion to his life's value.

APPENDIX B (for p. 25).

ON THE SMALL DESIRE FOR IMAGINATIVE EDUCATION AMONG THE PEOPLE.

In a paper read by the Rev. Henry Cubbon, M.A., then Warden of Mansfield House, Canning Town, to the Civic Union, April 16, 1909, on "The Work of the Education Authority of West Ham," we find these statistics. The average number of children in the public elementary schools for the year ending March, 1909, was 68,307. The number attending the seven evening schools was 2,198. "Of these, 1295 were males and 803 females. 570 were under 15 years of age, 1327 were between 15 and 21, while 201 were over 21. The favourite subjects are shorthand (761 students), book-keeping (386), handicrafts (259), dressmaking (200), general knowledge, I am sorry to say, only (11). From these figures it is evident that the students seek knowledge as a means rather of commercial advantage than of a more abundant life."—*Mansfield House Magazine*, June, 1909.

APPENDIX C (for pp. 31 and 42).

ON THE TRANSMISSION OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS.

ACCORDING to Weismann, acquired peculiarities of an individual are never transmitted. Only those variations in individuals which are acquired by sex-crossings are carried in the germ-plasm and handed onwards. Whenever variations thus acquired prove beneficial they are adopted, as it were, by the exigencies of the environment, and their possessors, whether individuals, varieties, or species, survive; whenever they happen to be disadvantageous, their possessors fail in the struggle for survival. The production of imitations, and the influence of the environment in making individuals and the species they inaugurate conform to its suggestion of advantage, afford us the best materials for considering this question of transmission. Lamarck, as every one knows, believed that species owed all their peculiarities to the transmission of acquired properties to the offspring, and their augmentation by the continued influence of the environment. Thus the originator of the giraffe tribe, it is supposed, managed to lengthen its neck a trifle by stretching it up to browse on the trees. Its offspring then started their life with a slight advantage in the neck; and thus, being fitter to secure food from the trees, strove further to stretch the neck, succeeded somewhat, and transmitted, in their turn, further benefit to their offspring. In this way, Lamarck supposed, individual effort to surmount shortcomings accounts for species. Darwin and his immediate followers preferred rather to assume that it was the accidental production of variations, and their favouring by environmental needs in the contest for survival, that determined the origin of species. But they do not discard altogether the teaching of Lamarck.

Weismann has gone further, and has, without qualification,

found that the production of variations depends not upon accident or individual effort and the transmission of such variations to offspring, but upon sex-crossings.

Round about these conflicting views the biological battle of opinion and evidence still smoulders—even if its raging has ceased. As a matter of fact, the truth appears to lie not between the two extremes but in them both.

That the environment does make its impress upon the individual, there can be no question whatever; common experience in ordinary education reasons in its favour, though plausible arguments on the other side are readily found in showing that the same environment, which accounts for a parent's acquired characteristic, may explain equally the offspring's peculiarity which he seems to inherit from that parent. The great botanists, such as Henslow, Costantin, Carrières, leave no doubt in our minds as to the reality of the inheritance of parental acquisitions, at any rate in plants. Moreover the environmental selection of individuals holding advantageous variations, even if the latter are the outcome of sex-crossings, had never strengthened the potency of such acquired characteristics in the germ-plasm, and so favoured, step by step, their augmentation to the ultimate instituting of new species, unless this strengthened potency were transmitted. Acquired characteristics in the individual are after all but the individual response of some faculty within to the suggestion without. No Lamarckian would claim that adaptation was creation. At best the environment but develops powers that are weak or dormant. The tall trees will never implant in the elemental giraffe the faculty of stretching the neck. That faculty must be a dormant potentiality acquired among multitudinous others by infinitely various sex-crossings and by the innate faculty of life for evolutional amplifying. Once, however, the dormant faculty is awakened and put to use, it becomes strengthened in the germ-plasm and transmitted in increase of vigour. For we can never get away from Haeckel's fundamental law of biogenesis, that in the individual embryo is epitomized the whole process of its species' evolution up to the point acquired by the parent.

A letter of Huxley to Herbert Spencer in 1886 (*Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, vol. ii. p. 127) is worth quoting because it gives to the unlearned an easy understanding of the question before us.

"I see the difference between us on the speculative question lies in the conception of primitive protoplasm. I conceive it as a mechanism set going by heat—as a sort of active crystal with the capacity for giving rise to a great number of pseudo-morphs; and I conceive that external conditions favour one or the other pseudo-morph, but leave the fundamental mechanism untouched.

"You appear to me to suppose that external conditions modify the machinery, as if by transferring a flour-mill into a forest you could make it into a saw-mill."

The use of the word *Pseudo-morph* is curious. It belongs to mineralogy. It implies some different form in the crystal from its proper form and belonging to some other substance which has more or less completely disappeared. Such false forms are met with, for instance, in the igneous rocks. In the use of the word for differentiating the properties of protoplasm, Huxley would seem to imply properties which are not identical with the foundational mechanism whose form they inhabit. Perhaps we may say the pseudo-morphs are minute individual characteristics capable of variation and of adapting to a certain degree the mechanism to their needs.

Altered conditions will not primarily change the machinery; but we must admit that they will so alter the sense of the use to which the machine must be put that, in the course of ages, and little by little the machinery does become altered; each little alteration, because proving of some slight use, being transmitted to the offspring and so making it increasingly easy for the latter to accept the suggestions of the environment and to adapt its mechanism accordingly. In plant life this adaptation and the transmission of the adaptation even when the use is forgotten, is so remarkable that it cannot be explained away by the most ardent followers of Weismann. For instance the change of leaves into tendrils in the peas to facilitate climbing, and then of stipules into leaves to make up for the consequent loss of leaf-function, is not easily accounted for by accidental sex-crossings; it is easily understood upon Lamarck's theory of adaptation and the transmission of such acquired characteristics to offspring.

Thus, even if we are to hold with Weismann that the germ-plasm is set apart in the very beginning of each individual life and maintains throughout that life an existence quite

separate from the rest of the individual's physiological life, we cannot get away from the idea that this or that property in the germ-plasm is influenced by the life of its possessor; that the somatic life does influence the germ-plasm, and that thus the individual does transmit vigour to this or that faculty even if he cannot originate it.

In the leaf- and stick-insects we observe the most extraordinary likening in appearence of animals to the things they live among. It is hardly conceivable that sex-crossings should alone have produced such changes without adaptation. And the adaptations would count for nothing if they were not transmitted and thus become habitual. If the organism is so susceptible to variation instigated by its environment, we can see no reason why the germ-plasm should not be similarly susceptible to influences imparted by its environment, which is the organism itself.

The real difficulty in accepting the theory of adaptation lies in its necessitating a belief that mental qualities, slowly operating through ages, actually change and amplify structure, even, moreover, in the seeds long before such structure begins its process of development. This is hard to realize because it suggests that all life must have some unconscious understanding as to how such change and amplifying is to be effected; otherwise it had never been accomplished. But if we accept the Hunterian dictum that *Life is the cause and not the consequence of organization*, we shall have no difficulty in accepting what is unintelligible. The dictum itself is a statement of the miraculous—that is something in the domain of Law which belongs to *a priori* mystery and cannot be explained by any sort of *a posteriori* experiment or reasoning. Life implies intelligence and imagination infinitely greater than our consciousness can fathom their operations.

For the best summary of the evidences bearing upon the subject of the Transmission of Acquired Characteristics, the Reader is referred to Romanes's *Darwin and After Darwin*, 1900, Vol. II., Chap. V. Along with it should be read Rev. George Henslow's *The Heredity of Acquired Characteristics in Plants*, 1908, and his *Origin of Plant Structures*, 1895. It is curious how botanical evidences on this subject are slighted by most authorities on biological law, though the most modern developments of the law in Mendelism are all based upon facts concerning the vegetable world.

APPENDIX D (for p. 45).

ON VITAL POTENCY.

WEISMANN, as if to bring back his wandering and too imaginative sheep to the safe fold of the intellect, lest the wolf of the ancient faith should even yet claim his darlings, has invented a mechanical theory that shall seem to account for the mystery of this potency of mighty possibilities being held in a space so small. Darwin had already imagined the possibility of every particular cell in the adult body, each with its own virtue—be it the power of reason or of memory in the brain-cells, or the power of growing skin and bone and creating scavengers in the blood; be it the cells that hold mercy or cruelty, that mean saintliness or hooliganism, that count for faith or agnosticism—Darwin imagined, I say, that each of these myriad cells, with its special potency, gives off infinitely minute portions of its substance with its special virtue, and that these particles are carried by the blood current to form the sex-cell of the individual possessing them. But Darwin put it forward merely, I take it, as a help to grasping the tremendous fact of inheritance, and not as an actual explanation. Its insufficiency is proved by the fact that in many creatures, if not in all creatures, as Weismann maintains, the sex-cells are completed and set aside almost at the earliest point of development, long before, indeed, even the shape of the future animal is suggested. Nägeli, further-seeing than most biologists, had invented a hypothetical substance which he called *idioplasm*, and which he held to be the power in every cell of becoming what it was to be, be this cell a fertilized ovum with its power of manhood, or a mere skin-cell with its obedience to some controlling sense of duty, locality and proportion. He held that this idioplasm embraced also an essential principle of improvement in definite directions, towards greater and ever-

increasing complexity, and that thus was accounted for the upward evolution of life and the founding of its multifold species. But though he realized this principle of betterment as essential in life, he could not get away from the idea that the principle must be material.

And Weismann, seemingly inspired by Darwin's faulty theory and Nägeli's more imaginative one, has evolved a combination of the two, and supposes that every cell of the mature body, with its peculiar structure and virtue, is represented by an infinitely minute particle which he calls an *id*, and that the chromatin substance is composed of myriads of these ids, which are not supplied by the fully developed individual, but are actually present in those cells which are so early set aside for generative purposes. It is as if in each one of these there were present an infinitely minute mannikin, or birdikin, or fishikin; and he takes us back to the crude hypotheses of the middle ages. The very fact that of two ova of equal size, one is to become a drone and the other a worker-bee, each holding the same amount of chromatin and number of rods, and yet the one possessing the limited power of procreation only, and the other knowledge of great laws and understanding of needs, makes the theory altogether insufficient.

APPENDIX E (for p. 75).

SUGGESTION IN EDUCATION.

Mr. M. W. Keatinge, Reader in Education to the University of Oxford, to whom the scholastic world owes so much for his methods of vitalizing and humanizing education, has recently given us a helpful book on the subject of *Suggestion in Education*. He is fully alive to the danger of introducing rigid habit in place of realer education. Habit, he clearly puts it, differs from better teaching in this, that habit does not develop. "Lack of plasticity is the mark of nervous habit," he says (p. 47). A dog learns to beg or a boy to repeat the multiplication table by constant reiterations. But in neither is there reason or material for thought, and no increase of result. To teach a child in such method, and to tell him as a reason for it that it is customary or refined, or always has been part of the education of a respectable boy, is to fill him with sawdust—so far as any educating value is concerned. Mr. Keatinge then insists upon the second method of "building up the subconsciousness by introducing meaning." It consists in the introduction of ideas; the point of which, as distinct from habit, is that they develop. These ideas of meaning are also to be implanted by suggestion, and the possibility of their growth is illimitable. Mr. Keatinge seems to accredit the teacher with more power than is really his. For he claims that "if the teacher makes it his first aim to see that the subconsciousness of his pupils is a mind of meaning not always fully realized, but felt as desirable and ready at any moment to develop into auto-suggestions, he will be not only a director but a creator of mind, a true producer of mental energy" (p. 154). But the creating power lies rather in the ancestral inheritance; and all the teacher can do is, by the offer of food, to awaken hunger in the subconscious domains; to awaken,

that is, desire for the very food the mind needs and for that increase of substance which its digestion will engender. The creating power is in the child, not the teacher. Yet with the teacher it still remains to determine what aspect of the creative power he will stimulate and feed. Shall the worker bee feed the larva and its sleeping potencies on honey alone to make a worker of it and thus to perpetuate the more distinctly mechanical bee-habits? Or shall she feed it on pollen to develop the possibility of creative energy and thus make of it a queen-bee? In either event the vital possibilities lie in the creature, not the food. Mr. Keatinge will of course allow this. My point of disagreement lies only in speaking of the teacher as a creator of mind.

APPENDIX F (for p. 76).

IMITATIVE ADAPTATION.

"In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*)"—really the ruffed grouse, but commonly called partridge in New England—"which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behaviour proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whirr of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighbourhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a deshabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of a creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again, and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes

is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again"—Thoreau, *Walden*, Scott's Library, p. 225.

APPENDIX G (for p. 91).

TOLSTOY'S VILLAGE GENIUSES.

APROPOS of his two village geniuses, certain further remarks of Tolstoy ought to be quoted here:—

"A healthy child," he says,* "when he comes into the world, realizes completely the absolute harmony with the true, the beautiful, and the good which we carry in us; he is still in touch with inanimate things, with plant and animal life, with that nature which personifies in our eyes that true, beautiful, and good which we seek and long for.... But every hour of life, every minute of time, disturbs more and more those relations which, when he was born, were in a perfectly harmonious equilibrium, and every step, every hour, violates this harmony."

"Education perverts a child, it cannot correct him. The more he is perverted, the less we must educate him, and the more does he need freedom. To teach, to bring up a child, why, it is a chimera, an absurdity, for this simple reason, that the child is much nearer than I am, or any grown man, to the true, beautiful and good to which I undertake to raise him. The consciousness of this ideal lives in him more intensely than in me, and all that he requires of me is the material with which to perfect himself harmoniously in all directions."

* *Tolstoy as Schoolmaster*, Fifield, p. 30. I have asked M. Alex. Sergeyenko, the friend and disciple of Tolstoy, whether he would not give us a translation of the stories written by the two school-children; but he assures me that it is hardly possible to do this faithfully enough to convince the English reader of the virility and colour in the original, and that this is the reason why it has not been already done.

APPENDIX H (for p. 106).

ON THE RESTORATION OF HANDICRAFTS.

If the scythe is ever to be restored to the man, the spinning-wheel must be given back to his wife. One of the chief hindrances, perhaps, to the reorganization of the simple agricultural life is that industrialism has deprived the womenfolk of the hand's creative service; and, if we ask the town-bred woman why she finds life so dull in the country, she invariably tells us that there are no shops. She is dull because her hands are impotent and her feet have forgotten every need beyond catching the nearest tram. Bread and clothes, songs and art, all come from the shops, and are all bad. So that the mind, because weaned of the hand's service, has become dependent upon displays behind vast expanses of plate-glass instead of upon a loving intimacy with Nature, who demands sweet service and gives a truly bountiful wage. All more or less share the disinheritance of the slum-child who was disgusted with her visit to the country because of the nasty shifts people there were driven to, for lack of nice clean taps to draw their milk from. The women of all classes, nowadays, are soon bored with the country. The necessaries as well as the pleasures of life, they think, ought all to be on tap. Of old, the ladies, even if they thought spinning and milking indelicate, yet made and ruled the home, still finding plenty of time for gossip and hair-dressing; while the cottage-women did their own baking and weaving, and suckled their children: with never a shop-window to hypnotize their native vigour of sense. Consequently the land question has in many quarters become inseparable from a restoration—in some form or other—of the peasant's home-industries and arts.

Those who do not realize what Peasant Arts and Industries have counted for in the evolution of social life are

begged to visit the Museum of *The Peasant Arts Society* at Haslemere (Fig. 19). It was collected mainly by the Rev. Gerald S. Davies, Master of the Charterhouse. So great is my faith in what this Museum stands for that I cannot refrain from quoting certain passages from the appeal recently issued by the Peasant Arts Society for funds to build a suitable home for its newly acquired treasures—

"This Museum contains over six hundred objects, including an unequalled collection of mangle-boards, harness, carved utensils of all kinds, towels, boxes, spoons, cheese-moulds, etc.; tables, chairs, and chests, pottery, tools, textiles, tapestry and embroideries, many unique, and some quite priceless because of their rarity.

"In these things made by peasants for home use and not for sale, and decorated for love, we have examples of art before it is entirely given over to specialists and while it is still the birth-right of every man with a heart and with hands to express it. Their collector is full of stories of the people who make and use these things. He tells of a group of Scandinavian peasants in an isolated valley. 'Some of the most all-round equipped human beings I have ever met,' he says of these people, who do their own building, spinning, weaving, smith's work and carving, as readily as their own baking, brewing, singing, and dancing; and who have attained that equipment and realized their humanity so amply, not in spite of, but precisely because of their independence of railway, city, and factory. We are told of a Norwegian peasant who took Mr. Davies across a fiord for two days' fishing, in a boat little safer than a sieve, and who, when he criticized its unseaworthiness, went into the woods alone and straightway made another in time for their return journey.

"Mr. Davies's claim that the intelligence of a real peasantry is greatly superior to and more comprehensive than the intelligence of city folk, or the folk of city-influenced country-sides, is justified by the treasures in this museum. For these are what people have made ere ever they got their daily bread from the stores, their clothing from a factory, and their pleasure in cheap train excursions to London music halls; before the conditions so inaccurately called Progress dulled the vision, robbed the hand of its cunning, and vulgarized the spirit. These tools and utensils of farm, field, and home, are fine fruits of mother-wit, triumphs of patience

FIG. 19 (p. 320).—Specimens of Wood-craft, chiefly Norwegian, at the Peasant Arts Museum, Haslemere.

and ingenuity, many of them shining with beauty that only love could have created out of Nature's obdurate stuff.

"Not many who have seen these things can have missed their significance, *their silent expression and plea for the foundational sanctities of life.* For surely love and the love of home are writ large on the coffers, bowls and distaffs made and carved by men for their sweethearts and wives; the peasant's proud care for his beasts on the richly decorated homes; and on the carved plane, painted flax-bruiser and even the ornamented little ell-measure, his joyous pride in labour and craft.

* * * * * *

"The Peasant Arts Society, which, by the terms of its constitution, is solely philanthropic in its work, in undertaking the charge of this collection, is entirely public-spirited. The Society's objects are identical with those which inspired the enthusiastic and painstaking bringing together of this collection. It has recognized the disastrous effect which the 'Industrial Revolution' has wrought on the native and instinctive art of the peasantry of Europe, a disaster that has been more thorough in England than in any other country without exception. In the folk dances and folk songs which certain patriotic enthusiasts have only just in time snatched from oblivion, in the last of our glorious old cottages, with their few treasures still withheld from the artistic antiquity-hunter—the carved bible-box, coffer, rush-burner, wrought-iron chimney crane and child's sampler—is all the pathos of a vanishing world; but here—for whomsoever believes in the immortality of our national soul despite its mortal experiments and mistakes—is the prophecy of its restoration too."

APPENDIX I (for p. 152).

ON THE STERILITY OF SURFEIT.

THE claim put forward in the text that luxury is inimical to the exercise of the finest faculties, may appear ill-founded when it is remembered that insufficient food necessarily invalidates the performance of every office and duty. Yet the one is as true as the other. Excess of ease offered by the environment dulls the desire to master the outside world as surely as excessive hardship starves hope, which is the life of every desire. It is probably quite true that the creative faculty is the first to suffer from excess of ease, and suffers not the less that it is wasted and destroyed in excess of production. This holds good whether we speak of the imaginative power or of its automatic counterpart, the procreation of life. The artistic sense—always the outcome, racially if not individually, of imagination—which was so gloriously awakened in the Middle Ages by the inspiration, according to Sabatier, of Saint Francis, became in the course of time glutted with patronage and rich reward; and it degenerated into a facility quite fatal. So that to-day, in Italy, as in nearly every civilized country, art is blossoming as facilely as outrageously, the ease of production proving quite disastrous to genius. Indeed, if Tolstoy's teaching is true, it becomes quite clear that the finest art is found only among peoples who are too poor to patronize it, though it is actually essential in their lives. Genius perhaps is hardly counted as such where it is universal in a people; but it is obvious, to judge from its more signal examples, that it does not belong exclusively to any particular class or clime, except in so far as it is not found among either the abject poor or abject rich. The power of reproduction seems to obey the same law in art and racial fecundity, luxury and penury being in both cases disastrous. There is no luxury like parasitism; and parasites exceed all other kinds in the multiplicity of offspring—yet what offspring! The people bred in the luxury of city life exceed

the hard-working country folk in greed of appetite: yet to what end? They are rapidly becoming increasingly sterile —not only because they are physically unfit, but even more because their hearts are so sterile of child-love or racial need —call it which we will—that they refuse to be burdened with life's real riches. Excess of cultivation everywhere spoils productiveness. Roses pay for their perfection with the right to perpetuate their kind; the finest grapes and oranges are seedless. Similarly excess of learning is the enemy of genius quite as truly as excessive authority—a luxury which spares man the labour of wit—is disastrous to originality. Neither genius nor racial sense can survive enslavement to environmental luxury. Hardship and prohibition are much less dangerous.

APPENDIX J (for p. 260).

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF PLAY.

SCHILLER appears (*Ueber die aesthetische Erziehung des Menschen* XXVII) to have been the first to discover the association between the instinct of play and the expression of æsthetic feeling, both being, in those capable of these artistic impulses, the reconciliation of the sensuous with the rational. Apparently he thinks play is the immediate and inevitable consequence of the animal feeling healthy and strong. This Herbert Spencer (*The Origin and Function of Music*, pp. 231 and 232) has amplified after his own unimaginative manner, and makes play the starting-point of the artistic instinct. He defines play as the superfluous and useless exercise of faculties that have been quiescent for a time and have thus become so overcharged that they relieve themselves in mock action. Consistently with such a theory he holds that artistic impulses are identified with play in not directly serving any physiological or mental purposes necessary to life, but are sought for themselves only. I do not know how far Herbert Spencer would have endorsed the cry of *Art for Art's sake;* but this explaining away of all that play and æsthetic expression mean in the joy of life comes near it!

Professor Groos (*The Play of Animals*, Tr. by E. L. Baldwin, 1898), who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, endorses the common view which looks upon play as having become instinctive because it helps to train the young for the serious business of life; it is the mimic appearance in them of parental and ancestral modes of work. He says, "Animals cannot be said to play because they are young and frolicsome, but rather they have a period of youth in order to play; for only by so doing can they supplement the insufficient hereditary endowment with individual experience, in view of the coming tasks of life" (*op. cit.* p. 76). This is but stating the relation of the *a priori* to the *a posteriori* factors in education; all inheritance

belonging to the former and individual training to the latter category. If we take it that the desire for play is found in the need of giving expression to the *a priori* experiences, thus encouraging and strengthening the sense of their value, even by belittling the relative value of *a posteriori* evidences and provings, we need take no exception to Professor Groos's summary of the office of play.

Nevertheless to those who have made any study of the law of symbolic expression, and can credit the imagination with any real service in the development of mind, the ordinary philosophic interpretations of play read curiously unscientific. That symbolism is the law upon which expression in language is based no one doubts who has studied Max Müller. In the expression of emotion or gesture one could hardly question that the same principle holds good, after reading Pierre Gratiolet's *De La Physionomie,* notwithstanding Darwin's belittling of the work in his *Expression of the Emotions.* In the higher artistic powers of man, whether in literature, painting or music, it is obvious enough that symbol, metaphor, allegory, the taking of a thing or incident or story to stand for idea more exalted than themselves, is the imagination's mode of expressing what otherwise could hardly be said. If then, as Schiller teaches, art and play are one, surely we must conclude that play is but a mode of symbolically expressing the child and the man's joy in that which transcends utility. Yet Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, in summing up the question of Play, almost unreservedly endorses Professor Groos's views and gives them in a definition: "Play depends on instinctive propensities of value in education" (*Animal Behaviour,* 1900, p. 255). Of value in Education! Yes, indeed, but a value something above that of the mere work of life.

Jean Paul Richter, while accrediting the physical concept of play, brings us immediately to better ideas. He says, "Play is, in the first place, the working off at once of the overflow of both mental and physical powers; afterwards, when the school sceptre has carried off the mental source of all fire, even till rain comes, the limbs only throw off the fulness of life by running, throwing, carrying. Play is the first poetry of the human being. Eating and drinking are his prose; and striving to get the needful supplies, his first solid bread-study and labour of life." (*Levana, or The Doctrine of Education,* G. Bell & Son, 1901, p. 152.)

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